

BRITANNIA *and* EVE

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DECEMBER

1931

*A Monthly Journal
for Men & Women*



Christmas (16) Number 1931



Salamanca.



Seville.



Segovia.



Toledo.



Seville.



Alicante.

Come to picturesque Spain



Toledo.



Alicante.



Avila.



Avila.



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Guadix.



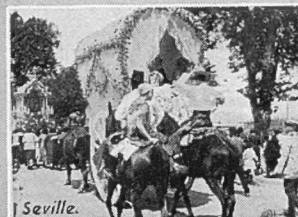
Murcia.



Aragón.



Segovia.



Seville.



Seville.



Aragón.



Seville.



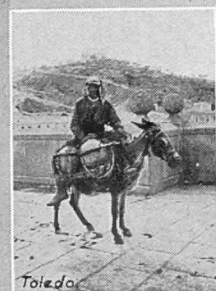
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corot models by instalments



"jeune matrone"
the swing of the flared note is emphasised in this delightful afternoon gown in heavy black satin, cut with the reversed self used as trimming. the use of charmingly pin tucked georgette to form the balloon cuffs and the vest in a contrasting shade is a smart finish. specially designed for the woman who is larger than the average, and available in several new shades, black or navy blue.
16/6
monthly
cash 5½ gns.



"st. louis"
the formal coat in black hopsac coating shows the new side gored effect, and places a buckled belt at the natural waist-line below the wide revers. large cosy collar of natural ringtail opossum is a matter of great interest. lined throughout.
27/-
monthly
cash 9 gns.



"du maurier"
here one has an example of the afternoon gown in which the sleeves acquire much importance. fashioned of a fine silk velvet, it shows the modified version of the picturesque afternoon frock that will be so much worn this season. and as a note of daintiness, its inset yoke is of beige lace over georgette. in black.
16/6
monthly
cash 5½ gns.



"the party"
coat in a gleaming gold brocade with the collar of deep brown hare that offsets its loveliness. supple and soft, this coat has taken the lead with its sleeve trimming and comes in the hip length that adds grace to the sweep of your evening gown. lined throughout.
15/-
monthly
cash 5 gns.



"la traviana"
presenting an unusual line is an evening gown in filmy silk georgette. the combination of flat tucks and tiny flounces gives great individuality to the low placed panels and a diamanté buckled belt of self defines the waist-line. slip of crepe-de-chine to match. can be copied in many shades or black.
16/6
monthly
cash 5½ gns.



"the blue danube"
a sweeping grace has been given to this lovely gown of supple velvet that shows the smartness of the gathered hip - line when allied to the fully flared skirt. note, too, the new line of the shoulder strap, buckled self belt.
16/6
monthly
cash 5½ gns.



"gardee"
all that could be asked of a coat for sports, or travelling wear is contained in this tweed mixture style, cut with the swaggar lines, so much demanded, and lined throughout. in several shades.
15/-
month
cash 5 gns.



"la baule"
outstanding for many reasons is this coat that is made of a novelty diagonal chenille tweed, in a beige and brown mixture with its large collar of dyed lamb to tone. particularly smart too is the use of leather on the pockets, and again for the belt.
22/6
monthly
cash 7½ gns.



"la vivandiere"
colourful hungarian embroidery gives the trimming to this tailored frock that is fashioned of the new loosely woven wool moussé. cut with restrained simplicity, it shows a collar that may be worn close to the neck, or open to show the contrast-facing. the wide buckled belt is also lined with the contrast. the flared skirt is characteristic of the silhouette of the daytime dress. in new blue, cedar brown, rusty red, emerald green or black.
18/-
monthly
cash 6 gns.



"je t'aime"
the charm of this enchanting two-tone gown is emphasised by the ray studding of diamanté that appears on both the front and the back of the bodice. the intriguing décolletage is finished with large two-tone flowers. in black and white, or beige & brown satin.
19/6
monthly
cash 6½ gns.



"fascination"
the completing jacket of self that is shown in this evening ensemble of silk georgette stamps it at once as being of the new mode. note well the shaped front, with the narrow collar of pony cloth, and the balloon sleeves. the gown has three frills. lined throughout in self. can be copied in many shades or black.
15/-
monthly
cash 5 gns.



"delilah"
smartly cut evening gown shows the new side movement with its unusual shoulder cape. made in supple art. satin. it also features the self bow on the left hip and has gracefully flared skirt. copied in many colours, and black.
13/6
monthly
cash 4½ gns.

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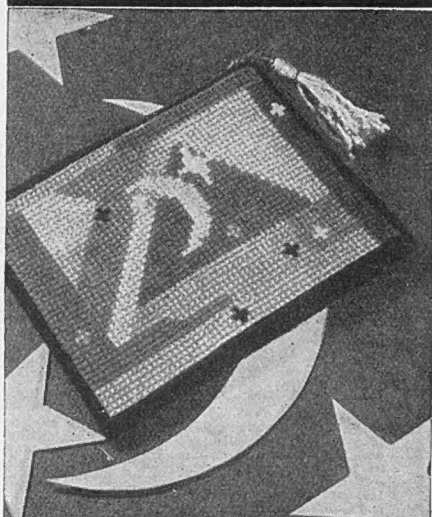
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'MIN' DOES BETTER

GLAZED
FIREPLACE
TILES



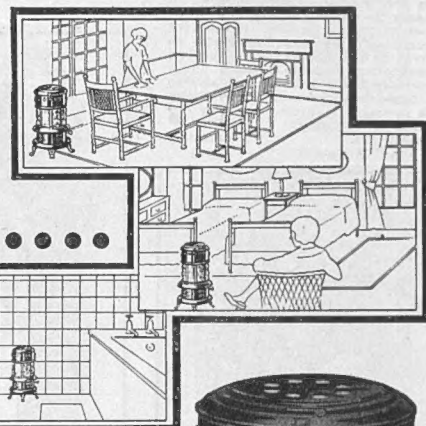
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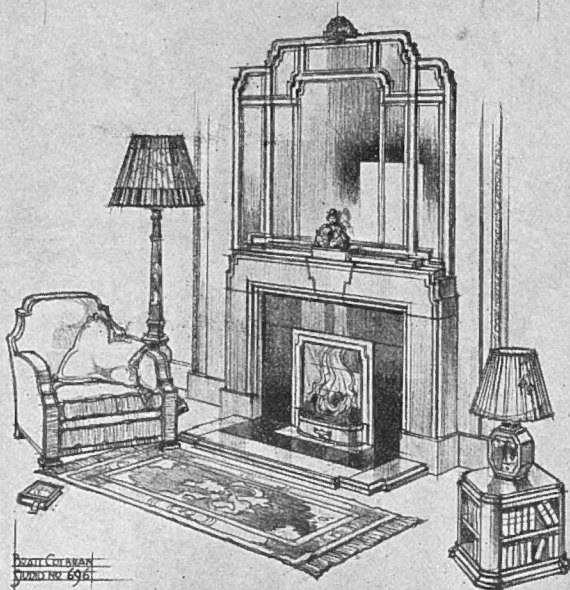
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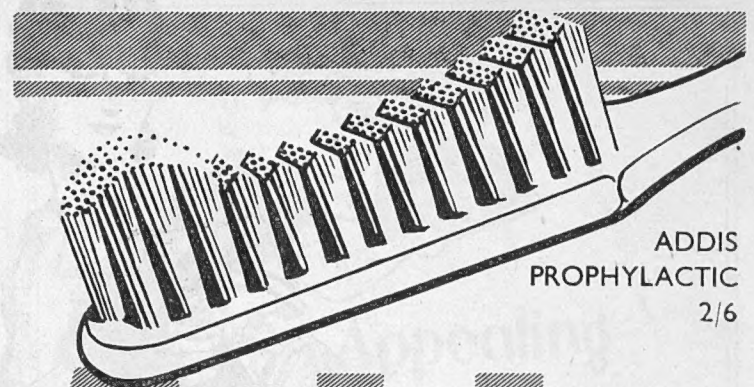
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It is manufactured at our own works in London, and is remarkable for the reasonableness of its cost as well as for the excellence of its quality.

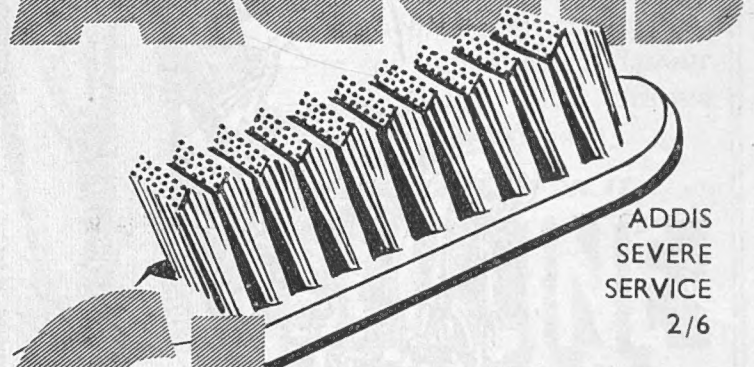
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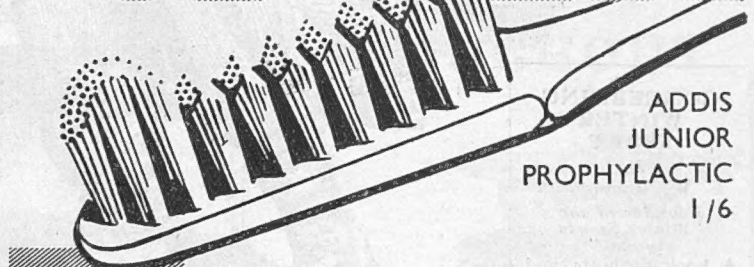
ADDIS
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2/6

Addis



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SEVERE
SERVICE
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JUNIOR
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600 BRITISH WORKERS

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RIGHT.—Red Bay,
Hamilton Harbour.

CENTRE.—Yacht
Racing in the Great
Sound.

BELOW.—View over
the Great Sound.



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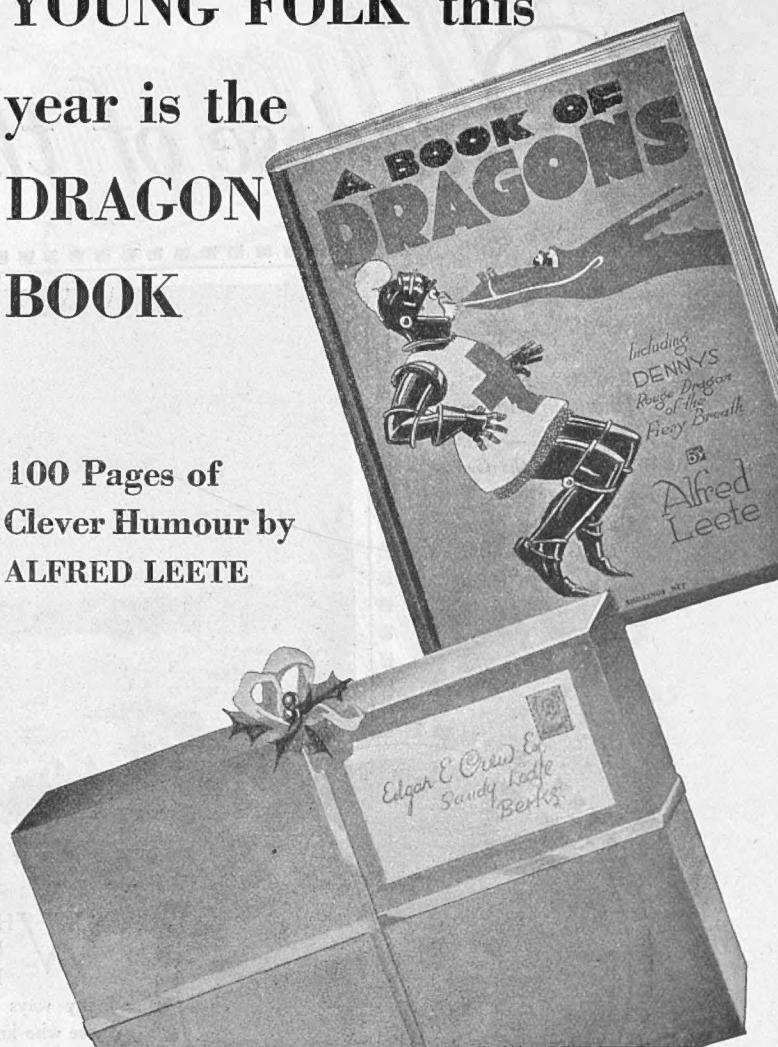
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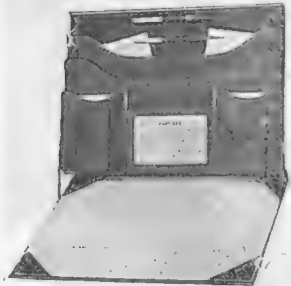
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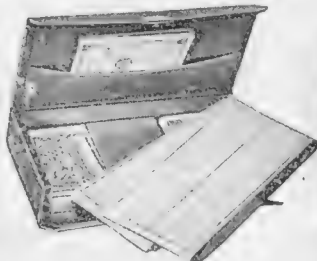
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Y.208. Ecrase. Leather Stationery Attaché Case, fitted with note-paper, envelopes, blotter, etc. 21/-



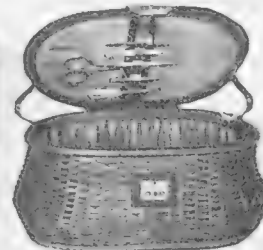
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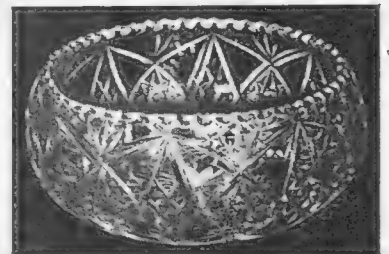
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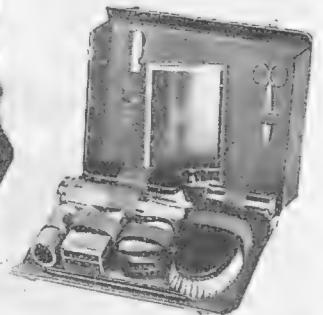
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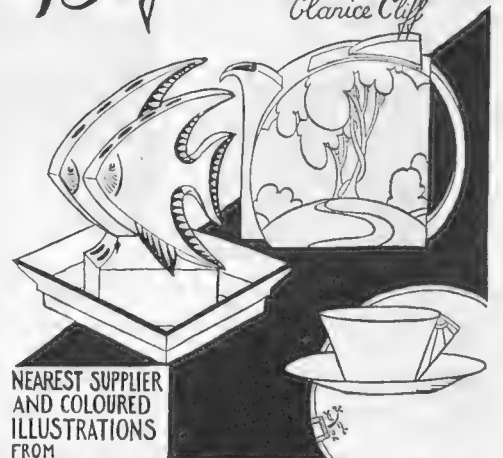
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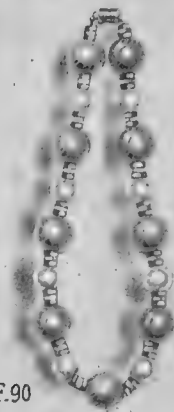
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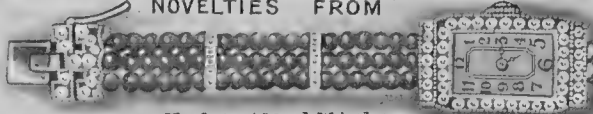
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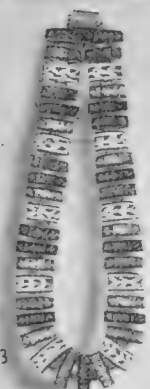
F.90
Smart Choker
Flame Galilith
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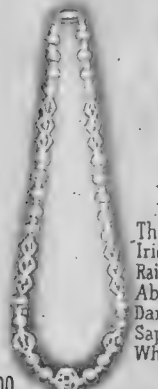
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The Latest Watch Wristlet
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Paste on Band of
Emerald or Jade
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Also Red Coral
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Price $\pounds 8.8.0$.
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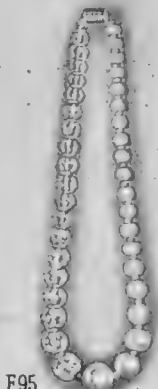
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(mounted to match)
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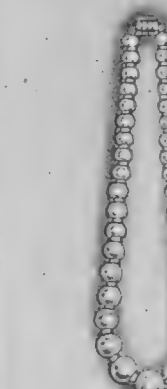
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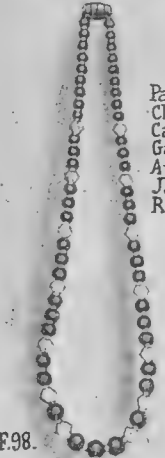
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Absinthe,
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Choker 16" $8/11$
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Tortoise Shell
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also of Shell
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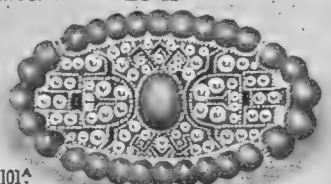
F.100.
Dainty Necklace
of Pearls with
White Crystals
at Intervals
Length 14"
7/11
In Plain Pearls 6/11
FOREIGN



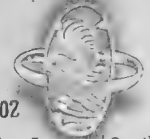
F.101
For the Evening Belt
Antique Paste
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29/6
FOREIGN



F.96.
Charming Evening
Necklace of Coral (Red or
Pink) also Emerald
Cabochon Beads. Dia-
mond Paste Silver Set.
Clasp Centre to match.
Diamond
Paste
Fermoir
28"
69/6
FOREIGN



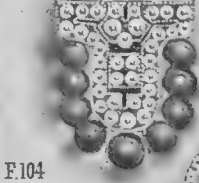
F.101a
Brooch, Finest Diamond
Paste, Border of Beads in
Coral, Jade or Emeralds
Silver Mounted
To match $1\frac{3}{8}$ "
Nº F.96
and Earrings
45/9
FOREIGN



F.102
Finger Ring, Carved
Jade, Platinised Silver
mount.
Depth $\frac{7}{8}$ "
9/11
FOREIGN



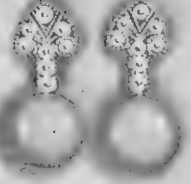
F.103.
Bracelet, Diamond
Paste & Silver
Exceptional Value
Width $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Price $69/6$
FOREIGN



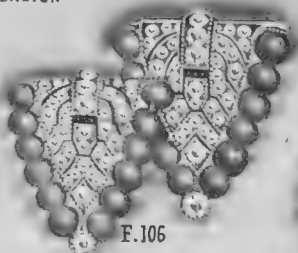
F.104
Hat or Dress
Clip, Diamond
Paste, New
Bead Border
as Nº F.96.
1"
29/6
FOREIGN



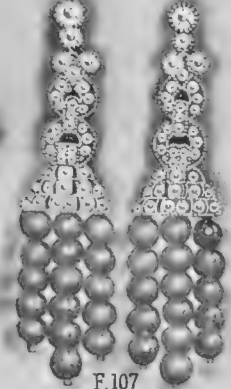
F.108 Bracelet, Diamond Paste
Silver Mounted
 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
45/9
FOREIGN



F.105
Earrings, Diamond
Paste with Pearls
Length $\frac{7}{8}$ "
Price $15/9$
FOREIGN



F.106
Shoe Clips
Paste with
Border of Col
as Earrings
Nº F.107.
 $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$ "
Price $12/9$
per pair
FOREIGN



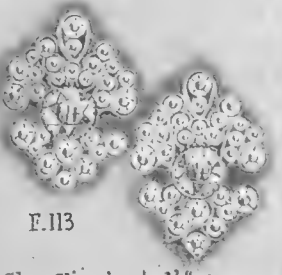
F.107
Earrings, Diamond
Paste, Silver Mtd.
Tassel of Coral,
Jade or Emerald.
Length $2\frac{3}{8}$ "
45/9
per pair
FOREIGN



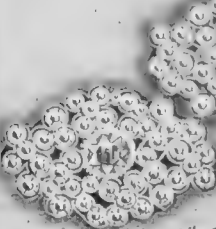
F.111
Waist Clasp
Antique Style
French Paste
 $2" \times \frac{5}{8}"$
12/9
FOREIGN



F.112
Brooch, Diamond Paste
Set in Silver
 $1\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{5}{8}"$
25/9
FOREIGN



F.113
Shoe Clips in
Antique Paste
 $1\frac{1}{8}"$ per
9/11 pair
FOREIGN



F.109
Shoe Clips -
Antique Paste
 $1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}"$ per
15/9 pair
FOREIGN



F.110. Brooch, Macassite, Silver Mtd.
with Real River Pearls
Coral Effect
Onyx
 $2\frac{1}{4}"$
15/9
FOREIGN

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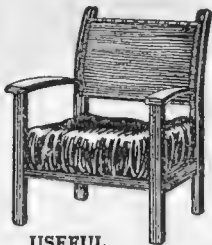
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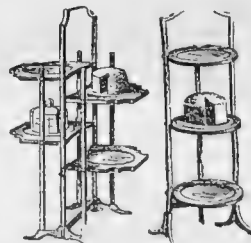
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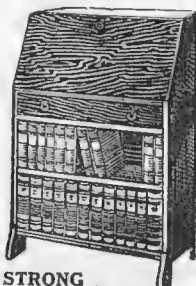
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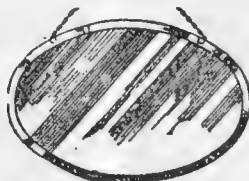
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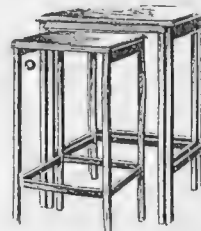
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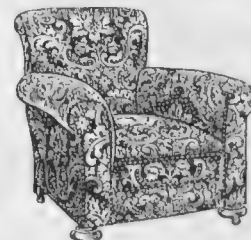
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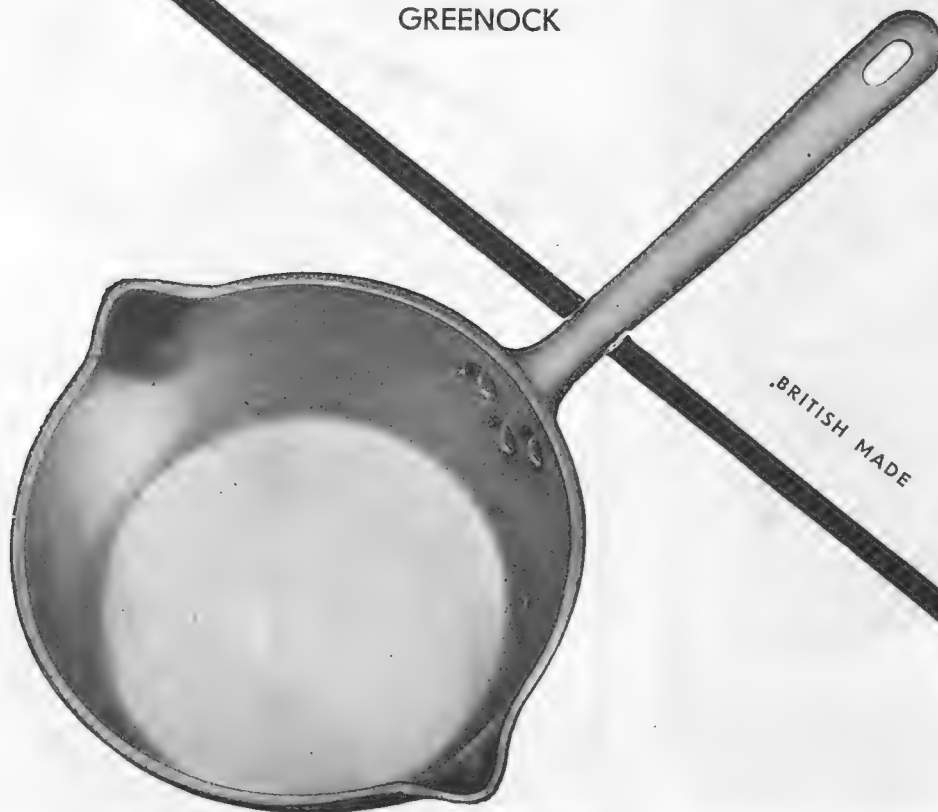
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**DAY
AND
NIGHT**



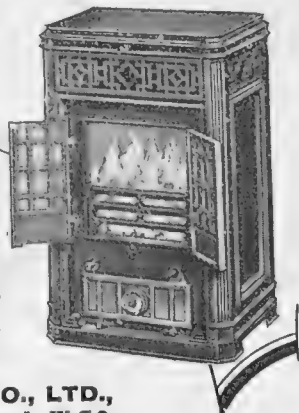
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The Christmas Story . . .

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GREETINGS

FROM

DUNLOP



C.F.H. 1238

Christmas...



Editorial



NOT the least irritating of the troubles to be borne at Christmas time is the presence of the person who quotes the stale and depressing epigram "Christmas comes but once a year—and only once, thank God!" If it were only bored youth who failed to realise the essential sanity and decency of the season when man truly becomes a gregarious creature and is not ashamed of his altruism, one could regard the attitude as transitory and as unimportant as German measles, calf-love and spring pimples. But cynics of all ages wax vocal when December wanes. They see in Christmas a time only for bills and biliousness. They are sincere

only in their denunciation of other people's sincerity. They are Scrooges, but without the grit to deny themselves ease and comfort, and without the ghost of Marley to appear to them in a salutary nightmare.

But the Christmas of 1931 will prove an awkward time for Scrooges of every type. Let them hug what meagre consolation they can from the thought that they will be in a smaller minority than ever. England, having passed through a strenuous year, a momentous year, fraught with peril, feels that she has earned her annual jollification. And Christmas now stands out as more than that. It is the season for sinking political differences; yet it is possible, without claiming the spirit of Christmas as the monopoly of any one party, to dwell on the significance of a festival which, in a land where class hatred has triumphed, has been officially abolished.

Certain it is that in the overwhelming victory of loyalty and sound tradition over what is, at best, a policy of crankish experiment, Christmas has a deeper meaning than ever.

"Good will towards men," yes. Nor can the scoffers and the disgruntled deter us from adding "Good will towards, and among, English men and English women." For once again patriotism is fashionable and more than fashionable. Charles Dickens, that apostle of Christmas, may have been a sentimentalist; but he was a great Englishman, and *A Christmas Carol*, message or no message, is a work of genius to which England herself gave birth. So, amid the festal noises, let us hear some blowing of our own national trumpets, with more holly and less of Hollywood. A brilliant young dramatist has pointed the way. Noel this year is as much the vogue as Noel Coward.





THE fearful tube ghost, a cylindrical figure like a glass tube, has eddied across a courtyard of the Tower of London and nearly scared a sentry out of his wits

CHRISTMAS, 1931, seems destined to go down in psychic history as one of the most ghost-haunted on record. They were early astir, the spooks. October had barely opened in chilly drizzle, with unusually early twilights, before the newspapers reported that the Black Prince had been seen again at Hall Place, near Bexley, Kent. The Prince has walked Hall Place at intervals almost from the time it was built, in 1332, and each time his advent has coincided with some great danger to the island kingdom. Lady Limerick saw him during the war, since when he has not been visible. One surmises a concern now about the departure of the pound sterling from gold.

Then, crowding on the bony heels of the Black Prince, came mumble-mambling a whole retinue of ghosts, old and new, grave and gay. From all over the country, at intervals of a day or so, new spectres were reported; while, as I write, I find ticked off on my list of old-established ghosts all except a few—and those have yet time to arrive on the job before family parties draw closer round the fire on Christmas Eve and in old country mansions the guests go to their rooms down the long, gloomy, echoing corridor in the haunted wing on Christmas night.

Anne Boleyn has gone wailing down the haunted corridor at Hampton Court. The little old lady in black who once frightened a man to death (he lies in the burial ground of the adjacent church) is again haunting Rufford Abbey, the magnificent seat of the Earls of Savile. In its ornamental iron case in ancient Smithills Hall, the martyr's footprint has been seen to bleed.

The Duchess of York's forefather, Earl Beardie, first Lord Glamis, who died in 1454, is prowling his ancestral castle. Bishop Roger of Salisbury has been seen stalking the ruins of

a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of my arm, and hovering between the ceiling and the table"; it passed behind his wife, who crouched down and shrieked: "Oh, Lord, it has seized me!"). has eddied across a courtyard of the Tower of London and nearly scared a sentry out of his wits. Even the Lampton Worm, that fabulous monster, has been heard by quaking villagers shifting and tightening its enormous coils around the hill by Lampton Castle.

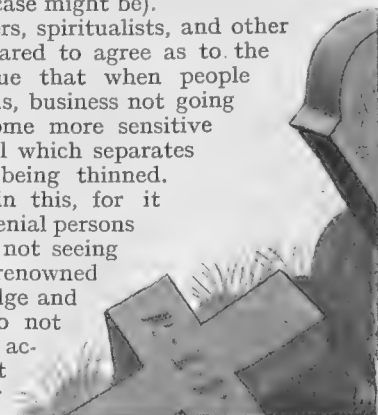
RATIONALISTS will explain the present epidemic by the anxiety neurosis from which England is suffering just now. There was a similar epidemic during the World War, when all the old ghosts began to walk again and a multitude of new ones (among them the celebrated Angels of Mons) sprang up (or down, as the case might be).

Clairvoyants, ghost hunters, spiritualists, and other vested interests, seem prepared to agree as to the anxiety neurosis, but argue that when people are worried, restless, nervous, business not going well and so on, they become more sensitive to occult presences, the veil which separates us from the spirit world being thinned. There may be something in this, for it is remarkable that fat and genial persons seldom see ghosts and are not seeing them even now, while renowned believers like Sir Oliver Lodge and the late Conan Doyle do not get on terms of intimate acquaintance with spirits until long past the robust or animal period of their

PROSPECTS are rosy for word for those pale and of Christmas ghosts, famous grave and gay. We suggest Eve, preferably by firelight and

Sherborne Castle, as has been his wont for the last nine centuries. Glimpses of the ill-omened Golden Boy have been had in the Ghost Room of Corby Castle, and the drums which foretell the death of an Ogilvie, Earls of Airlie, have been heard in Cortachy Castle.

A domestic has caught sight of the Duchess of Mazarin, who was Charles II's mistress, shamelessly flitting through her old apartments in St. James's Palace, and the fearful tube ghost (described by Swift, the Keeper of the Crown Jewels, who saw it in 1860, as "a cylindrical figure, like



English Ghosts

a spooky Christmas, though "rosy" hardly seems the right clammy spectres who find a place among our author's list and infamous, historical and legendary, old and new, that this entertaining article should be read on Christmas with the wind howling through snow-covered chimney pots!

By C.
Patrick
Thompson

Illustrations by
Eric Fraser

lives and within sight of the end of the allotted mortal span.

Myself, I prefer to echo Madame de Deffand, who, you will remember, when asked by a gentleman whether she believed in ghosts, replied: "No, but I am afraid of them."

Abandoning conjecture and speculation, let me draw you closer to these haunted castles environed amid drear landscapes, these spectral corridors in the guest wings of ancestral mansions, these rambling old houses surrounded by gnarled trees through whose bare branches the storm winds sound like screaming voices filling the folk around the fire within with unnamed apprehensions. It is a



little difficult to make a choice among so many spooks clamouring for attention, but we might do worse than start at the top of the social tree with the Windsor Castle ghosts, only one of whom seems to be coy this year.

THE story of the coy ghost of Windsor begins, one November day three years back, with the screams of a housemaid in a corridor off the Blue Drawing Room. The King and the Queen had left the day before for Buckingham Palace. A footman came running and found the girl in a faint on the floor. When she recovered her senses she asserted that a huge white figure had suddenly loomed at her from a recess in the wall as she went peacefully along with her feather dusting whisk. It had made a menacing rush at her.

Common sense suggests a curtain blown in by an abrupt gust of wind—except that this corridor was an inner one without windows. Some scepticism is expressed by authorities on the ground that although the King's huge old castle on Thames-side at Windsor is notoriously haunted, all the spooks are well-known and well-defined ones, and there is no record of an undefined shape more than life-size, nor is there a recorded instance of any of the castle ghosts being so ill-mannered as to offer violence, particularly to an inoffensive menial of lowly station.

King Charles I and Queen Elizabeth are the two most regular apparitions at Windsor. The late Empress Frederick has left it on record that she was reading in the library during the day and, becoming aware of somebody else in the vast chamber, looked up to see the figure of a cavalier standing by her side. His face, she said, bore a strong resemblance to pictures of the unfortunate Stuart King who lost his head. The singular thing was that this cavalier was not carrying his head under his arm, as all ghosts of Charles I are supposed to do. On the contrary, this ghost was calm and handsome and in no way frightening,

and after standing quite still beside her for a few moments, he vanished.

Another frequent visitor to the castle, Princess Beatrice, saw on several occasions the spirit of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, standing motionless on the terrace. On one of these occasions the princess's black cat also apparently saw the ghost, for he took sudden alarm and jumped out of a window and broke his leg.

Then there is a strong rumour, which the reporters so far cannot get confirmed or denied, that the ghost of Glamis Castle has not only appeared again, but is obstinately refusing to take

himself off. Night after night, it is said, he visits the crypt of the castle. If you saw this old crypt, built of huge granite blocks, set with heavy pieces of old furniture, the bare walls hung with old clan shields, spears, claymores and the heads of animals slain in chases of long ago, you would not be surprised that people see ghosts here.

This particular ghost is a family affair and in the nature of a skeleton in the cupboard of the Duchess of York's family. The legend—one of several—runs that Earl Beardie, a notorious gambler and Sabbath breaker of the fifteenth century, lost Glamis itself to a baron guest at card play in the crypt, and foully slew him to avoid paying the debt. Something thereupon happened, the exact nature of which is known, generation after generation, to only three living people: the living Earl of Strathmore, his heir, and the steward of the castle (the stewardship passes on from father to son).

Legend again has it that on a certain night each year, and at a stated hour, these three men who alone know the dark secret visit the crypt at night, and there witness the sight of Earl Beardie replaying that card game with his ghostly companion. He is doomed to play on this night every year until the Day of Judgment.

If there is anything in the story which excited the village of Glamis, the spectral Earl Beardie has either mixed up his dates, got tired of the



KING CHARLES I and Queen Elizabeth are the two most regular apparitions at Windsor. Princess Beatrice saw on several occasions the spirit of the Virgin Queen standing motionless on the terrace



A GLIMMERING hand—a white, beautifully shaped feminine hand—has taken to drifting about a hunting squire's house, built on the site of an old gallows

crypt and started flitting about other parts of the castle, or is working overtime with the cards.

SOME of the tales that came from Scotland into the London clubs, dining-rooms, and newspaper offices, over the wires and by word of mouth from returned visitors, were closely followed by news which took reporters and a couple of psychic experts up to the Elizabethan mansion of the old Boynton family in Yorkshire—somewhat to the annoyance of the Boyntons, it appears, since these old families do not like exposing their private ghosts to the public gaze. The Boyntons, however, have only themselves to blame. So proud are they of the family ghost that they keep the gruesome relic which perpetuates its legend under a securely fastened glass case in the entrance hall.

The relic is a skull, and the skull is supposed to be that of a former female member of the family. The lady suffered a terrible wrong which has never been avenged—it is not likely to be avenged now, the perpetrator having died in his bed 300 years ago, and acts of vengeance against his great-great-great-grand-and-some-more grandson being prohibited in this effete age.

However, the lady insisted that until she was avenged her skull should adorn the entrance hall to remind those who should have avenged her, and did not, of their everlasting shame. Passions having died down and the original cause of the trouble being almost forgotten, a sceptical Boynton said in effect that he was tired of seeing the old lady's head lying about, and directed that it should be buried in the garden. That night, screams from the hall! The household rushed down. There lay the skull in the middle of the floor. It was silent now, and there was no doubt that it had worked itself out of its grave and rolled from the garden to the hall; it had been screaming to be restored to its proper place, and would go on screaming if it were not humoured. The frightened head of the house humoured it.

Subsequent Boyntons said that an old family retainer, scandalised by his master's contempt for the legend and the curse, had dug up the skull himself and done the screaming; but that is by the way. The present story is that the skull has been screaming again, but why, no one seems to know—and any one calling at the Boyntons' mansion in order to put the question is now likely to meet with a hostile reception.

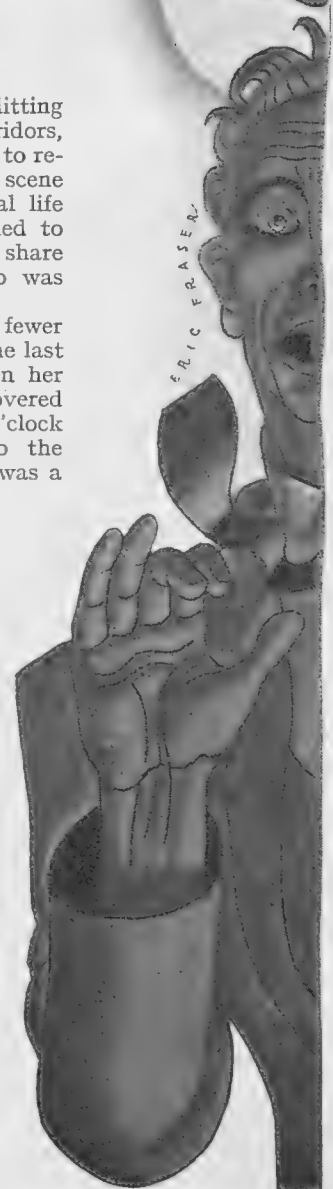
TWO of Henry VIII's wives, Catherine Howard and Jane Seymour, regularly haunt Hampton Court. Both ghosts have appeared again this month.

Catherine has been seen flitting down one of the painted corridors, although she is supposed always to reenact, at midnight, the tragic scene that she actually played in real life when she unsuccessfully appealed to King Henry that she should not share the fate of Anne Boleyn, who was beheaded.

Anne herself has been seen no fewer than four times this season. The last person who claims to have seen her was a gentleman who was discovered in the Haunted Gallery at 10 o'clock at night and handed over to the police. His story was that he was a spiritualist who had secreted himself in the palace to test the truth of the ghost legend. As he had no housebreaking tools and nothing was known against him, the magistrate fined him and let him go.

Anne is London's most tragic ghost. On all Saints' Day, in 1541, Henry VIII and his Queen, Anne, were kneeling together in the chapel at Hampton Court when Archbishop Cranmer slipped in silently and placed in the hand of the praying King the paper the latter was expecting—the document containing evidence of adultery and incest by Anne, the evidence that was going to condemn her and clear Henry's path to his next marriage.

The Queen was led away at once and locked up, but a day or two later, on November 2nd, she eluded her (Continued on page 119)





(Photograph, Topical Press)

YOU may see them anywhere in the Metropolitan district; they are the London Policewomen in their newer uniform, who have Miss Gladys Peto, O.B.E., at their head



MADAME GOBISON, the famous French policewoman of Le Touquet

The WOMAN in BLUE

By

The Hand of the Law



HERE is one of the few photographs of the actual training of private detectives. You see the grip described below demonstrated by Charles Kersey himself

"**P**ARDON me, Madam"—the Unobtrusive Woman has the customer gently by the arm—"but have you paid for those stockings that you have just put in your pocket. . . .?"

The shoplifter "goes quietly" and goes, as requested to the office of the manager of the store, to explain—if she can, how she comes to have two frocks concealed in her petticoats and some gloves and stockings in her voluminous, special pockets. She is ready with excuses of all sorts; ready to seize the first opportunity of disposing of her incriminating cargo before she is searched, and ready (if she be a tough case) to make a dash for it if she sees the slightest loophole.

She is only one of the successful pirates who get away with anything round about £10,000 worth of damage in big stores every year, but less now that they have increasing numbers of the type of the Unobtrusive Woman, the highly trained female private detective, the woman sleuth who must never make a mistake, in rapid deduction and rapid, decisive courageous action.

The well-trained woman detective is also something of a ju-jitsu expert—one thief remembers that, possibly, still! Picture it from his own rueful telling in the police court. On impulse he took a book in a well-known book store; he avoided the staff detective who saw him do it and nipped across the street into a nearby post office. . . . "she did not follow, so I thought my path was clear. . . . when I left I found myself confronted by a crowd—I slipped through them and thought I was safe when the woman detective sprang from behind a cab with her arms outstretched—I dodged this way and that. . . . she sprang at me and pinned me against

the railings with such force that my shoulder was bruised. . . . she held me until the policeman came."

This neat job was done by an ordinary young woman in the day's work. I might, however, add that the young man had chosen to steal a book of detective stories. . . .

THESE modern days the actual hand of the law can be, and increasingly often is, a woman! She may belong to the official uniformed police of her country; she may be clad in mufti on some special duty; she may belong to that pioneer police force organised by Miss Damer Dawson, whose successor, Miss Mary Allen, has been instrumental in establishing women police in, literally, dozens of countries. Or she may be unofficial, unrecognised and unknown to anybody except herself and the private agency employing her; highly trained and efficient; in this capacity we meet her



POLICE Commandant Mary S. Allen, O.B.E., who has trained women for service throughout the world

WHAT THE WOMEN
WATCHERS SEE! Some
stories of "Roberta" in
different countries and
of the Elusive Female
Sleuth of To-day

in a Velvet Glove

THIS woman detective went in after her quarry as
an unobtrusive typist; she watches her out of the
block of flats as any young man waiting for his taxi
in the shadow of his doorway . . . she will follow
her to the theatre as any girl in evening dress . . .



FRAULEIN ERNST
of the Woman's
Police Force of Berne!

nine and extremely successful is the Woman Police Force of Berne—it—she!—consists of one *Polizer-Assistentin*. One goes to be introduced through the grim precincts of the law courts and police headquarters expecting to meet a formidable middle-aged lady of Germanic aspect in a semi-military outfit.

From her desk the "Women Police Force" of Berne rises to greet the English visitor. Constable Fraulein Ernst is a well-built young woman with a perfect profile and a neat shingle . . . she is dressed in rose-coloured shantung on tailor-made lines, and directly she speaks she humiliates the visitor by her knowledge of French, English and German *au choix*!

Fraulein Ernst remarks brightly that she is, after all, only an experiment. But she is succeeding because she insists that she is *not* a "female policeman"—

but that very different thing a policeman. She does no patrol work and wears no uniform; she deals personally with numbers of women and children, and herself does examinations, searchings, arrests and interrogations in delicate cases; she is terrifically matter-of-fact, and what she does not know about the more hard-boiled of the Bernese young women is just not worth knowing. She, and all the Bernese officials, have a great admiration for English Mary Allen, whose advocacy very largely secured the appointment of the first woman constable in the capital of Switzerland.

ACTUALLY it is the campaigns of the earliest English women police that make best telling; formed during the War their influence has spread (Continued on page 124)



THE German policewoman
is typical of their race

HERE is the story as it finished; the shoplifter nips into a taxi; in the other side gets the store detective . . . not a hundred yards away at the back of the store, she pulls up the taxi and out they get . . . handing to the plain clothes man the booty, a silk scarf stowed in the front of the thief's dress . . .

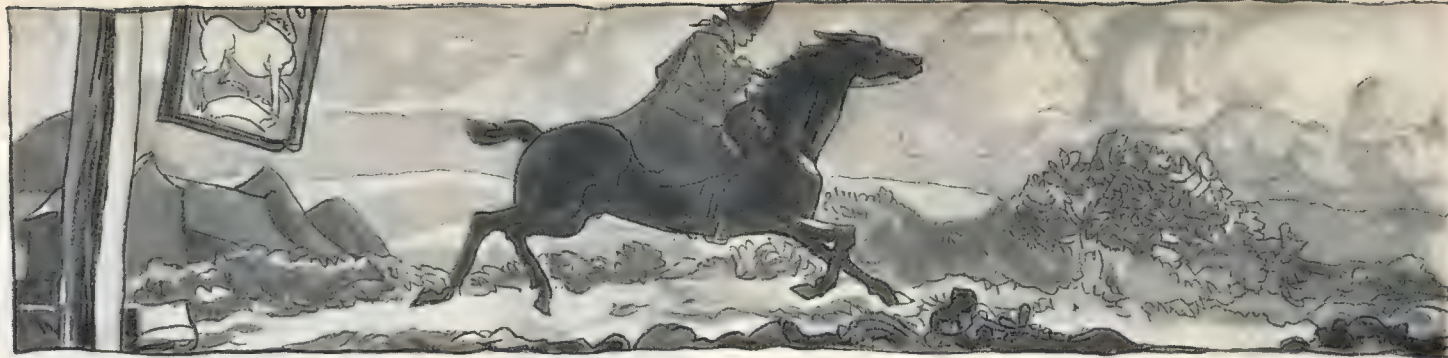
daily, in businesses, in hotels, at bazaars and weddings, and in many cases of relentless shadowing. . . .

MISS ROSA MANUS,
the Senior Woman
Inspector of the Amsterdam
Children's Police

CLAD more humanely and aesthetically, we meet in London the members of our growing force of Women Police; these women (over 22 and under 30, 5 ft. 4 in. in height at least when they join) are carefully chosen and trained; they have a woman immediately over them, Miss Dorothy Peto, C.B.E., and they can pass through the uniformed branch into the C.I.D.

By way of contrast, more essentially femi-





THE landlord of the Bald-Faced Stag came out of his front door and stood for a while between the signpost and the horse-trough, looking down the steep fall of the banked-up road, and thence over the fading expanse of Hayward's Heath. In the western sky a belt of orange flame ripped the grey veils of the dying spring day, and in its gleam the white coat and gilt collar of the stag on the board shone with a ghostly pallor. The gust that set the sign creaking on its chains ruffled Mr. Tapping's shirt-sleeves; and since he had none of the plumpness of the traditional Boniface, but was a lean, tall man with an anxious mouth, and a gaunt nose thrusting out of his crimson face, he felt the chill of the evening.

"No company to-night!" he thought, as he turned and glanced up the hill where the road wound into shadowy woods. "No company to-night!" he assured himself again as he gave a parting look down the hill; and then he frowned, for out of the dip came climbing a three-cornered hat and the high collar of a horseman's coat. The landlord, his hands plunged in his breeches pockets, watched the approach of the traveller with a hostile calculation in his eyes. Inns live by custom, but there are customers whose room is better than their company, and Mr. Tapping disliked everything about the cut of this visitor, with his hat cocked over his brows, the collar of his long riding coat concealing his chin, and his fine black horse stepping out smartly at the top of the rise as though the day's journey were but at its beginning. For a moment Mr. Tapping hoped that he might pass the door; but he knew that this was beyond all likelihood so late in the day and with the next weather-tight alehouse a good six miles farther along the road.

As he had feared, the horseman swung off at the trough, and loosened the girth as his beast dipped its nose gratefully into the water. The military ease of his dismounting and a clink between the skirts of his tightly buttoned coat did nothing to allay the landlord's distaste.

"Servant, sir!" he said gruffly. "What may I bring you?" "Bring me, landlord?" answered the stranger in a keen, young voice, pulling off his horse's bridle to give him greater ease in drinking, "you may bring me nothing out here."

Mr. Tapping took no love of his lithe six foot and the square set of his shoulders as he turned about, his face dim in the gathering night.

"Show me, rather, your cosiest stable, and your softest litter. Bid the ostler hasten with the feed. I'll see to the mixing myself. After that, a jug of brown ale by your parlour fire, a steak with a crumby loaf. A fruit pie, perhaps, already waits in the larder to be warmed anew . . . the rest we'll discuss later. Come man!" he added commandingly, as the wind squealed and set a patter of hailstones dancing along the brim of his hat and leaping out at the

A Stirring Story of the King's
the manner in which Master Hugh
Street came, at last, face to face

Beau Silence

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

corners, "come, your stables at once! Will you keep Bully Hector and me freezing in this damned outpour?"

Mr. Tapping retreated into his doorway, blocking the entry with spread elbows.

"This is a poor house, Captain," he declared. "We have no accommodation fitting your honour's worship. The Plough at Wivelsfield is a bare five-mile ride that your charger will eat as it might be fresh oats."

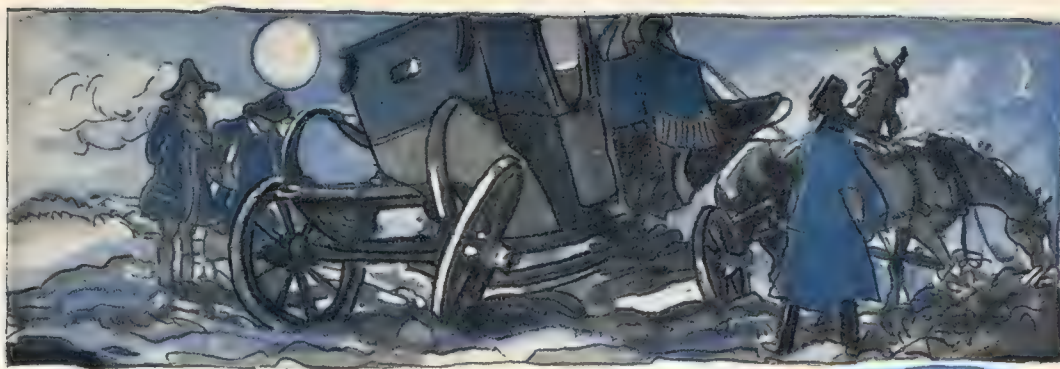
"Have done, landlord! Will you spread this chaff for me?"

The young man advanced with an air of authority.

"As an inn-keeper, you are bound to harbour; not being reasonably hin-

"DO not move!"
said the visitor,
covering his assailants
to right and left
with a pair of well-
oiled horse-pistols





By
D. L.
Murray

Highway, and of Milvern of Bow with his Quarry

dered, any and all of the King's lieges going about their lawful occasions."

"Their lawful occasions, Captain!" reposted Mr. Tapping with a malevolent eye.

"I think this fellow's clean from his wits!" protested the horseman, hitching up his coat with gauntleted hands, and again emitting the faint clink that so much disturbed Mr. Tapping.

"Am I to see your stables?" he continued, "or



break your crown—in the King's name?" "King Toby?" enquired the landlord.

The stranger started and laughed aloud. "Is that your fear, Master Punchbowl? Assure yourself! You have guessed far from my quality. And, for the love of Heaven, man, have you no pity for horseflesh? At least let me lead Hector under cover and dry him." The landlord seemed to relent. "You may stable your horse, then, Captain," said he, "though I would know more of your quality than your long coat will tell me. But, follow, sir! the yard is here. Ostler! see to the gentleman's mount."

But the gentleman saw to his mount himself, and finally astounded the landlord and his man by elbowing them firmly out of the stable and fastening the door with a padlock and key that he drew from his own pocket.

"Have we a new landlord, then, Captain, at the Bald-Faced Stag?" enquired Mr. Tapping with weighty irony.

"We are satisfied with the old one, host," retorted the stranger cheerily. "Or shall be when we blow the foam off a plump jug to his health."

"But my stable!" expostulated the landlord.

"But my horse!" exclaimed the visitor. "Can I tell who may slip in and out of this yard? A smack of hoofs on the cobbles and good-bye Hector!"

"Do you accuse me, sir, of being in league with thieves?"

Mr. Tapping's dignity was archiepiscopal.

The young man cocked his head to one side. "Which of us shall answer for his friends, Master Punchbowl? They tell

queer tales of houses of call where Jack Ostler or Jenny the tap-room wench has but to cross a field to give the office to some Knight of the Double Barkers."

"They speak also sir," replied Mr. Tapping haughtily, "of honour among a certain confraternity."

The stranger made a fencing thrust with his finger at the landlord's striped waistcoat.

"Devilish quick, Master Punchbowl! But enough now of carte and terce with our tongues. Here comes the cursed hail again."

He strode across the shining stones of the yard and, forcing his way through the back-kitchen, where the maids squeaked at his apparition, clanked on his thick, spurred heels into the brown-beamed parlour. Mr. Tapping, following on those impudent spurs, felt his fingers twitch with desire to pluck the powdered wig off the cropped red hair which was just visible behind, where a black ribbon was tied askew. But he only



As Hector came with a thunder of galloping hoofs

murmured something about fetching drink, and vanished along the passage.

THE stranger took a clay churchwarden pipe from a sheaf on the mantel-shelf, and, as he bent over the wood fire on the hearth to kindle it, the pale flame danced across a whimsical smile that lit up blunt, youthful features. In the corner a painted grandfather clock ticked huskily. Minutes passed, and as hunger gripped him more pinchingly, it occurred to the young man not only that his supper did not arrive, but that he heard none of the heartening sounds that should herald it—no thrilling odours, no clatter of plates or jar of glass on a tray. He whirled round from the fireplace just in time to see the window at his back snap open and a labourer armed with a pitchfork jump through with a clump on to the floor. At the same moment through the open doorway dashed in an excited group, the landlord, a second field worker brandishing a rake,

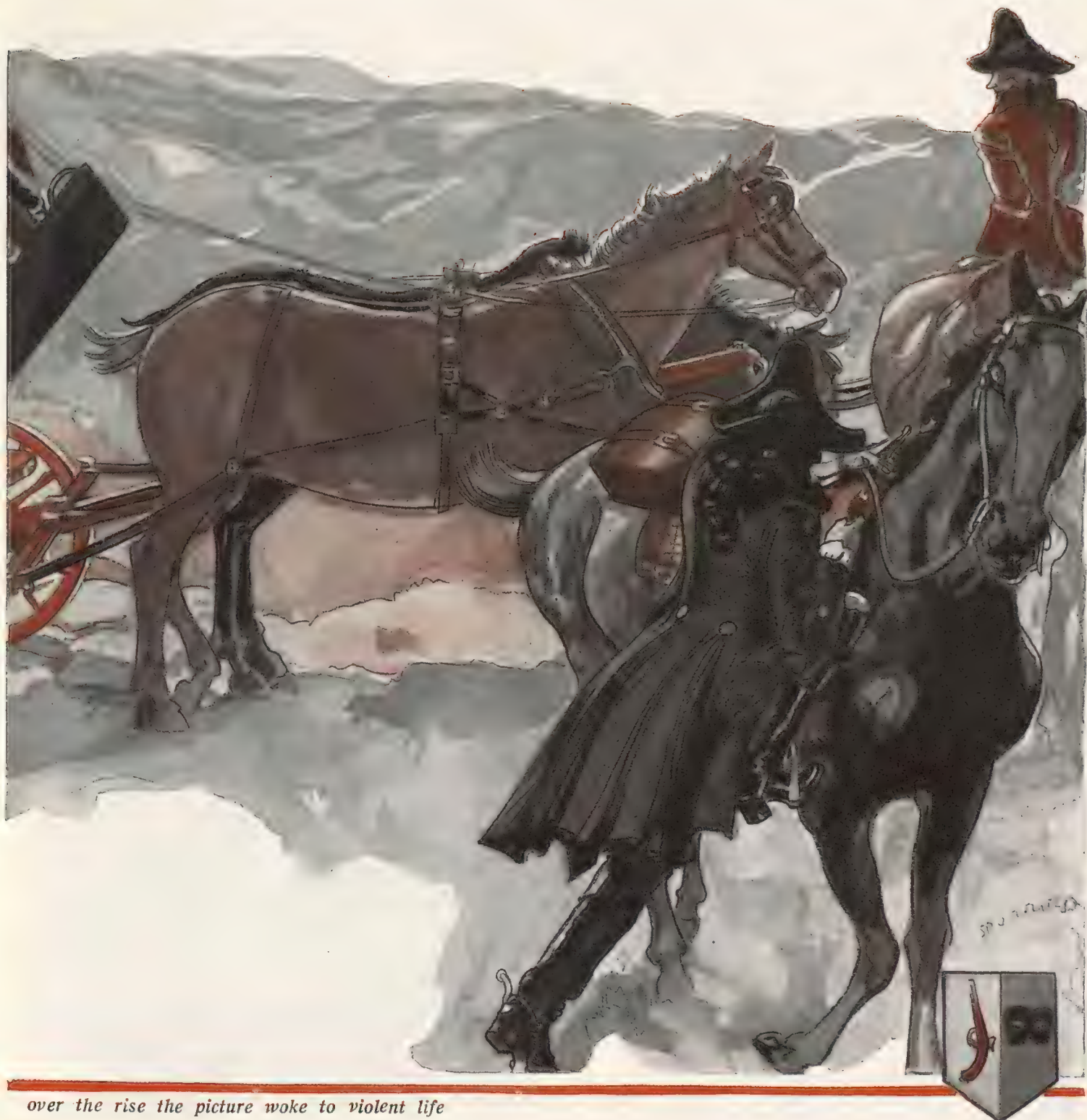
the ostler with a heavy whip, and the drawer, a youth of 16, waveringly pointing an antique blunderbuss used for scaring rooks.

"Do not move!" said the visitor covering his assailants to right and left with a pair of well-oiled horse-pistols.

But Mr. Tapping advanced without hesitation upon the muzzle of the nearest piece, flourishing a tiny staff with a gilt crown at its tip.

"Come, sir!" he cried pompously. "Lower your weapons in the King's name. I am a sworn peace officer for this parish, and by virtue of my office I apprehend you, here and now. Disarm him, men!" "Have you no fear?" enquired the threatened man blandly, "that before any of your fellows can move foot or hand I shall blow you to the Pit's mouth?"

"Holding King George's authority, sir, no!" answered the landlord. "Egregious heroism or egregious simplicity—which?" laughed the young man. "But come, Mr. Constable Punchbowl, let all be done in due form and lawful order. On



over the rise the picture woke to violent life

what charge do you presume to take me with this array of mortal engines . . . Is that blunderbuss loaded, friend, by any foul hap?"

"N-n-n-no, Captain, we could not find the slugs," stammered the drawer, who knew the quality love to be answered quickly.

"'Tis well: Mr. Tapping's back were else in grave danger, the very seat of authority, as it were, imperilled."

"Come, sir!" interposed the landlord, "this mumming shall not serve your turn. I arrest you—"

"In the King's name," muttered the stranger.

Mr. Tapping glared. "On trustworthy, creditable and reasonably founded suspicion of being none other than the notorious highway robber, known among the vulgar as Beau Silence, for whose apprehension the magistrates at Bow Street and here at Lewes offer a reward of one hundred guineas. The colour of your horse, your age, your height and build, young man, no less than your suspicious conduct, your pistols and cutlass are damning circumstances."

"Oh! admirable thief-taker!" laughed the stranger. "I ride a pure black horse of 16 hands, Beau Silence a black mare of a bare fourteen and a half, with white stockings on both forelegs. For age, maybe, we chime together—the twenties, Master Punchbowl, are the golden years. But for height and build—well, the Beau is something slighter, and half a foot shorter, if this bill is well drawn."

HE brought from his deep pocket a crumpled sheet with a woodcut portrait, a description and an announcement of the reward set upon the head of the elusive rider who was making the roads between London and the South Coast a terror to wealthy travellers and government couriers.

"Moreover," he added reproachfully, holding the bill out to the landlord, "Beau Silence, you will observe, and I, you must surely have marked it, am more than a trifle talkative."

"Will you have the impudence, sirrah, to study your own description before the very eyes of the law?" stormed Mr. Tapping.

"Dick! Samson!" He glowered at the trembling drawer, "if you are a parcel of craven loons, I must take this ruffian with my own hands," and, advancing, he actually seized his guest's coat-collar.

"Forbear!" said the young man, shaking him off impatiently. "'Tis pity, but this charade must end." Swiftly pocketing his pistols, he ran a finger up his overcoat, unbuttoning it. Out peeped a waistcoat the colour of a robin redbreast.

Mr. Tapping's jaw dropped. "A runner from Bow Street?" he gasped.

"Servant, Mr. Constable! I left London yesterday morning, furnished with this authority. Better acquaint yourself with the terms!" Mr. Tapping turned the document over in his fingers fretfully. "But what is your name? Why must the London magistrates interfere with our Sussex justice. And why . . . why

the devil, man, could you not say who you were at once, and spare us this bout of Blind Man's Buff?"

"I am Riding-Officer Hugh Milvern. If all Sussex constables, Mr. Landlord, were as prompt and efficacious as yourself, doubtless we should not need to travel through wind and sleet from Bow Street to assist them. Why I preferred to keep my mission a secret? Well, we all know of inns where the mugs on the mantel-shelf are not the only Tobies."

Mr. Tapping for the first time smiled. "A pretty criss-cross!" he admitted. "I took you for the Beau; you took me for his decoy, perhaps?" He squared his thin shoulders.

"And all the time we were both King's officers, Mr. Milvern."

"And have counsel to take together," said Milvern briskly.

"Send your fellows there away, now. Lads, take a drink to my score at the tap—and let it close your mouths. Landlord, if you will bring my supper and share it—better late than never—I will give you news of Beau Silence."

"Mr. Tapping," said the Bow Street Officer, with a serious air, sitting down opposite the landlord, as soon as the room was empty, "I will give you Government news—you, at least, I hope I can trust not to blab it in the kitchen. Mr. Under-Secretary Varley is travelling from London to take ship to-night from Newhaven bearing despatches for the Court of Versailles. He bears also a fat rouleau of King George's freshest golden guineas for a certain Monseigneur who has daily the big and the little *entrées* to our Royal Cousin Louis's bedchamber; whose knowledge of our Royal Cousin's mind Mr. Secretary in Downing Street would fain share; and whose lips only a golden key can unlock. I make you confidant of high official secrets, Mr. Punch—Mr. Tapping."



The landlord nodded solemnly.

"Send him victorious, happy and glorious," he murmured.

"Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks!" echoed the officer. He broke off as the maid entered with the steaming supper-tray and waited for the door to shut behind her departure.

"Mr. Varley," he then continued, "slept last night at Crawley. The roads are vile, but he hopes to be aboard at Newhaven not long past midnight to catch the tide at the turn. He comes without escort, for he seeks no notice, a servant or two with his coachman and footman, belike. He will miss your house, for the coach-road makes a loop, doth it not? and will pass through Ditchling, avoiding the Common, where many travellers have of late been stripped. But somewhere between Ditchling and Lewes . . . your pardon a moment, Mr. Tapping."

Mr. Milvern rose, and moving over the wooden floor with scarcely a tinkle of his spurs, pulled the door-latch and listened. He did the same by the window, before returning to his seat and his ale-mug, which he emptied with a satisfied air, "Somewhere between Ditchling and Lewes," he resumed, "he is to be stopped by the Beau."

"Save us!" ejaculated the landlord, "how know you this?"

"He is to be stopped; his guineas pouched; his despatches forwarded by Ostende and Cologne to . . . well, Mr. Tapping, you are a man of public spirit and read the *Gazette*, I'll be sworn; you know who would be best pleased to learn the probable movements of King George's grenadiers this summer when the roads are fit for campaigning."

Mr. Tapping gave the nod of the well-informed. "But how," he said, "know you thus precisely the designs of Beau Silence?"

"Ha!" replied the officer. "Now you would coax from me the secrets of Bow Street which are somewhat more tightly held than those of Downing Street—more's the pity! However . . . you seem a man of discretion. Know then, Beau Silence hath a follower—"

"Ay! the little jockey, folk call him . . . a monkey of a man riding a flea-bitten grey nag. If there is palaver to be held, he speaks from behind his mask in a hoarse growl; for the Beau, you know, sits his black mare in red coat and knowy gloves with never a word, never a whisper!"

"Mr. Tapping, I perceive that Sussex justice is more alert than I had dreamed. You are fuller than the latest printed bills. You must learn now that the little jockey hath a doxy, a black-haired wench of St. Giles, dusky-flushed and with a queen's bust . . . I drink to her, Mr. Tapping, with all my heart."

The landlord looked scandalised.

"Never frown! Susy is one of us. When the jockey is drunk he babbles; we note his hiccups down from her rosy lips; smack them . . . 'tis our duty to encourage the informer, Mr. Tapping . . . fill her pockets with guineas and send her back to earn more. Thus we learned of to-night's emprise."

"But has the jockey never let fall a word about his master? Who he is? Whence he comes? Why he never speaks? Has he truly a gunshot wound in his throat, or was his tongue plucked out, as others say, by Barbary corsairs in his youth?"

"Where learned you that the Beau is not still in his youth, Mr. Punchbowl? Who can guess his age behind his mask and black periwig?"

"He has a gold-laced hat, too! Some believe he is one of His Majesty's Lifeguards, driven to the road by gaming debts."

"Perhaps," said Hugh Milvern quietly, "we shall learn the truth to-night. Now, Landlord, tell me. Where shall I bestow myself with Hector to wait? What bridle paths will carry me unseen in a broad cast round Ditchling village to the Lewes road and forget not that one hundred guineas rewards the thief-taker who brings in hand Beau Silence, dead or alive, whereof your share—"

BUT at this point he was interrupted by a grinding of coach-wheels and a clamour of voices at the door of the inn. The landlord jumped up surprised and, laying a finger on his lips, hurried out into the hall, closing the door behind him. Milvern, listening curiously, heard the exclamations of inn-girls, a noise of hysterical sobbing, the deep cockney twang of London footmen, and Mr. Tapping's voice, bland and deferential, "whence," reflected the Bow Street Officer, "I conclude the quality are come. 'Sdeath, he used a different note to greet me! The next moment he started at the thrilling and imperious tones of a well-bred woman; and, eager to see without

being seen, hoisted himself up by his hands to a diamond-paned slit of a window by the fireplace, which opened upon the front of the inn. He had just time to make out a lumbering travelling coach drawn by four horses, its yellow lamps shining on the white pole of the signboard, when the landlord's voice grew louder, the latch clicked, and Mr. Tapping appeared, bowing into the room a tall girl in a travelling cloak, with a three-cornered hat sweeping to a dignified point above her clear brow.

"Here is your man, my lady," clamoured the landlord. "'Tis a chance in a thousand that he is here to-night. Pray, ma'am, tell him your tale as you have told it to us; this is the lad to lime your bird for you!"

"Fore Heaven, the gentleman seems interested in my affairs already!" exclaimed the young lady in a voice of high displeasure. Mr. Milvern, caught at his spying, slid down ungracefully from the window, whitening his toes against the plaster of the wall. "Your servant, ma'am," he remarked with self-possession none the less, as he met the look of contemptuous, cold blue eyes beneath the brim of the haughty hat. "How may I pleasure you?"

"This is a Bow Street Officer, your ladyship!" blabbed Tapping. "Madam has been stopped, Mr. Milvern, stopped and robbed of her purse and jewels on the Heath not two hours since—whilst we were chattering here, belike! While we talked, the Beau worked. He has stolen a march on you man; he wins the first trick, by God!"

"So, there goes my secret," fumed Milvern inwardly, "the babbling dotard!" Aloud he said drily, "Will you tell me what has occurred, ma'am? I am an officer, as all Sussex is now being informed."

"There are only my servants about, I believe, sir," answered the young lady with severity, "and I hope I have taught them not to eavesdrop upon their betters. If you are a peace officer, as the landlord says, you may be able to help me. I am the Lady Elizabeth Wollasey, travelling from town to my aunt at Battle. On the heath, just after sunset, we were (Continued on page 104)



By *May*

*Decorations by
John Austen*



Are you

LONELINESS is a disease without a cure.

I write "disease" because true and irremediable loneliness is a malady of the soul so deep that its roots and its causes and its complexes cannot often be defined. There are actually people who are born lonely, live lonely, and die lonely, who find no comrade, receive no love, give no love, and do not savour so much as one of the sharp and radiant pleasures of this world.

Incurable, they are, however, few; so that when met with they can be treated like some other fortunately rare sufferer, with kindness, but with resignation and the knowledge that, failing self help, they cannot be helped. In short they are one of the problems which the psychologist may well put aside while he busies himself with the more hopeful cases.

For the more hopeful and ordinary cases are legion.

Most men and most women have hours when they imagine the tragedy of loneliness has overtaken them. Then the clock ticks on; and suddenly their sun shines again. The quarrel is healed; or the friend returns; or the bereavement is surmounted; or suddenly they are asked to some gay occasion. But they have glanced—so they think—into the abyss, and it has made them shiver. It has made them afraid; unnecessarily afraid, for one of the fallacies that deceives many of us is to mistake being alone for being lonely.

The man or woman who is afraid of

being alone is pitiable. For there is no comradeship merely in company, only in the right company. You can be lonelier in a loud crowd than ever you will be alone with yourself, and realisation of this might well be a stronghold to us all.

Few of us are of the happy calibre of those very deep-rooted people who find their company in books and trees and grass and birds and flowers just as much as they do in their fellow creatures. These people are most happy, in feeling a component part of the earth itself, just as the mountains or the rivers or the sea, and they are never lost; never strangers wandering among strangers.

Because in thinking of a common problem, it is of little interest to argue from the general to the particular, let us keep to the general, and convince ourselves that most ordinary people—such as ourselves—with ordinary common sense and strength of purpose, can arrange to defeat what is commonly called loneliness. But so much misapprehension, so many reach-me-down fallacies, have grown up around the idea of loneliness that we are a little too apt in this respect to let our fate take care of itself.

But our fate does not take care of itself. It needs our strong captainship.

THE best service that any guardian, parental or otherwise, can render a child of whatever temperament is (a) to

give him the opportunity, or if needs be, to teach him, to become an easy mixer; and (b) to be happy in his own company. And these conditions are not alternative, but complementary, and of equal importance as assets. To possess one is better than to have neither; but success in the art of life demands both.

LITTLE children—one should not need to say it; only that there is frequent need—are like little puppies in that they must have companionship, and do not thrive without it. They must have fun, or they pine. Much aloneness is not good for them; it may make them into really lonely men and women. In fact it has made many of the unhappy and diffident adults who cannot seem to find a way to overcome the misdirections of their childish steps.

But apart from little children who have no power to help themselves over this matter, and who should be introduced to their world and its usages by those in charge of them, the person gifted with average comprehension is by no means helpless at answering this question, and it is up to any such adult individual to furnish his own life with amenities.

It is curious to study the wholly mischievous effect of self pity. The adult individual who has tasted the suffering of too much aloneness in his childhood is apt to cherish the memory. He is apt

Edginton



*IT is not enough to find a Companion or
a Friend; one must be a
Companion and a Friend . . .*

Lonely?

to hold the past as an excuse for the future. But as soon as this adult individual who, having so suffered, realises specifically what is wrong with his relations with the rest of mankind, he should be on the road to self-cure. To effect it he will have to throw away all his melancholy interest in his symptoms, their cause and effect, but it is his only course. "I had a damned rotten time when I could not help myself," he should say, "but now I can help myself I'll have no more of it."

I am still writing of those who are only potentially lonely, or who suffer from definitely inflicted loneliness; not of the rarer cases with the true disease.

The temperamentally lonely person is almost invariably not only a poor giver but a poor receiver. He has a certain sluggishness of soul from which other people who are known as "good mixers" are apt soon to turn away. For it is not enough to find a companion or a friend; the complement to that is to be a companion and a friend. To have friends one must seek for them, and when found one must deserve them. Friendships need nourishment, friendships entail thought, remembrance, kindness, and the taking of trouble. A friendship is an exchange of these lovable things. But granted the fact that some happily-constituted people seem to make and keep friends with effortless ease, those with

what we may actually call a *penchant* for loneliness will seldom trouble themselves to say the word, write the letter, perform the act of good fellowship, make the offering of good company, that year after year keeps friendships alive.

It is strange how nearly all of us are liable to be touched by this *penchant* for loneliness, which is the beginning of the first serious steps on the road to a much graver despair; and it needs fighting. It is the lazy, non-combatant part in us that is mostly answerable for it, and nearly all of us, if we have the wisdom to save ourselves, must be self-trained out of what becomes neither more nor less than a slothful morass.

MOST men can become lonelier than most women because they seldom have time for all those small, easily acquired, human interests and acquaintanceships that still go far to make up the sum of an ordinary woman's life. The ordinary husband is fighting; the ordinary wife is usually at peace. This ordinary hardworking husband relies on his wife a good deal for his social contacts; without her eager interest in acquiring some sort of circle of friends with whom they may talk and play, it is probable that he would not trouble about it. Without his woman he would grow very solitary. But woman is naturally social; her neighbour's dog, cat,

baby, clothes or servant are really a thrilling, pulsing world to her, a world with which she never finishes as long as life is in her; a world in which new dogs, new cars, new babies are always being born, new clothes bought and new servants engaged.

Few normal women, living normally, ever feel life really dull. For a normal woman knows so much better than to stop at minding her own business.

But the normal man? Yes; he has learned so often to mind his own business that he ends by minding it in the narrowest sense of the term, and it is no wonder that he is very apprehensive of a solitary future.

The description "apprehensive of loneliness" fits most cases. For it is with these that the problem usually lies. We have inferred that, unhappily, it is of little use to try to lift the trouble of those cursed from birth with the true—and rare—disease of loneliness; and there are certainly others who have suffered from weight of fate-inflicted misfortunes; let us say, poverty, decrepitude, timidity, and friendliness all combined, each unfortunate factor operating on the others. These are hard cases, and almost as incurable as the genuine ones; though even so, it is possible that they may be largely self-made.

But with the immense number of people who apprehend loneliness it is a different matter. These have, for the most part, the cure in their own hands.

Let us look at (*Continued on page 139*)



MASTERLESS ships. A long line of laid-up steamers in the river Blackwater. Similar scenes to this can be seen round the coast of Great Britain

YOU can go to Australia now for a penny a mile or cross the Atlantic for three-halfpence—not first class yet, of course, but very comfortably. Fares have been cheaper than they now are, but inexpensive ship-board accommodation has never been as good.

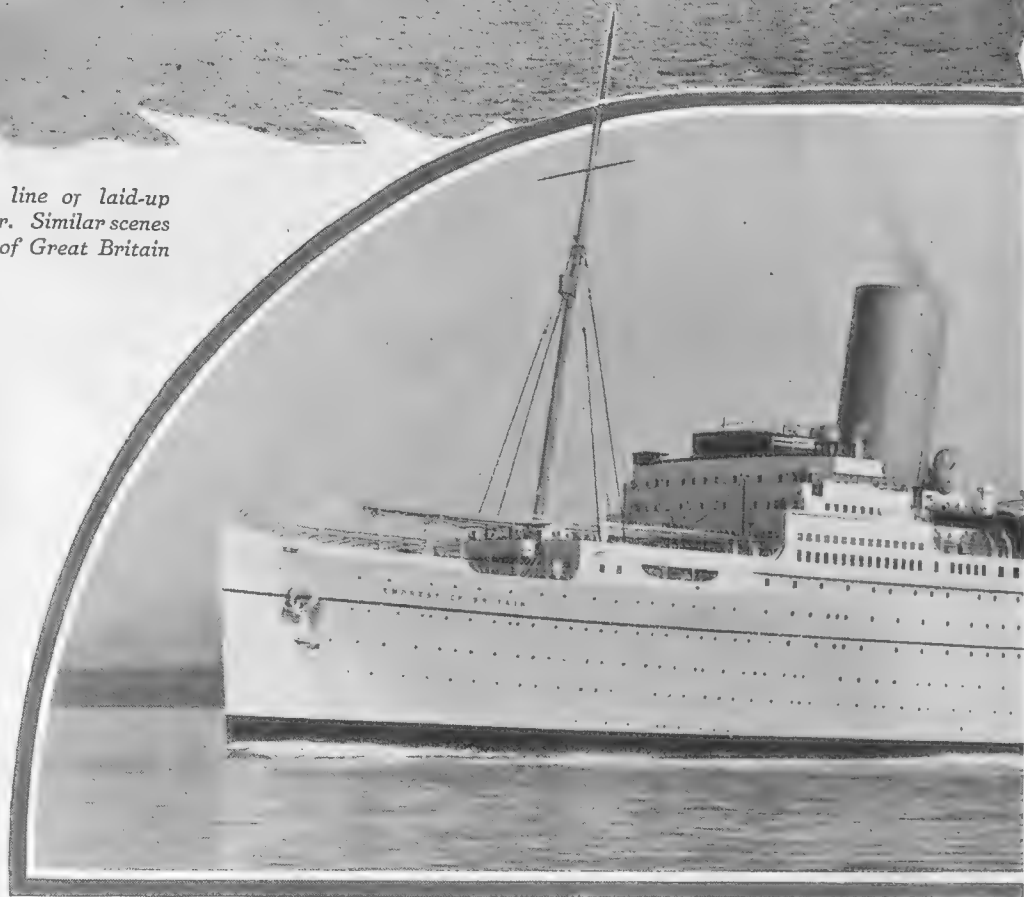
How do the liner companies do it? Frankly, I don't know. Full ships at cheap fares would probably pay; but half-empty ships must mean heavy losses. Even to contemplate the business side of seafaring, as it applies to big liners, sends the brain reeling. Take a great Transatlantic steamer, for example. Her costs may be compared only to those of running a small city.

Her fuel costs alone on one round voyage may exceed £20,000 and the depreciation £10,000! Overhead costs ashore are difficult to calculate, and liner companies are naturally not informative on such subjects; insurance; interest on capital (which may be anything from one and a half to three millions sterling); towing costs; port dues—all these are colossal. To run even a small liner in the Australian trade—a mere baby of 14,000 tons or so—costs something like £2,000 a day.

A big ship is for national prestige or line publicity, and not for profits. It is significant that, when the United States Lines were offered for sale recently, nobody wanted to operate the *Leviathan*. The *Leviathan* is sister-ship to the *Majestic*; every crossing of the Atlantic she makes means the loss of thousands upon thousands of dollars. The only offer made was to run her five round trips a year. Now I notice that her tonnage has shrunk 10,000, although for years the Americans have insisted that she was larger than our *Majestic*. (They are both German, anyway.)

Her tonnage has shrunk to lessen her costs such as pilotage, light dues, port dues, and the like, which are all paid at the rate of so much per ton.

Crew costs, though a big factor, are not great. Sailors are not highly paid. Apart from the senior officers—and very few of them—no one is highly paid in liners. The Merchant Service is not an occupation ordinarily leading to fortune.



Down to the

A staggering bill—what it costs to run a big liner: Bad pay for sailor-men; The world slump in freight carrying: The tragedy of idle ships: Why the old sailing ships are economic, and how the Finns make them pay

A chief mate of my acquaintance in a 14,000 ton steamer gets £22 a month—less than £6 a week. Now he has had a ten per cent. cut. He is thirty-six, holds an extra master's ticket, and has been at sea twenty years. A master of my acquaintance considers himself lucky to be drawing £40 a month—£10 a week—for the entire responsibility of a 9,000-ton oil tanker. A junior officer in a famous line—he is twenty-six—is in receipt of the fatuous sum of £13 monthly, which about pays for his personal upkeep.

Considering the lives and property under his care and the responsibility

that is his, the master of a great liner might reasonably consider himself a not overpaid person at £3,000 a year or so.

I have yet to hear of any in receipt of anything like that sum.

Sailors are paid about £2 a week. Stewards do much better. Their regular wage also is about £2 weekly. Tips vary enormously and have been steadily declining over the last two years. The old habit of tipping lavishly is almost dead (and a good thing too). Bedroom stewards are pleased these days to average 10s. a day on short voyages; on

million odd jobs requiring daily performance.

PASSENGERS on a long voyage, if they are wise, allow about twenty-five per cent. of their fares as expenses for the voyage—laundry, drinks, and so on; and tips. Tips are generally the greatest expense. Table stewards expect about £1 per passenger on Atlantic crossings. These days they do not always get it. There are bath stewards, wine stewards, deck stewards, lounge stewards, and stewardesses who also hope to be tipped, if they have done anything for you. But the number of stewards who go untipped is steadily increasing.

In any trade, there always are some spending ships. On the Atlantic they

change every year nowadays, but for many years the crack British ships were supreme. Then the *Bremen* and *Europa* came to take the cream of the trade; now the C.P.R. liner *Empress of Britain* is winning it back again. In such ships you pay more to go, and you pay more for being there. But they are colossally expensive to run.

Take the *Empress of Britain*, for example. She has, to begin with, two captains—a commander and a staff captain. Then there are eight officers and a hundred sailors, quartermasters, A.B.'s, and the like. There are 400 stewards, 31 engineers, 90 engine-room ratings, six assistant pursers, three 'phone girls, two typists, seven wireless operators, ten electricians, three sanitary engineers, four lift operators, and 26 bellboys. Her crew costs probably exceed £7,000 a month. Every time she comes into Southampton her great white hull has to be washed right round. Her laundry costs are enormous. The laundry from the three liners *Homeric*, *Olympic*, and *Majestic* costs the White Star Line (which keeps a specially equipped laundry at Southampton for the purpose) £40,000 a year. Replacements of linen alone cost £20,000 annually: (Continued on page 129)

THE C.P.R. liner "*Empress of Britain*," which is winning back some of the cream of the Atlantic passenger trade from the "*Bremen*," and "*Europa*." In such ships you pay more to travel, but they are colossally expensive to run

THE four-masted barque "*Herzogin Cecilie*" cost £4,250 ten years ago. She has paid for herself four times over since

Sea in— £ . s . d

By *A. J. Villiers*

long voyages the average is, of course, very much less.

Smoke-room stewards do best. Every tray of drinks they carry means 2d. at the least, and they are carrying trays all day and half the night all the voyage. A smoke-room steward in the *Majestic*, in a confiding moment, told me that on a six-day crossing he averaged about £10. I don't know whether he was exaggerating. Probably he was not.

Stewards generally earn what they get. They work long hours and the sea has no romance for them. To them the liner is nothing but a floating hotel with a



Christmas



*HOW Fate re-staged the
Age-old Tableau of the
Nativity, like a Sign from
Heaven and a Guiding Star
to Happiness, for Janice and
her lover on Christmas Eve*

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

JOHN MARCH was walking home from Cannes. Ahead of him the big white villa he had taken for the season glimmered on its hilltop, surrounded by darkly silver olives and sentinelled with the sharp forms of cypress. Behind him, down the steep white road leading to the Croisette, the town twinkled with early lights, and the distance-softened strains of a band concert followed him on the soft, warm wind which blew over from Africa. Across the bay the mountains of the Esterel lay heaped in purple against a vivid sunset, but beyond the villa, to the North, the snow lay heavily on the Alps that held winter back from the French Riviera. And John March, hugging the "*bouche de Noël*" and the gilded *sabot* filled with toys which he had purchased below, turned his eyes toward the snow-capped peaks that loomed suddenly beyond a flaming hedge of scarlet geraniums and wondered why it was that Northern peoples always missed snow at Christmas.

"Christ was born in the tropics," he mused, "and yet, when there is no snow, it never seems quite like Christmas, somehow!"

Nor did the gifts he carried seem quite like Christmas gifts; neither the yule-log of cake, naturalistically iced with moka, nor the gaudy *sabot* which took the place of the Anglo-Saxon Christmas-stocking. Still, little Peter would not be too critical, for one is not at six! And, after all, a French Christmas was in order: it was educational, as Janice would point out, in her diligent grasping after what she conceived to be European culture and sophistication. John March smiled a little grimly as he thought of the pretty young wife whom he scarcely recognised nowadays. It was only her clothes which had changed her so, he considered, the tight, black things she's affected since they'd been over. Her clothes and the blue stuff she was putting on her eyelids. Damn it, she looked more French than the French women did. It was a pity, though, that she'd let him do the Christmas shopping for the child alone. After all, a singing lesson wasn't of such great importance on Christmas Eve, even a Christmas Eve which in its flowery brightness was not quite convincing.

THERE was a curve in the road ahead. John March swung around it, and up the steep, rocky grade, a little short of breath, resolving anew to steal enough time from business to keep more fit. It was ridiculous at his age to be in such bad trim that when he was on a holiday he wasn't able to enjoy the out-of-doors properly. His own gates were just ahead of him now: a handsome pair of wrought iron gates with marble posts on which the name of the place read incongruously "*Le Mas*." It was the Provençal word for farm, and indeed in the days before the wealth and sophistication of Cannes had climbed back into the hills, the place had been a rambling old farmhouse. Now, of the old buildings only the barns remained, standing close to the road, their walls thick and solid as a fortress. The imprisoned cows that provided little Peter with milk, and the fine horses on which Peter's parents occasionally rode along the

*PAPER caps, champagne, confetti . . .
Then came dancing in
the salon. The tables
were dotted with bright
little liqueur glasses like
Christmas-tree ornaments*



Gift

By
*Nina
Wilcox
Putnam*



Croisette, still enjoyed the quarters which the former proprietors had provided for their beasts of burden—quarters far more luxurious and substantial than their own, as is the custom with French peasants. John March was always glad when this point was reached. It ended the long pull up the mountain-side and gave him a place to stop and regain his breath before swinging across the broad level garden to the house itself. But to-night the entrance space had other occupants who were taking advantage of the breathing spot.

One of the minute donkeys which the peasants from the back country use in transit from their almost inaccessible villages was standing close to the wall, his tragi-comic face a mask of patience. He was hitched to a small two-wheeled cart, and in the cart sat a woman. Even in the

growing dusk John March could not help noticing her eyes. They seemed to shine at him with the peculiar soft brilliance of the evening star which pierced the roseate glow over the Esterel. Something about them held him fascinated for a moment, although the woman, a shapeless mass huddled in an old blue shawl, had no other beauty. Indeed, her face was drawn and ill-looking. Beside her stood a man, a rough man of indeterminate age, all of a drab colour with his work-worn corduroys. His feet were clad only in frayed *espadrilles*, and as March approached he removed the shapeless hat from his head and began twisting it in his hands.

"*Pardon!*" he said, in the rough *patois* of the district, "is it that M'sieur is the *patron* of this villa?"

"Yes, it is myself," answered March in the meticulous business-French that his

Paris connections had taught him. "You have need of something?"

"It is my wife," the man replied quickly in an explanatory tone, "We are returning from Cannes. The little *pension* where we usually stay after the market is full up: they could not take us in. The *petits hôtels*, they are also full, by cause of the *Fête de Noël*. So we started home to Mougins, but my wife is not well. She must lie down awhile. Will you permit that we rest in your barn for a little quarter of an hour?"

"But certainly!" replied March. "It is at your disposition. Rest tranquilly and do not hurry yourselves!"

"M'sieur is most *gentil*!" said the man. "We thank you infinitely. May the saints bless M'sieur, and may I some day do something for M'sieur in return! Good evening to M'sieur, and *bon Noël*!"

John March smiled to himself in the darkness of the big garden as he left them. The warm politeness of these peasants! It was a touching, gracious thing and made the heart glow, even when one knew that their elaborate speeches were merely the everyday terms of common parlance! Somehow the man had made him feel more human. And the quick, elaborate promise to do something in return! It was all talk, of course, an empty form that meant nothing. Knowing his Frenchmen, March figured that it was far more probable that the man would overcharge him if the opportunity for service ever arrived! Perhaps it had even been unwise to allow the couple inside the gate at all, and if something was missing from the stable he would have only himself to blame. Oh, well, it was Christmas Eve! Let them help themselves if they were thieves! In any event they could do no great harm.

THE huge hallway of the house was full of that warm silence which precedes a big entertainment. Flowers were everywhere—roses, great sprays of bougainvillea, and heavy clusters of the spicy carnations with which the countryside abounds. Then March remembered. They were giving a large dinner-party and going on to the gala at the Ambassadors' afterwards. He made a little sound of disgust, deep in his throat. It would be the same old crowd—expatriates with shadowy backgrounds, or bearing names too easily identified with unpleasant headlines; world-famous impoverished titles, cashing in on their prestige, a handful of respectable villa people, and, last but not least, that damn gigolo of Janice's, Jean Iago, with his handsome, decadent, dark face and smooth manner. He wished Janice would not include the boy in their parties, but she insisted, saying he was so gentlemanly! Why on earth couldn't Janice learn to regard these dancing-boys the way the French did, as a sort of upper servant? The ornate clock in the yawning marble stair-well said seven. Better hurry or Peter would be asleep!

He climbed the stairs quickly, and hid his packages in his own room, before crossing to the nursery. Peter was wide awake, a small stocking hung from each corner of his crib. His shouts of greeting were enthusiastic and noisy as his father gathered him into his arms. The *bonne*, a fat old peasant woman who wore the striped petticoat and wide black hair-ribbons of the almost obsolete Provençal costume at Janice's insistence, beamed broadly.

"*Madame n'est pas encore revenue?*" asked March.

No, Madame had not as yet returned, the woman answered. It appeared that Madame would be late, if she came not soon, since dinner had been commanded for eight o'clock by reason of the gala at the Casino, which was to be attended later! March frowned a little as he laid the child back in his bed. She might, he thought, have got back in time to tuck Peter in, this night of all nights! And if she'd stopped again to dance with that boy Iago! . . . Abruptly John March closed his mind to the unpleasant thought, smiled at the bright curly head nestling on the little pillow, told Peter to look on

the window-sill in the morning, because the good Saint Nicholas left a filled *sabot* there, and walked slowly back to his own quarters, all the warm kindness which had animated him a moment since swamped by an unreasoning depression.

He was in the midst of dressing half an hour later when he heard the limousine come to a stop on the gravel below, and then heard Janice's quick, sharp voice giving directions to the servants in her broken French. The car slid away to the new garage on the far side of the house, and presently he was aware of Janice's presence in the room beyond; of her light step, pattering around hurriedly, of the flutter of feminine things being thrown about in haste. But though his heart beat a trifle faster, as it always did with the consciousness of her nearness, he stifled the impulse to call out to her, finished his dressing, and went downstairs.

On the gilt and marble console by the front door were a little pile of letters. Evidently Janice had brought the late post back with her from town. John March picked them up absently and carried them with him into the Victorian vastness of the drawing-room, rang for a cocktail, and looked through the envelopes. Bills. One from a famous *couturière* with a branch on the Croisette; a florist, the Anglo-American pharmacy. Funny how these French so readily ran bills for strangers! Halfway through the pile was an envelope that had already been opened. The flap was jagged, as though nervous fingers had torn it in frantic haste. There was no stamp on this letter, and assuming that some guest had sent last-moment regrets, March pulled it from the envelope and read, his face darkening, the blood beating in his ears, his heart turning over with a sick sensation like sudden nausea. When he looked up, Janice, slim and lovely in her evening gown, was standing in the doorway.

"So that's where you were this afternoon!" he said, thickly as a drunken man, crushing the letter in his hand. "That's why you wouldn't come Christmas shopping for the child! How long has this been going on?"

"John!" she said. "Don't look like that! What are you talking about?"

"The note!" he managed to get out.

"I read it. You left it by accident, with the other mail. I mean

the one from that dancing-boy, Iago!"

"John!" she said sharply, "I have begged you not to read my letters! It's one of those possessive things you do which drive me mad!"

"That's not an answer!"—he waved the digression aside impatiently. "The point is that this letter makes it plain enough the young swine expects you to leave me for him. Good God, Janice, if it had only been the meeting him at the Méditerranée over in Nice for tea, I could laugh! But the rest of it . . . how far has this gone?"

Janice trailed her black draperies around the long table, chose a cigarette and lighted it with deliberation. Her eyes, with that hateful blue stuff on the lids, looked out at him from their shadows in a hostile fashion. For a fleeting instant John March had the impression of a little girl, dressed up and acting a part she did not understand. Then the fear in his heart smote him again. Janice was not a child, even though this trip to Europe represented her first real glimpse of a world where standards of behaviour are left to the individual taste. What had it done to her, this sudden freedom from the censorship of public opinion? The need to know shook him deeply, and it seemed an eternity before she answered.

"Don't be dramatic, John!" she said a little tremulously. "But we might as well have it out. It hasn't gone 'far,' as you quaintly phrase it. But it's serious. Jean is quite prepared to marry me, I'm sure!"

"Janice!" cried March. "Don't be absurd! You've only known this chap a month, while I—I've known his like for years! I've seen hundreds of these gigolos ever since my business first began bringing me to France. This Iago is no different from the rest. Please, for God's sake, don't say such a mad thing."

"Is it madness to like devotion?" she demanded, "to enjoy having every whim considered? To share one's pleasure in dancing and in all the beautiful things in life?"

"Look here, Janice," said March, changing his tone abruptly. "This thing can't go on. You're labouring under a delusion, a pitiful delusion. Don't you realise that this boy is merely after money? Do you know he danced attendance all last season on that fat old Lady McMichel, and God knows who had him the year before. Does he know you have no money of your own?"

"My dear man!" she said. "You don't understand him! You couldn't understand a man who thought of anything except business. Iago has a mind above business. He knows I have nothing!"

"Then," said John March, slowly, "does he expect you to get a big settlement out of me?"

There was a moment's silence which to March seemed all too eloquent. He threw out his hands and let them fall to his sides with a gesture of finality.

"There, you see!" he said quietly. "Dearest girl, can't you believe me when I tell you this boy is no good?"

"I can see that he is thoughtful and considerate," she said in a low tone. "That he would never neglect me for business as you do!" March shot a quick look at her, and paced the room in long strides. *Touche!* He had done that!





But to give her things. Perhaps the wrong things, it seemed! He stopped and caught her by the elbows.

"Why do we talk to each other like this?" he cried. "We never acted or felt this way at home! We never dreamed of doing a lot of other things either: of gambling, of laughing at improprieties, of condoning vice, no less! And over here, for no good reason, everything is changed, everything goes, no matter how rotten it is! Janice, my darling, it's a sort of freedom that we don't know

IN the centre of the straw-strewn floor stood a rough manger in which lay a new-born child . . . in a corner, on a bed of straw, lay the mother, with the kneeling figure of a man beside her

how to handle. Let's get out of it. That's the answer! Let's go home and try it all over again in our own atmosphere! There's a boat sailing from Villefranche to-morrow. What say we take it, dear?"

She disentangled herself from his hold, shaking her head. "Go if you like," she said. "I'm staying here!"

Her attitude drove him down into the very depths of his consciousness for help. Feeling wildly about in his mind for some means of saving her from herself, he touched upon what was, for him, bedrock.

"Janice," he said. "There is an ancient phrase which to me has all the more value because of its antiquity. Marriage vows. (Continued on page 114)

RENÉ DE LIANCOUR, tired though he was, followed his guide up the narrow and precipitous path to the château in the high spirits of a young man of twenty-one embarking on an adventure. He was returning to the Court in Paris after some months spent in Spain, where he had bought one of the marvellous rapiers for which Toledo was famous; and every now and then his left hand rested on the hilt of the weapon.

One of the horses had fallen lame in the bridle track through the mountains, and the other had cast a shoe: and the

lacquey had been left behind at the village on the frontier with instructions to follow him with the horses to Ax. René had walked alone for some hours along the track through the valley, with towering precipices on his left and high and rugged mountains on his right. If it had been the fashion of the age to admire mountain scenery, René might have enjoyed the walk through the wild and lovely Pyrenees; but the universal opinion of the time was that a road of this kind was forbidding and terrible, apart from the mysteriousness of a district where men were said to disappear and be no more seen.

*I*N the The Drama

*Illustrated by
C. Walter Hodges*



***R**ENÉ DE LIANCOUR, tired though he was, followed his guide up the narrow and precipitous path to the Chateau . . .*

DARKNESS of the NIGHT

of a Strange Duel to the Death

By Ormond Greville

René was therefore much relieved when, after following the road along a mountain river for some leagues, he saw on a sudden turn of the path a formidable château perched on the top of a steep rock. Two men were fishing in the river close to a path which looked as if it might wind up the mountain to the outer defences of the castle. René had no doubts as to his own carriage and dress, and he promptly addressed the men, and asked if the Seigneur of the castle was at home.

The language they spoke was a patois which René could with difficulty understand. When they looked curiously at him and doubtfully at each other he explained that his servant was following with the horses, and they then talked together for some time in a dialect of which he could not understand a word, and one of them seemed to find amusement in the conversation.

When René thereupon spoke to them rather roughly, in the tone appropriate to a noble of high position addressing servants, they shrugged their shoulders and offered to take him to the château where their Seigneur would entertain him.

The sun was setting, and he had accepted their offer without further inquiry, and one of them had acted as guide along a path bounded by precipices. But the outside of the château was forbidding and the inside was unusual.

The seneschal who met him at the gate was one of the most brutal looking fellows whom René had seen for a long time. His clothes, and those of the men at arms who were lounging about, were dirty and ill mended; the weapons he saw on the walls were rusty, and some of the tapestries were in rags. It was plain, he thought, that there were few or no women in the place and it was very unlike the chateaux of his family or his friends; but the experience was all the more interesting, and there would be a good story to tell about it when he got home.

AS he was ushered into the large hall, with tables arranged for a meal, he noted that the rushes on the floor were foul, and that at the high table there were practically no torches, so that the table itself was in semi-darkness. The Seigneur was sitting at this table alone, but it was difficult in the gloom to see his features. All that was visible was that he was a big man, dressed in a rich Court suit of a fashion which had long gone out, and, like the clothes of his retainers, sadly in need of brushing and mending.

He rose to his feet as René entered and stood outlined against an imposing coat-of-arms on the wall, a magnificent figure.

"Whom have I the pleasure of

welcoming?" he said in a rather high, soft voice, strangely at variance with his powerful body.

And when René had stated his name and title, and had added that he was a nephew of the Comte de Nevers, a great name in France, his host announced himself as Charles Armand François Comte de Saint Didier.

The Comte de Saint Didier! The name seemed to René strangely familiar; but he could not at first remember in what connection.

As he paused, the Count said in a quiet tone, "Ah! you have heard my name before?"

"Who has not?" said René, anxious to flatter his host. But this answer apparently was not a pleasing one, for there was a silence for a space. And then the Count began, with almost extravagant politeness, to express his delight at being able to offer the hospitality of the château to a gentleman of such noble ancestry. He added that he was about to sup, and he invited René to sit on his right. Some directions were given to the seneschal by the name of Thibaust and to another man addressed as Jacques. A special bottle of wine was ordered, a stool was provided, and René took his seat by the Count, who turned to him with a courtly gesture and invited him to eat. René noticed that he pulled towards himself with his two hands the trencher which had been placed on the table before him, and commenced to eat quickly and greedily, without looking at René, who proceeded to do likewise.

There were perhaps a dozen men who sat at a lower table. They swallowed their food more or less silently after staring at René and whispering to each other, and long before the Count and René had finished they had departed, leaving Thibaust, who attended to the wine, and Jacques, who brought the food.

"You have returned from Spain,"



He rose to his feet as René entered, and stood outlined against an imposing coat-of-arms on the wall, a magnificent figure

said the Count after a pause of some minutes.

"Yes," said René, "from Toledo and Madrid."

"I suppose you bought a sword or a blade or two in Toledo?"

"Yes," replied René. "Indeed, I went to Spain for that very purpose, and to have a few lessons in sword-play from old Pachecho, of whose skill you are no doubt aware."

At that period, every gentleman thought and talked of fighting and duelling more than of any other topic.

"And how long did you stay?"

"A fortnight or so in Toledo, while Francisco Ruiz was forging and tempering my blade. It took time, for you know the good sword makers will only do the tempering when the air is warm and the wind from the south. And then I was six months in Madrid." And he proceeded to describe the tempering of the blade in the water of the Tagus.

"Aha!" said the Count, in a strangely quiet voice, "that is splendid! And you have returned the complete swordsman with the new sword beside you." He laughed. "Thibaust, more wine!"

"Well, I have returned at any rate a much better fencer than when I left Paris," said René with a smile. He was beginning to feel very cheerful, for his hunger was being satisfied and the wine, which tasted as if it came from the other side of the Pyrenees, was potent.

The Count uttered a derisive laugh. "There was a Monsieur de Gourdon," he said, "who went to Italy to learn sword-

play. He was taught for five years by Fabris, and when he returned to Paris M. de Ravel went with him to the Porte Ste. Antoine and ran him neatly through the body. Ha! Ha!"

René was a little disheartened at this story and was silent.

The Count went on—"You fought some duels before your travels, I suppose?"

"Three in all," said René, with the pride of youth, "but the first two were not very serious affairs. The last time I confess I was lucky, for my opponent, M. de Crequi, had the right to kill me, since he pierced my forearm and put me *hors de combat*." He entered into technical details of the fight which the Count seemed to follow with great interest.

"And then," said the Count, "you went to Spain?"

"Well, M. de Vitré, who saw the fight."

"M. de Vitré? I knew him well," said the Count. "He was fairly skilful with the rapier, but better with the rapier and dagger."

"You may well say so, since he has killed over a dozen men in fair fight, without counting others. Well, my father had done him a favour once when he was in trouble with the Cardinal over some such affair. He sent for me when I had recovered from my wound and showed me, rapier in hand, that I was still as ignorant as a child of what swordsmanship could be. Faith! He is a marvel! There can be none better in all France."

The Count laughed—this time with a cackling sound. "Yet there was a time when he avoided meeting me. He made excuses, forsooth, that he was not well. Bah! It is one of the disappointments of my life."

"You have had many encounters?" said René, who thought the man was boasting.

"I lost count before . . . before I left Paris. But I thought you said you knew my name."

And then in a flash there came back to René the recollection of what he had heard of the most celebrated Court ruffler and duellist of the last fifty years, a man who quarrelled and fought on every pretext and with any form of cold steel, who ruthlessly killed every opponent whether old or young, whether a comrade in arms or a stranger, who had no pity, no generosity, and no remorse, and whose skill was fabulous. That was the M. de Saint Didier, who had mysteriously disappeared from the Court and from Paris whilst at the height of his powers, leaving behind him an almost legendary fame.

"I . . . I beg your pardon," said René. "It was a foolish question; for

they still talk of you in Paris, and indeed wherever soldiers and men who wear a sword meet. But you left Paris, I believe, rather suddenly, and no one knew where you had gone."

This innocent remark had the effect of a spark applied to gunpowder.

"Yes, Mort Dieu!" he said, "I left Paris. And suddenly, as you say!" And then he seized the whip that lay by his right hand, and, as if to relieve his nerves, struck a round blow at Jacques, the serving-man who was removing the trenchers and was on his left, crying out, "Be quicker about it, you clumsy fool!"

It was a brutal act, and René could not forbear exclaiming, "Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Comte, the man meant no

harm!"

Jacques cringed under the blow, openly directing at the Count a look of deadly hatred. But the Count turned on René and said with a snarl, "When I desire your advice, young man, I will ask for it. If not, be silent, or it will be the worse for you!"

In those days such a remark was an insult and no gentleman could allow it to pass.

"Sir," said René hotly, "I am under your roof, enjoying your hospitality; but I cannot allow you to address such an observation to me!"

"Good!" said the Count, "I am glad you see the matter in that light and that I need not lay the whip across your shoulders also, a course which indeed I should regret." He bowed politely. "You are then seeking the satisfaction of a gentleman?"

"As soon as it is daylight and my servant has arrived."

"But why the delay?" said the Count.



C. WALTER HODGES



C. WALTER HODGES

RENÉ felt his blade touched knowing what else to do, a velvety touch . . . "You need have a fair wrist but not

"Well," said René, "I regret it as much as you do; but we cannot fight in the dark."

"And why not?" asked the Count, in his quiet tone. "I always fight under those conditions—since I left Paris!"

"What do you mean?" said René. "I do not understand."

"Ventre Dieu!" replied the Count, "I fight in the dark because I am blind."

"Blind! Of course!" thought René. That explained the appearance of the



The Count merely laughed. You must fight me and no other, and with the rapier, the famous Spanish rapier which you have at your side, and I shall fight with mine from Ferrara. Italy against Spain! And I am backing Italy!"

He chuckled as if in a good humour again.

"And what if I refuse?"

"If you refuse I shall treat you like others before you. I shall be constrained to keep you as my guest, ha! ha! in a comfortable room in the tower, till you see reason!"

"A prisoner,

my reputation. I was a soldier in the wars, and I was a fighter in times of peace. It is the only way a gentleman can protect his honour. I killed men in fair duels, because they insulted me, or because they would not get out of my way. Their friends challenged me and I fought them too. There were edicts against duelling, but we of the Court despised them. I do not know how many thousands were killed in the duels of the ten years I was at the Court. Nor do I remember how many times I went out, for it was several times a week when things were busy, and sometimes more than once a day."

He drew a long breath and threw back his head. "That is the only life for a gentleman! Without the excitement and danger of the clash of steel on steel, a man of honour might as well be dead. When I woke in the morning, my first thought was, who is it I am to fight to-day? My opponents were from all countries; Spain, Italy, England, and Holland, but of course they were mostly French. I was wounded eleven times, not counting scratches, and I was once left for dead, when the valet of the man I had just killed stabbed me in the back. But I was a swordsman and the men I killed would have formed a troop."

He paused and drank a great draught of wine before resuming. "A day came when those of the Court who knew my powers drew aside when I entered a room and treated me with a most careful politeness. I was avoided, except by foreigners and by young men who were rash or who knew no better. I thought that the zest in life was leaving me, when—a thing happened."

There was a silence; for René, who had pictured in his mind the bully, the ruffler, the *raffinez*, the slaughterer of young lads, did not care to interrupt.

"It was in winter time and the snow was thick on the ground. I had a meeting with M. de Beaupré at the Porte St. Martin, a lad who was, I believe, a great favourite of the ladies at the Court. I never had any use for women of that sort myself, and I hated the good-looking, well-dressed, long-haired fops who used to get out of my path if they knew me. Well, that one did not. He jostled me in the street, perhaps by accident. The meeting was the result, and after a few passes, I killed him. That night as I was walking along the Rue Neuve St. Paul towards my lodgings, a woman covered with a cloak stepped out of a doorway, as if to address me. She asked me if I was the Comte de Saint Didier. I was just replying when I received a blow from behind or perhaps, from a window above, I know not, which made me insensible. When I opened my eyes I was lying on a (Continued on page 136)

Monsieur! till I accept these strange conditions?"

"If you care so to describe the position."

"Is this then a murder that you intend?"

"No, no! How could you imagine such a thing? There will be plenty to eat and drink till you consent to a duel on fair terms. But of course it may be a

little dull, though I shall visit you twice a day, and try to persuade you . . ." he ended his sentence with a titter.

"But why, why, why?" exclaimed René. "We never met before to-night. I never intended to insult you, nor should I have said what I did if I had known that

you were blind. A duel in the dark is not a fight that gentlemen should engage in. . . ." He continued to urge reasons against the proposal, when the Count impatiently broke in.

"Listen!" he said, and his voice was so charged with a kind of fury as to compel attention. "You are not ignorant of my name and

by another. He kept his hand steady, not The other's blade seemed to caress his with more lessons, my young friend. You yet the touch of the true master . . ."

château, the untidy garments of the men, the ill-kept weapons, the want of light in the hall, the untidy way the Count ate, and a score of other details! But to fight such a man, and in the dark . . . it was absurd.

"I cannot fight a blind man," said René.

"Ma foi! You will have to!"

"Well, I decline," said René. "Choose a friend and I will meet him gladly on horse or on foot and with any weapon."



By Gordon Beckles



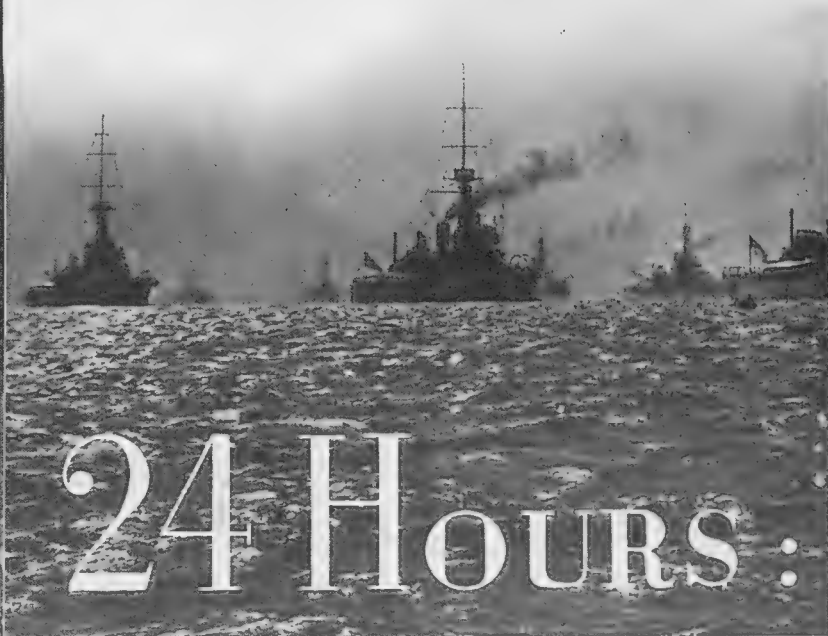
THE vast crowd outside Buckingham Palace awaiting Britain's declaration of war. The cheers were deafening when the King and Queen appeared on the balcony

THE sun rose over Western Europe on August 4th, 1914, promptly at 4.29 (Greenwich Mean Time).

There was no heavenly portent to indicate that this particular dawn differed in any way from other dawns. Nor was it a brooding sky that the rising sun revealed; indeed, the golden light that spread across the eastern horizon promised exceptionally fine weather.

Europe had basked in a hot July full of incident; the pursuit of pleasure was at its height; and the world seemed rich to look upon.

The Goodwood races were just over; the Solent was flecked with snow-white sails; Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock IV" had been shaping prettily; the Tsar and his family had just returned to St. Petersburg from a friendly visit to the King of Rumania at Constanza; the excitement of the Madame Caillaux trial had culminated in an emotional acquittal for the financier's wife; the United States was indulging in a jingoistic orgy at Vera Cruz; ladies of Berlin had established a summer fashion for taffeta dresses that made the wearers look like cockatoos; Shackleton was setting off for the South Pole; M. Jaurès had just been tragically assassinated in Montmartre; King George and Queen Mary had but lately returned from a State visit to Scotland; anarchy had made one of its



24 HOURS:

No. 9. August 4th,

customary, and ineffective, sweeps across an Italy fretting in the intense heat; the apostle of Imperialism, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, had been carried with honours to his grave; Chaliapin and Karsavina and the Russian host were thrilling Drury Lane nightly; the British fleet still hovered around Spithead; there was Civil War brewing in Ireland, and the officers of a cavalry brigade had threatened to resign;

the British income tax was 1s. 2d. in the pound; and the British working man paid only fivepence for his pint of beer. . . .

It was August 4th, 1914, and the dawn—such a dawn as never broke before in the world's history—was stealing across a Europe that would never be the same again.

9 a.m. London

In a cavernous room at the Foreign Office in Whitehall an elderly man is coding a message. The sender of the message is Sir Edward Grey; the recipient will be Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador to Germany. Only a few hours before, Sir Edward Grey had thrilled the Commons into a reverent silence with his speech on the honour and duty of Great Britain.

There is little diplomatic polish about this present message.

It is a bluntly-worded ultimatum to the German Government. An unequivocal

CONCLUDING
A Series of
Articles by Gordon
Beckles in which
the most Eventful
Days of the last
half-century are
recapitulated
Hour by Hour



AUGUST, 1914. The timely mobilisation of the fleet. Super-Dreadnoughts, headed by "The Iron Duke," the Commander-in-Chief's flagship, in the Solent



Days that have made History

1914

CHEERS for Fatherland and Ally: War fever in Berlin after diplomatic relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia had been broken off. The crowd cheering the German Emperor in the Lustgarten



assurance is demanded that the neutrality of Belgium should be respected. No words are minced. Unless an assurance is received before midnight

Across the sanded Horse Guards Parade frets Prince Lichnowsky, the conscientious Ambassador of the Kaiser to the Court of St. James. He is almost distraught. English-loving, he cannot conceive that such an ultimatum could ever be sent.

10 a.m. St. Petersburg

The Tsar has returned to St. Petersburg from the Tsarsko Seloe palace. Thousands of reservists wander about the capital's wide boulevards. A message from King George advising, nay, pleading, for forbearance in the crisis is handed to the Emperor of All-the-Russias. But his mind has been made up for him. In his own hand he writes: "War has been

forced upon us. I hereby give my solemn pledge not to conclude peace so long as a single enemy remains on Russian soil."

11 a.m. Vienna

Vivacity is not a constant quality, and vivacious Vienna is to-day wrapt in gloom; her usual care-free brow is wrinkled with apprehension. Food prices have already soared; the reservists are called up, (Continued on page 126)

Below:
SUNDAY, August 9th, 1914. The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Queen Alexandra and other members of the Royal Family watching the Grenadier Guards marching past Buckingham Palace on their way to the front



ARMED Germany; the Supreme War Lord and his Chief of Staff, General von Moltke

Tra gedies and Comedies

Described by
Norman Hill



AFTER all, the Revolution really began
with a procession of fishwives...

THE mechanical, and historical, principle that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction finds no better illustration than in that most remarkable period of European history which commenced with the march of the Parisian fishwives on the Palace of Versailles to the establishment of the flamboyant Napoleonic régime which is called the First Empire.

The French Revolution must have appeared to its contemporaries as the most final thing in history. It was the apotheosis of shabbiness. Its chief supporters rejoiced in an absence of clean linen and called themselves *sans-culottes*.

At no time in the civilised era have so many evil passions found such terrible expression. The blood which flowed on the Place de Grève, in the heart of Paris, was the very essence of the revolution. The braver the death of an aristocrat, the more cynical the cries of the gutter mob. Every idea which had held sway in the ordering of common decency in the *ancien régime* was reversed, not on the basis of common sense, but simply because the new rulers, the *sans-culottes*, considered it must be wrong simply because it was tolerated or approved by the aristocrats in another decade.

The revolutionaries threw down the Roman Catholic religion and enthroned a harlot on the high altar of Notre Dame.

They worshipped the Supreme Being because in the old days it had been customary to worship Jesus of Nazareth. They had to be different just to show how drastic was this new revolution.

To wash, to wear clean shirts, to show the slightest regard for the amenities of life, were to deny the supremacy of the third estate. After all, the revolution really began with a procession of fishwives.

AND in the space of ten years it was all changed. The streets of Marseilles, Lyons, Rennes and Toulon had flowed with the blood of the hated aristocrats. An emissary of the

republic was sent to Lyons to raze that fair city to the ground, simply because it had dared to oppose in some minor matter the crazy decrees of the sadistic revolutionaries in Paris. The whole of France, intoxicated by the sudden expression of unexpected powers, and carried away by the success of the half-clad and half-starved armies of fanatics on the frontiers, had come to regard itself as equipped for a rather tarnished paradise. But almost at the same time as the army of Italy was descending the inhospitable slopes of the Alps, there came a wave of reaction against the sordidness of life under the new régime.

Women emerged in the streets of Paris washed and well clad. There dawned with dramatic suddenness on the world of Paris an era of exaggerated fashions and a period of looseness of morals. The Directory, with all its immoralities and absurdities, came and went. Napoleon Bonaparte sent the capital almost every other week news of some new and incredible success in a distant part of the world.

The Directory



of History—Concluding Article

Painted by
F. Matania, R.I.

fell and was replaced by a Consulate of three. Napoleon Bonaparte, returned from Egypt, was the hero of his adopted country. Later on he brought back greater laurels than ever from the field of Marengo. France was entitled to regard her supremacy as of most solid foundation. But social observers who had a sense of humour could not fail to notice that the revolutionaries who had been foremost in their advocacy of root and branch were now the most eager to shine in the *salon* and wear the fripperies which were supposed to denote a sense of personal luxury and aristocracy.

Within eight years of the time when the head of Louis Capet fell into the basket of the guillotine opposite the Hôtel de Crillon, there were tens of thousands of "democrats" in France quite willing to be *plus royaliste que le roi*. History was jesting again.

There was to be a formidable reaction to the excesses of the *sans-culottes*. The way for the First Empire was well prepared. Napoleon Bonaparte had so little social opposition to wear down, and social opposition has wrecked the aspirations of many men almost equally as great.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, during his exile at St. Helena, remarked one evening, after a well-digested dinner, that no man in the course of history had ever had so many opportunities for great achievement as himself. The whole field was set for the dominance of a man even of mediocre talents. The Directory bequeathed to France an idea of pigmies. It so happened that there stepped into the breach one, the most gigantic men of all time.

No. 12: The MURDER of the DUC d'ENGHIEN

JOSEPHINE went on her knees to persuade her husband to show mercy. Usually Napoleon wilted whenever Josephine wept or made an impassioned request



Napoleon was essentially a soldier of fortune, although he liked to call himself the Man of Destiny. In any ordinary age he might conceivably have endured the humdrum life of an ordinary serving military officer. As it was, Fate gave him tremendous opportunities. He assumed the rulership of a nation which was tired of the misery that comes from excessive democracy.

Napoleon was not a gentle person. In point of fact, he was an irascible and impatient son of the Mediterranean, who occasionally hit his thoroughbred horse over the head with a riding crop. He inaugurated his first real access to power by committing one of the most dastardly and unnecessary crimes of the last two hundred years. The hero of Austerlitz, the creator of the code Napoleon, the leading figure of the most wonderful legend of the modern age, cannot be absolved from the charge of being the murderer of the gallant and innocent Duc d'Enghien, the last of the line of the House of Condé.

It happened in 1804.

Napoleon was still First Consul. He had greater ambitions; he had made up his mind to become Emperor of the French.

In every court of Europe there were representatives of the dispossessed House of Bourbon. Most of them had not attempted to conceal their activities in opposition to the French Republic. Bonaparte desired to establish his own dynasty at the Tuileries and to advance the interests of his own worthless brothers and sisters. It was essential if his ambitious plan was to succeed to strike fear into the hearts of the Bourbon princes. There had been murder enough during the Terror. What would one more murder matter? And so the Duc d'Enghien was selected as the victim.

LOUIS ANTOINE HENRI DE BOURBON CONDE, Duc d'Enghien, was born in the year 1772. He was the only son of the Prince of Condé and of Louise, the sister of the Duke of Orleans, the unscrupulous rogue known to history as Philippe Egalité. The young Duc d'Enghien, brought up in a magnificent atmosphere of the Château of Chantilly, quite early in life showed a desire to follow a military career, and in the year 1778, twelve months before the dismantlement of the prison of the Bastille, he was given a commission in the army of King Louis XVI.

The revolution came with dramatic suddenness, and in 1789 the duke crossed the frontier into exile along with scores of other noblemen of the French aristocracy. In those early days, when mob rule was still something of a novelty in France and Europe, he busied himself in organising resistance. By the year 1792, when the revolution had definitely obtained the upper hand and the fate of the throne of Louis

XVI and Marie Antoinette was sealed, the young prince of the house of Condé had raised quite a considerable force of *émigrés*, which took the field with the army of the Duke of Brunswick during the first unsuccessful invasion of France.

The amazing tenacity of the French revolutionary soldiers and the fanatical bravery of the rank and file eventually proved to the monarchs of Europe that this popular movement in France was no ephemeral thing, and one by one they made peace. The climax came with the return of Napoleon Bonaparte from Egypt and the signing of the Treaty of Lunéville. The forces of the French *émigrés* were demobilised, and the young Duc d'Enghien,

realising that further resistance was useless, threw up his military career, married a niece of the Cardinal de Rohan, and settled down to the life of a country squire at the Castle of Ettenheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

There he lived for several years, looking after the interests of his estates and occasionally travelling to the lovely mountains of the Black Forest to pursue the pleasures of the chase.

THE years passed uneventfully, but in France the power of the First Consul was increasing week by week. The Corsican adventurer realised his military genius. He was the hero of Italy. He had fought under the shadow of the Great Pyramid. He had overwhelmed a vast empire on the field of Marengo. In Paris he was supreme lord. His associates in the Consulate were ciphers by comparison with this spectacular and spoiled child of fortune. He was fond of saying he was the embodiment of the revolution, whereas in actual fact his only thoughts were for his personal advancement. He had himself proclaimed First Consul for life. He succeeded in overcoming the opposition of most of his brother officers, who were naturally a little jealous at the sensational advance to authority made by

this young artillery general. There was only one general of any real ability who rather sullenly refused to admit the rights of young Bonaparte. He was Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, the man who was brave enough to laugh at the First Consul's establishment of the new order of chivalry known as the Legion of Honour.

BONAPARTE, who had every intention of establishing his family on the throne of France, viewed potential opposition with the horror of a *parvenu* who knows he is a usurper. He set up a system of secret police of which the names of the infamous Fouché and the mendacious Savary will always be associated. The police officers succeeded in unearthing evidence of a conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. They discovered that Pichegru, the general who had already denied the Republic and been sent into exile, had been in communication with the Bourbon princes and with members of the British Government. The other leader of the conspiracy was Georges Cadoudal, who had never at any time concealed his hostility to the Republic in general and Napoleon Bonaparte in particular. Secret police, anxious to find approval in the eyes of the First Consul, quite unjustifiably implicated the brave Moreau in this conspiracy. It was known that Cadoudal had sworn to assassinate Napoleon, if necessary, with his own hands.

Napoleon was terrified, and ordered the immediate arrest of all the conspirators and anyone else who was likely to be actively hostile to his personal rule.

Cadoudal, who drove about Paris in closed carriages for four days, not knowing where to find shelter, was duly apprehended. Pichegru was surprised in his apartment before he could reach the pistol which lay on his desk. Moreau, innocent and unafraid, was taken up in his own house.

Having thus laid by the heels the chief movers in this conspiracy, one would have thought that Napoleon Bonaparte would be satisfied. But, most tragically so, he was not. With fanatical determination, he determined that the whole conspiracy had been engineered by the exiled Bourbon princes, although there is no reason to think that there was ever any real justification for his attitude. Napoleon stormed about the corridors of Malmaison vowing that he would make an example.

Josephine, in the intervals of explaining away her latest lover and her own personal extravagance, urged the Emperor to calm himself, but even her persuasions, usually so efficacious, failed to move the obstinate hero on this occasion.

It happened just about this time there spread in Paris one of those inexplicable but universal rumours which associated with the name of the Duc d'Enghien that of General Dumouriez, the revolutionary general who had deserted his commission on the field of battle. It was stated most reliably that the Duc d'Enghien and the treacherous Dumouriez had been seen together in disguise in Paris. Napoleon, who had not hitherto thought of the young prince of the house of Condé in this connection, became seriously alarmed. He caused inquiries to be made at Ettenheim, and discovered that the duke had been absent from his house at various times for periods of ten or twelve days. That was quite sufficient a lapse of



HE occasionally travelled to the Black Forest to pursue the pleasures of the chase

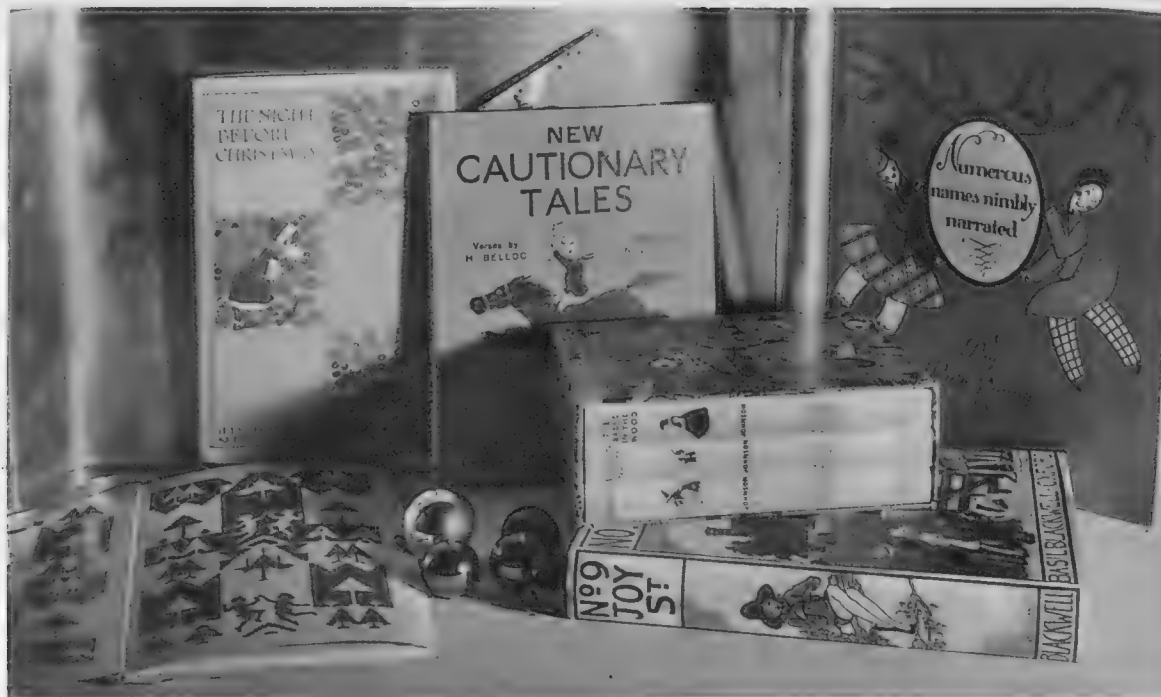
time to permit a visit to Paris. Actually, during these temporary absences from his house, the Duke had been hunting in the Black Forest. Rumour and panic, however, quite often overwhelm the judgment of the best, as well as the worst,

of men. Napoleon himself fell a victim to his own forebodings. He issued one of those abrupt orders which have made him famous in the world's history as a man of inexorable decision. He commanded the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien.

When it was pointed out to him that the Duke was living in exile in the country of a friendly prince and entitled to legitimate enjoyment of his neutral dwelling, Napoleon flicked his fingers in rage and (Continued on page 108.)



THE Duke drew his sword and offered resistance, but his friends, seeing the strength of the troop of grenadiers, pointed out the uselessness of physical resistance



By
**Winifred
Lewis**

NO particular effort is required, yet one's guests might be delightfully entertained in a quiet hour by either of the books above. A special choice for the little ones, with a particular view this time to the quiet hour, is included.
From Hamleys of Regent Street

The House Party



Helen Macgregor

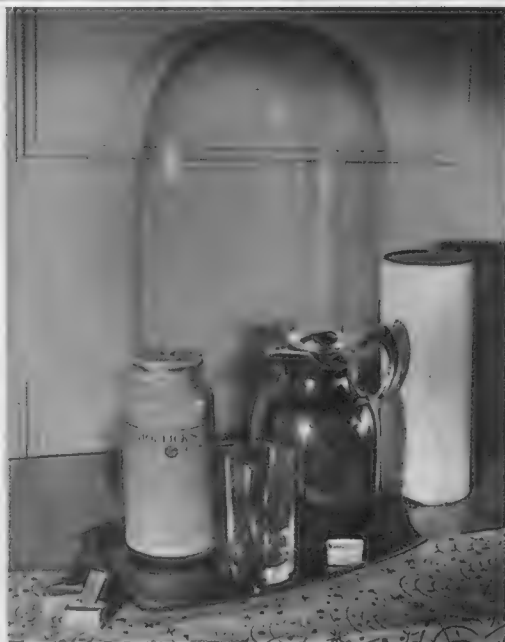
What is the character of Christmas, after all, but a sincere pleasure in being entertained and, in entertaining, the privilege of providing such pleasures as these . . . ?

Above:

THERE is satisfaction in putting modern comforts at the disposal of one's guests, and an electric fire in the guest-room is a luxury that will be appreciated. Specially suitable is the Belling Flicker Fire, which gives a most cheerful effect of burning coal. Price £3 0 0

Right:

SMALL kindnesses, like small comforts, are the true secrets of hospitality. A "night-cap" waiting at the bedside is just one of the attentions an honoured guest receives and, for her greater comfort, a Thermos jug to keep the beverage hot indefinitely. Horlick's Chocolate Flavoured Milk costs 3/6



TIME was when one could depend upon a little old-fashioned weather to assist the spirit of Christmas, but nowadays, when the only certain thing in a world of uncertainties is that the weather will behave abnormally, far more depends upon the resourcefulness of the hostess. Nothing is more disconcerting, after all, than to have one's efforts at reproducing an atmosphere worthy of the best Christmas-cards reduced to folly by a sudden whim on the part of the weather. That is why, in arranging her house-party, the wise hostess will see that her programme is an adaptable one—not only to prevailing conditions, but also to the varied taste of her guests.

Let there be no mistake about it—Christmas presents unusual difficulties in the matter of "mixing." Invitations are so often controlled at this season by considerations which at other times do not apply, and for this reason alone guests are sometimes ill-assorted. The young are inevitably mixed with the old and the grave with the gay, but this should be the smallest of problems to the woman with tact and discretion at her command. A little of each in arranging her programme will help immensely, and with the addition of some tactful intervention at the right moments her guests should find themselves at all times in congenial company and engaged in some pastime to their liking.

At the same time, while a little "arranging" is advisable, it is a mistake, I feel sure, to force the older members of the party ruthlessly into some dull form of entertainment in the belief that they prefer it. I am prepared to wager that as often as not they loathe it and, whilst quietly submitting, are wretchedly conscious of their isolation. As I say, it is purely a matter for discretion. (Contd. on page 55)

Right:

A DELICATE compliment to her good taste as well as a delightful adjunct to her toilet awaits the guest for whom Eau de Cologne has been provided. The decorative glass bottle of "4711" costs 15/- and the wicker flask 14/-. Hostesses please copy!



Helen Macgregor

Below:

WHAT guest could fail to be at ease at Christmas, or at any other time, in such a room as this? A dancing fire and the soothing influence of lamp-light gleaming upon varnished walls are only part of a cunning conception of informal comfort



Humphrey and Vera Joel



Left:

LIGHTING artfully concealed behind the mirror and thrown back upon the face by a carefully adjusted reflector are features of this make-up mirror, which would be as acceptable to the woman guest in her bed-room as to her husband for shaving. Price £4 10 0 from Fortnum and Mason

Hospitality and the Guest-room

Wherein a few suggestions
in the matter of Christmas
comfort are made

Eat, Drink, and Be Merry



MINDFUL of the appearance of her table, the hostess will appreciate these graceful glasses with coloured stems, price 2/- each, as much as her guests will approve their contents. The glasses are intended for drinks long and short while the jug might serve for soft drinks as well as water. Whisky by courtesy of Dewar & Sons and John Haig



A PERFECT climax to the Christmas feast. Fruit which includes such delicacies as persimmon, mangoes, and custard apples, as well as more familiar things



Pictures by Helen Macgregor

NEVER groaned the board in olden days unless the boar's head held the place of honour. The modern version, boar's head in aspic, is photographed above. From Fortnum & Mason



REMEMBER the little ones and their special needs. Wholesome sweetmeats, short-cakes, and honey are as indispensable to the nursery menu as the comic dough-man and his friend Swan, a cheerful pair hailing from the kitchen and most bakers' shops

Festive Things

Below:

DECORATIONS for the Christmas season must depend entirely upon individual circumstances, though in all cases the simpler their character the better. Balloons have a most infectious appearance of gaiety, which they seem to have imparted to the "guest" below



Above:

TALL silver sticks, crowned with silver knobs, have a festive appearance among flowers or leaves arranged in tall vases. The ones photographed cost 3/6 each, and seem to be particularly happy with the silver witch ball at their side. From Fortnum and Mason



Pictures by Helen Macgregor



Left:

THE nursery dinner-table might be most happily enlivened by a procession of these very convivial little people. Their special mission in the photograph is to preside over a gift box of Cadbury's chocolates. Many different varieties of these amusing figures are available, both for the decoration of cakes and other things

The House Party

(Continued from Page 50.)

TALKING of isolation, nobody will object to, and possibly more than one reveller will be profoundly grateful for, a room in which to retire from the scene of activity occasionally. Something about Christmas—and this refers especially to smaller houses—cheerfully cancels all the normal rules of "distribution," and it often becomes impossible to escape from the exuberance of one's fellow-guests. It may seem a small point, but I believe that the "rest room" ranks with things of far greater importance when the details of one's party are recalled.

All the same, it is asking a good deal of the house which is packed to capacity to spare such a room, though nothing, so far as I know, need prevent each guest-room from providing a sanctuary of comfort and quiet for its owner. Personal recollections of visits I have paid and house-parties I have helped to throng show that the occasions remembered with most pleasure are those on which I have been given a really comfortable bed-room. Rooms worthy of the description are unfortunately few; yet, on arriving for a visit, nothing puts one so quickly at ease with one's surroundings. At Christmas especially it is a pleasure to retire, after a day of strenuous festivity, to a fire, a downy bed, perhaps an amusing book thoughtfully provided, and above all, to seclusion and quiet.

Portable heating apparatus are solving many problems for the hostess whose entertaining is not so lavish as to justify elaborate arrangements for each guest-room. Portable electric stoves, of which an excellent example is illustrated on these pages, are much favoured, and there are even portable gas-fires now. There is also the new "Vectus" heater, which in appearance is not unlike the more familiar oil-heater, though actually is electrically controlled and can be adapted to gas with equal success. By a system of convection currents this excellent little stove ensures an even distribution of warmth throughout the room, and burns quite a miraculously small quantity of gas or power into the bargain. It is specially suitable for the spare bed-room, and can hardly be called expensive at an initial cost of 50s.

IT is safe enough to assume that the average house party will include some children, and the hostess will give a special thought in planning her party to this particular section of the gathering. If she is wise she will provide games in which the guests of all ages can combine, as well as others specially chosen for the little ones, and calculated to occupy them happily and quietly while their elders are otherwise amused. Some plain, wholesome sweets and cakes among the more ambitious varieties should be provided too; and, in fact, if the smaller visitors are to join forces with her own nursery table not, apparently, less exciting, though less injurious to young digestions than the grown-up fare.

A tour of the shops will open up a bewildering selection of games for the hostess who is bent upon providing

fun for her guests, and while she can, if she wishes, spend pounds upon an elaborate Backgammon or an edition in miniature of St. Andrews golf-course, a modest sum will purchase the most fascinating game of the season, "Corinthian Bagatelle," which, rumour has it, is beguiling the pleasure hours of the great in these exacting days. Even more enthralling, though of a quieter nature, is the new game of Jutland, which costs a modest shilling and seems to have started its career "somewhere in the City" in recent idle times, and for all its resemblance to noughts and crosses, is a challenge to the brightest. One could spend hours detailing the many games that promise to make Christmas more strenuous than ever this year, but descriptions are always inadequate, and the shops are awaiting your pleasure.

And food—well, who would think of Christmas without thinking of food? I wonder why plum-pudding and turkey are almost sacred to the festive menu? It seems a pity somehow that, when allowances have been made for expansion in the housekeeping budget, a few of the rarer delicacies are not more often introduced. Fruit, for instance, in most households is confined to the familiar species, when actually there is a great variety of the most delicious tropical fruits to be chosen from. The larger stores are now offering these delicacies for the table at quite reasonable cost. Moreover, the catalogues of any good London store will reveal a most surprising display of unusual delicacies from which to choose the Christmas fare, and there is this to be remembered—that, by buying prepared delicacies, one is to some extent lightening the task of preparation at home. An economy of time, if not of money, in which at this season we are surely justified.



LAST-moment additions to the guest-rooms might include an electric shaving mug for the man and a gift box of Cyclax beauty preparations—always welcome to the fastidious—for the woman. The Mug is from the General Electric Company and costs 25/-, and the Cyclax beauty box 18/6

Helen Macgregor



Right:

AN impression of the wistful, shining-eyed Janet Gaynor, by Autori. Janet has made a name for herself in many successes, including "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," "Sunny Side Up," "Daddy Longlegs," and her latest picture, pre-released at the Tivoli, "Merely Mary Ann"

Below:

LEWIS Milestone, director of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Front Page." The time will come when people will say, "I am going to a Milestone Picture," in the same way that they say they have seen a Maugham play or have read a book by Priestley



JANET GAYNOR:
By Autori

Below:

ALFRED Hitchcock, who made the first English "talkie" of any importance — "Blackmail." Also directed "Murder," "The Skin Game," and "Rich and Strange." This producer tries to impose symbolism on the sound-film, and to record as well as photograph a mental process

glossary of film terms in which he described the director as: "Actually, the creator of the film, the central organizer who has complete control over the realization of the theme." But still the general public hardly know the names of the creators of their favourite pictures! They have perhaps heard of Lubitsch, the brilliant director of "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," chiefly because his name has been mentioned

so often in connection with those of Jeanette Macdonald and Chevalier, whom he "made." (Chevalier's only "flop" was in a picture made by another director.) They may know something about Murnau, because he figured in the "news" when he was killed in a motor accident just after making "Tabu." Among the English directors they remember the name of Hitchcock, who made the first English "talkie" of any importance — "Blackmail" — and

that of Anthony Asquith because he is the son of his mother. René Clair's name is familiar because, with "Sous les Toits de Paris" and "Le Million," he flattered them into believing that they understood French. The giants of the

WHO SHALL

SIGN THE PICTURE...?

ONE talks of Frith's "Derby Day" (yes, quite a lot nowadays. Frith is "the Victorian Hogarth" and Noel Coward is the "neo-Georgian Frith"!). One does not ask the names of the models who figure in the picture, yet they contributed to the composition, and, in a motion picture, it is the stars—the puppets—who are known to the public, while the man who pulls the strings—the director—is ignored. In "The Film Till Now," Mr. Paul Rotha gave a



past, Griffiths, De Mille and Sennet are only names to them; they would not recognise the men or their work. Few people can even differentiate between the inimitable Walt Disney Cartoons and those by his vulgar and inferior copyists. Chaplin alone of the great directors and producers is known to the public, and that as an actor rather than in the other essential capacities.

But this state of affairs is gradually changing, thanks to the critics (even they have their uses!) and the time will come when people will say, "I am going to a Milestone picture" in the same way that they say they have seen a Maugham play or have read a book by Priestly; they will recognise the difference of style (style is the individual method of expression in a chosen medium), of the various directors as easily as they differentiate between, say, a picture by Sickert and one by Munnings or comic drawings by H. M. Bateman and Arthur Watts. They will know the gauzy, sentimental photography in a picture directed by Frank Borzage from the sumptuous interiors and brilliant musical interpolations of a Lubitsch; the wit and movement of René Clair from the architectural and mechanical forms in Fritz Lang's pseudo-scientific films. They will appreciate Asquith's manners and Hitchcock's mannerisms and will know that a film which is breath-taking in its speed and the violence with which its drama is exposed has probably been made by Lewis Milestone

Behind the screens are
the men who make and
unmake stars and Murder
or Immortalize the World's
Great Stories . . .

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

who gave them "All Quiet," "Hell's Angels" and "The Front Page."

If one wants to practise recognising these stylists in celluloid representation it is well to start, as elementary exercises, by studying some of the more mannered directors. Think of the opening sequences of "Seventh Heaven"; the dimly-lit, cobbled roadway, the sentimentalised street lamp; the blurred silhouettes of masses, lights and shadows, the light that never was in Heaven or Earth shining softly on the manly, smiling face of Chicot, that "very remarkable fellow" and the wistful, shining-eyed Janet Gaynor, think of similar "pictures" in "Street Angel" and then remember the technique in "Merely Mary Anne" (the last vehicle for the same artists, pre-released at the Tivoli). Could any other man have made that picture?

When one sees towering architectural effects on the screen, convincingly elaborate, electrical appliances—like those in "Metropolis," when there is an inhuman semi-lunatic scientist or fanatic political criminal (you remember "The Spy"?) among the characters, a wildly-conceived invention of curious, exciting form (the rocket in "The Woman in the Moon") and all is expressed in clear-cut black and white photography, you must know that you are looking at an authentic Fritz Lang.

When a crime story (Continued on page 150)

MEN WHO
MAKE -
OR MAR...



RENE CLAIR



ANTHONY ASQUITH



FRITZ LANG



ERNST LUBITCH



JAMES WHALE



CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.



"Pantomime will

By Hannen Swaffer

Aided and abetted by Illingworth

"PANTOMIME will never die." Producers of pantomime tell me that, every Christmas, pointing to a few odd facts.

The plain truth is that pantomime has been dying slowly, ever since the moving picture came. Then, when moving pictures began to talk, it was only a matter of a few years.

Before the war there must have been a score of pantomimes produced in London every Christmas.

I can clearly remember the scramble that there was, in newspaper offices, among the sub-editors and the junior reporters to get the tickets. They always sent you two, and so, some sub-editor, who had never had a free ticket since the previous Christmas, used to get excited at the chance of taking along his small boy or girl.

There were two standards of criticism—a play and a pantomime. A play was dealt with more or less on its merits. A pantomime was never criticised. Everything was "marvellous."

The principal girl may have been fifty—and she often was—yet, always, her performance was described in terms of ecstasy. Nobody ever wrote one plain true word about pantomime. But then, nobody ever writes one plain word of truth about musical comedy.

I HAVE known even a serious highbrow critic like James Agate, whose opinions I respect, whose conversation I admire,

whose humour, at least in private life, I laugh at, to go along to the Lyceum Theatre, on Christmas Eve, and write, next Sunday, a eulogy of "Cinderella" that he could not work up on Strindberg or Ibsen.

Now why is this?

"Oh, it'll please the kids!" they say.

But does it? Did it? Could it? Should it?

I don't believe it!

Fortunately, I escaped all that sort of thing when I was a small child. I was brought up in one of those homes where it was considered waste of money to go to a theatre. Perhaps they were right!

We had a nigger minstrel show, sometimes, in our parish hall at the local church. We had Band of Hope entertainments, more or less painful, and I can remember the dear vicar saying some kind things.

Otherwise, my childhood entertainment consisted chiefly of being taken, on Saturday afternoons, to find fossils in a chalk pit, near Box Hill, or to pursue inoffensive plants in the neighbourhood of Ashted Common. The wild excitement with which I heard that there were fly-eating plants on Wimbledon Common, and my attack on one, when I first saw it, ranks, in my memory, beside my discovery that boys blew up frogs at Sunday School treats.

This crowning example of the prowess of British boyhood first illumined my youthful path in what was then a field near Nightingale Lane, Clapham Common, but which is now one of those building estates they overcharge you on.

So that, more or less, my childhood was protected from the mass attack of overpaid comedians who, for many years,



never die..." sez you!

Our remorseless contributor throws a few custard-pies at a hoary hanger-on to the coat-tails of Father Christmas

every Christmas, painted their noses red, dressed up as the Widow Twankey, or the Baroness, and were indecent, vulgar or boring at something like £200 a week.

HANS ANDERSEN, or somebody of gentle mien and faerie fancy, once wrote a story about a small boy of some kind or other who went out and fought dragons or something of the sort. It was very nice to read about. It was the bedtime story, long before the B.B.C.

Yet, with malice aforethought, pantomime producers made this into a so-called entertainment, at least three hours long, and children were taken along, with or without nuts and oranges, and sat down on hard seats while their parents glared at them and said, "Enjoy it, or I'll take you home!" The parents liked it. But the kids were the reverse.

When you see "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" you look upon a grim-visaged parent who bullies and threatens his young. It is terrible to contemplate. Yet even Rudolf Besier does not dare to say that he also took them to the pantomime!

When I was a youth, there were literally hundreds of pantomimes in England.

ONE theatrical producer whom I know used to rehearse, during the two or three weeks before Christmas, nearly a score of pantomimes.

They were staged with such a cunning and care that every farthing was saved and the shoes had to go on year after

year. They even used to say that if a girl could not fit the last remaining pair of shoes left over from the last Christmas, they got another girl.

When in the North, I can remember poor young women who used to look forward every year to being chorus girls in some pantomime. It went on tour for two months or so, and they got 30s. a week, out of which they had to pay their board and lodging. If they could save half a crown a week—well, they made £1 net out of it at the end of a tour. It was not the gay, bright, joyous thing you thought; it was soulless, grinding slavery!

The comedian got perhaps £30 a week, and he was the king of the troupe. When he arrived at the first rehearsal, the poor girls would stare at him enviously, hoping to heaven he would smile or wink.

The principal girl, getting £15 a week, perhaps, would come and queen it over all the shivering maidens of various ages. At last someone would venture to ask the comedian what his "gag" was.

Now this meant that, thirty or forty times during the pantomime, he would say something like "I thought so." He would drop the phrase in when the Babes were kissing or if someone dropped a brick.

It wanted no invention or fancy or poetry or brain. If he said, "I don't think so," it was equally funny, so long as he said it lots of times.

In the larger towns, the comedians usually made some reference to politics, thinking it would please the grown-ups, which, of course, it didn't. It had one good effect—it bored the kids.

When, in the larger cities, years afterwards, I discovered that a principal boy, say, got £150 a week, I dreamed that night of the Koh-i-noor. She was fat, she was fruity, and she was forty-five. Her limbs were like an elephant's. Her bust nearly wanted four eyes to see. Even her husband was afraid of her. She swaggered on in tights.

I never knew, by the way, why principal boys have to wear tights, for certainly they did not wear them in many of the periods shown on the stage. But still, in those days, women's legs ranked with the Royal Arms as objects of veneration.

Nasty, snoopy (Continued on page 102)



THEIR parents glared at them and said, "Enjoy it, or I'll take you home"

Books: America through French Eyes: *The Secret of Vicki Baum*

"The Scientific Outlook"

by Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

LIKE Mrs. Woolf, whose latest book is reviewed on the opposite page, Mr. Bertrand Russell probably wields an influence out of all proportion to the sales of his books. I have no idea how many copies of his books are sold normally in the course of a year, but it is safe to say that the figures, although running into several thousands, would make a Frankau or a Sapper wince with pity. His influence, however, is reported to be equal to that of any man writing English to-day. I do not make this assertion myself, because I consider all such claims ridiculous. They are, as Mr. Russell would say, impervious to the scientific method. But the young people as they scramble up the hill are reading him, and their elders, as they try not to slip down the far slope, are reading him too. He represents advanced thought "that any feller can understand." He comforts us by singing, with the necessary modifications, "The Army of to-day's all right."

His new volume is, briefly, a review of scientific thought in

all directions—where it has got to in the world, what it is doing to the world. In a book of this kind there must always be, inevitably, an accumulation of scientific and pseudo-scientific jargon very painful to ears attuned to the beauties of precise language. The author, like so many devotees of scientific thought, raises doubts of his accuracy by his failure to express himself exactly. Sometimes he says only approximately what he obviously means to say, sometimes there is not even approximation, and the meaning becomes a subject of pure conjecture. The connection between thought and expression is and must be so close that a gaping division immediately brings the thought under suspicion. This is one of the reasons why, although I acknowledge the remarkable extent of Mr. Russell's knowledge, I could never follow him unquestioningly.

and his determination to despise everything American lands him at times in some queer-looking logic. His attack on the Cinema (an institution I enjoy) is superb. His indictment of the motor-car (an invention which I loathe) is petulant and futile. His horror of the abattoirs in Chicago is superficial and ineffective. The rigid application of one emotion to changing phenomena proves, as it always must, unsatisfactory and almost meaningless. Thanks to excellent translation M. Duhamel's writing retains its charm; but the book suggests, as far as his own future is concerned, that he is ceasing to be receptive to new impressions.

M. PAUL MORAND'S picture of the New World is cast in the form of a novel. *World Champions* it is called, and it is published by Heinemann at 7s. 6d. All M. Morand's writings have the brilliance of the successful Society portrait. I am not suggesting that he presents well-known people thinly disguised. No, I mean that his books have the cleverness, the assurance and the charm of a canvas by Mr.

de Laszlo or Mr. Oswald Birley. His characters leap the moment they appear. They seize you, they even buttonhole you, in their eagerness to explain Europe, to explain America, to offer you their own souls. They generalise superbly about Europe, about America, and especially about their own souls. One has met such men and such women, and one knows that, after an imposing



BERTRAND RUSSELL, whose latest book, "The Scientific Outlook," is a review of modern thought in all directions

SO cosmopolitan have we become, so complete is the demolition of the frontiers of fashion, that I was able to read in succession a novel about Austria by an Austrian, a novel about Roumania by a Roumanian, and two books by Frenchmen about America without finding anything odd in such an experience. What was odd and even comic was the discovery that three of these writers bitterly resent the standardising which is at work all round them effacing the features of the old world; for the appearance of their books in several languages is a part of this standardisation of taste. Their words of warning turn into examples of the very peril against which they warn us. But the Austrian and the Roumanian do at least describe their own country, they give no sign that they set particular store by their possession of an official licence. The Frenchmen, on the other hand, see no impropriety in exploiting in the best market their profound satisfaction at being French.

Really, I find something a little shameless about the way in which M. Duhamel's abuse of America is shrieked straight at America's . . . should one say ear, or pocket? It will strike Englishmen especially as cynical, because in his haste to let us hear him abusing his hosts, M. Duhamel has not even found the time to address us in our own language, but offers us his abuse in the language and spelling of the abused. In spite of all this, his book, *America the Menace* (G. Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), kept me amused for some time. I like a good hater, and no one will deny M. Duhamel's claim to that title. But his complacent belief in the flawlessness of his own nation becomes wearisome,



M. PAUL MORAND, whose latest book is a story of the New World, entitled "World Champions"

Labour-

At this time of year, readers of all sorts. Here are the titles suitable as gifts and certain, in

A Master of Hounds: The Life Story of Harry Buckland of Ashford, by One Who Knows Him. (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.). Harry Buckland is the original of Harry Buckman, of whom a portrait is given in *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*. He has now found an even more enthusiastic and typical biographer. This book will give pleasure to all hunting folk—except those arraigned in the final chapter for their share in separating the hero from his hounds.

Inheritance, by John Drinkwater. (Benn, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Drinkwater's autobiography—or rather the first volume of it. At the end of it we leave him at the still tender age of 15. He is not an old man, but at this rate we have a good many volumes yet to come. Let us hope they will all be as well produced as this one; and if they move at a less majestic and imposing pace, we shall not complain too bitterly.

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

start, they have a way of developing into crashing bores. It takes all M. Morand's skill to prevent his characters being true to life.

M. Morand is so smooth and polished that he makes me feel rough. M. Panait Istrati, the Greco-Roumanian author of *The Bitter Orange-Tree* (Stein with Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), makes me feel that I am the typical British sportsman. I do not recognise myself in the rôle, but I am forced to adopt it by the unfamiliarity of the Greek, Roumanian, Turkish and Jewish youths thronging the streets of Braila. Actually, I find them a little too unfamiliar. Perhaps M. Istrati has not been well served by his translator.

Whatever the cause, I could discover in all his book nowhere to land. Whereas with *Results of an Accident* (Bles, 7s. 6d.), as with its predecessor, *Grand Hotel*, one establishes contact at once. If Vicki Baum is not a great novelist, she is at least a deservedly popular one. Her work radiates vitality, her men and women are alive, she is (using the word in that sense which, for a novelist, is the only important one) a creator. Her story is not a very thrilling story, and the scene of it is an Austrian townlet in which it is difficult to



M. DUHAMEL, whose book, "*America the Menace*," is reviewed in this article

Saving Devices

are glad to know the names of books and brief descriptions of volumes appropriate hands, of a welcome:

"*The Hogarth Letters*": No. 1. *A Letter to Madan Blanchard*, by E. M. Forster. No. 2, *A Letter to an M.P. on Disarmament*, by Viscount Cecil. No. 3, *A Letter to a Sister*, by Rosamond Lehmann. (Hogarth Press, 1s. each.) This new series might very pleasantly be used as Christmas cards. Mr. Forster's letter to a shipwrecked sailor is entirely delightful—one of the best trifles which even he has ever cast. After Mr. Forster, Miss Lehmann hardly seems like "the real thing," but she is graceful and amusing. Lord Cecil is at his most reasonable and persuasive.

The Spider's Palace, by Richard Hughes. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). The children were much the best part of *A High Wind in Jamaica*. Mr. Hughes's new book consists of 20 stories for children. They are inspired by a lively and unusual fancy. Whether or not children will think them worth a moment's attention nobody can, of course, say.

"The Waves"

by Virginia Woolf

(The Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.)



MRS. WOOLF has invented a new form for the novel. She suppresses all description, all dialogue, almost all action and event; she has chosen to present her characters by the single method of alternating soliloquy. I do not know why she has invented this form. Numerous explanations occur to me, but as none entirely satisfies me I discard them all.

The six characters, when we first meet them, are three little boys and three little girls, and we are shown them at intervals through adolescence and middle age until Death, like a wave, engulfs them. All the characters, at every age, soliloquise in the rich and fluid idiom of the author, and as the reader slowly and fumblingly disentangles them he asks himself how far thought and personality are determined and differentiated by their outward and audible expression. This is only one of the many problems raised by the technique of *The Waves*; their

solution is dependent upon the solution of the main problem, the discovery of the reasons which led Mrs. Woolf to adopt her peculiar form of narration. It has obvious disadvantages, not the least of them being the necessary persistence, throughout 300 pages and more, of the always wearisome, the dilatory, the static present tense; and its compensating advantages are not clear. Beneath its light and graceful dust-cover designed by the author's sister Vanessa Bell, and within its smooth and sumptuous boards of violet, the book contains many lovely passages, subtle thoughts, exquisite pictures, much beautiful writing; it also contains paragraphs which come near to parodying the beautiful writing. Extreme self-consciousness, in literature as in life, has a paralysing effect.



VICKI BAUM, whose new novel, "*Results of an Accident*," is favourably reviewed by our critic

grow interested. But she has only to draw a puppet from her box, and immediately it falls into a life-like attitude, henceforward it exists for us. Take, for instance, the description on page 115 of Frau Fobianke, the widow of the

unfortunate chauffeur who was responsible for the accident. The poor woman is only "on," as actors say, for a few moments in the whole course of the book. Yet the author has seen her with strong, vivid intensity, and she shows her, she simply can't help showing her, to us as a rounded, complete, breathing overwhelmed woman. I feel that I shall never forget her.

THE characters in the novels of Mr. J. D. Beresford, although he usually writes of familiar people in ordinary surroundings, never quite attain this radiance. His books are curiously even and, at the same time, uneven. They all reach a high level; but within themselves they exhibit wide variations almost from page to page. But, on the whole, the good passages predominate in *The Old People* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), and to me it is the most satisfying book which he has written for a long time. I am pleased to be able to say this, because the author is now embarked upon a new trilogy, of which *The Old People* is the first volume. He gives us here a memorable picture of an uneasy boy growing up in a not very happy home—memorable because, though it has been done so often, it has seldom been done better.

MODERNS

Some of our younger
the juxtaposition of
of decoration lends

By Derek



Above:

THIS living-room, designed by John Hill, shows a clever combination of the new with the old

Left:

WHITE panelled walls, furniture covered in a striped fabric, give a modern touch to this period drawing room



DURING the last few years we have heard a great deal about modern decoration and furniture—many of us, in fact, seem to think we have heard too much—so it is refreshing and stimulating to find young interior decorators turning their attention to period styles of furniture, not using them in the conventional manner, but applying modern methods so that the old is given a new beauty by means of its juxtaposition with the new. It is a common belief that you cannot mix the new with the old; that this is a fallacy is proved by the rooms illustrated on these pages.

Several of these are to be found in an 18th-century house in Old Palace Place, Richmond, where the decorator was faced with the problem of deciding whether he should attempt a reconstruction of the past or whether he should try to blend the new and the old together and give the whole house a contemporary air. He chose to

do the latter. The living room with its plain panelled walls is an immensely effective study in tones of white. The walls and ceiling have been painted a dead white and the room furnished with period pieces in mahogany and gilt ormolu, chosen from the early years of the 19th century. In sharp contrast the curtains are modern and have been made one of the chief decorative features of the room. They are made of white satin, hand-painted in a fantastic feather design in yellow and grey. This colour scheme is repeated in the large modern carpet that covers the floor, and in the chair and settee coverings which are striped in grey, white and gold.

In another room a fine old Aubusson carpet and Empire furniture combine to make a distinctive setting. The walls have been painted a pale lavender grey—a subtle contrast to the brilliant red, gold and royal blue of the Aubusson carpet; the windows have been cleverly draped with curtains of royal blue damask, and the door leading from this room into the garden has been draped with hangings of the same material, hung from a gold ormolu corona instead of a pelmet.

Many "moderns" are great admirers of Empire, Regency and Early Victorian styles, and in this case the decorator has had the vision and courage to place these styles in a contemporary setting. This is a practical as well as an attractive fashion, for many of us still have our homes filled with old furniture, and yet at the same time would like to simplify our rooms in accordance with modern ideas of comfort and hygiene, and to introduce up-to-date methods of heating and lighting as well. By covering Chippendale or Early Victorian chairs with modern fabrics we can also gratify this wish, save money and give our old furniture a new lease of life, for strangely enough, modern fabrics, if carefully chosen, harmonise exceedingly well with period furniture, as also do modern rugs.



ROBERT LUTYENS and R. W. Symonds designed this effective study which, though decidedly modern, has a touch of eighteenth century elegance about it. The dignified simplicity of the wall treatment makes an excellent foil to antique furniture

ONE of the chief advantages of Early Victorian furniture is that it is still quite cheap. You can pick up a charming set of carved rosewood dining room chairs for a few pounds, and Early

rediscover the OLD

decorators have decided that
antique and modern schemes
distinction to both

Patmore

Victorian chests of drawers and tables can also be bought very inexpensively. This style of furniture is especially appropriate for a bedroom, and one particularly attractive room contained a carved mahogany suite of this furniture. The colour scheme was that of a "Neapolitan ice," i.e., light pink and yellow. The walls were washed a pale pink, and the ceiling a light primrose yellow, while the floor was covered in an indefinitely shaded modern carpet in tones of grey, pink and yellow. In sharp contrast to the dark mahogany furniture the curtains and bedspread were of a soft pink and yellow patterned brocade. This is a scheme that could be easily carried out with other types of period furniture, for its success relies on placing old fur-

Right:

THE charm of the Empire style is shown in this room by John Hill. The door leading into the garden is draped with hangings of blue and gold Empire brocade and surmounted with a gold ormolu corona instead of a pediment



PERIOD styles have inspired Guy Elwes in the decoration of this living-room with its black stone composition floor, effective bare walls and Italian furniture



LAVENDER grey walls and an Aubusson carpet in red, gold and blue form an effective setting for modern pictures and Empire furniture

niture against the background of a modern colour scheme. There has been a growing reaction lately in this country against the aggressively modern in decoration, and by rediscovering our old furniture I think we shall evolve a modern style suitable for this country. It is a field that is only just beginning to be explored and has limitless possibilities for the ingenious.

For instance, the use of mirror glass in a room furnished with antique furniture offers many ways of creating an unusual effect. Panel the doors in mirror and immediately the room looks much larger. A recently redecorated living room had the wall round the fireplace entirely covered with sheets of mirror, and it was found that these reflections gave an added interest to the beautiful details of the carving and inlay of the old pieces with which the room was furnished.

The simpler the setting the more attractive your antique furniture will look, so when you are thinking of redecorating your home consider your possessions and try to imagine your old furniture in a new setting. If you use your imagination you will find innumerable ways in which you can show them off to their best advantage and, incidentally, save yourself considerable expense.

In this restless age there is a calming influence to be found in period styles, and it is but rarely that modern furniture recaptures the serenity and perfection of design inherent in the best antique furniture. Modern craftsmen cannot recreate the elegance of bygone centuries, and yet it is this very atmosphere of spaciousness and ease which we need in our homes as a contrast to the rush and hurry of our lives.

Reflections on the Subject of Dressing-tables

NO woman will deny the importance of dressing-tables, for here is the very centre of her life—her mirror reflects her whole life and her every mood.

The chief consideration is light; the second, space, and the third, appearance.

Much can be achieved by the ingenious with odd tables, boxes or desks, and one attractive dressing-table was entirely made out of apple boxes, cleverly broken up so as to make shelves on either side of a centre opening. The flat piece of three-ply which made the top was covered by an old oblong-shaped mirror, and the whole fitment was enamelled pale pink and hand painted with flowers to match the chintz of the curtains.

Another delightful dressing-table was made from an old spinet. This had been carefully restored and made a most useful piece of furniture, since it was large and had drawers above and at each side. An old stand-up mirror was placed at the back and two tall electric candlesticks stood on either side.

ONE of the most useful modern dressing-tables consisted of a kidney-shaped piece of ordinary wood with the usual small drawers on one side and a shoe box and hat box double cupboard on the other. Of unusually large proportions, most of one's wardrobe, with the exception of dresses and coats, could be contained in it, and instead of the ordinary chintz covering the originator had used a new patterned rubber in the gayest of buttercup yellow. Thus the entire petticoat as well as the top could be sponged daily without detriment to its appearance. This material can be obtained for something under four shillings a yard and is exceptionally wide, and although durable, needles go through it as easily as any other fabric.

The neatest dressing-table from the space point of view is undoubtedly the



Miller & Harris

AN attractive arrangement which can be conjured out of a plain deal table and some flowered chintz. The candle-shades are made of the same chintz

built-into-a-cupboard variety. This has the advantage of being concealed except when in actual use, so that an ordinary bedroom may become a sitting-room or boudoir by day. One admirable example contained a chest of drawers with a flat white enamel top on which were set out

A CLEVER fitment designed by John Duncan Miller to give a separate dressing table and set of drawers to both husband and wife

bottles, brushes and powder boxes, while the drawers contained all the necessary feminine odds and ends. All three sides of the cupboard and the interior of the doors were of looking glass, so that the owner saw herself reflected at every angle.

Neat and practical, this modern type of dressing-table could be made by any carpenter and painted by oneself. A more economical use of mirrors

could be made, unless one had old ones to use, in order to reduce the cost the sides could be painted in black or white enamel, and only the door and back of the cupboard could be of mirrors.

A successful makeshift can be created from a little occasional tea table with oval flap sides. This usually has a deep narrow drawer in one side, and will fit into a tiny corner which could not house a full-sized dressing-table. Another excellent idea for the bed-sitting room is the Chinese disappearing lacquer table with its flat surface which can be dropped and hidden directly "make-up" is over. This is accomplished by two flaps with hinges which fold out and at the same time raise up the inside centre, while by replacing these flaps the centre with its bottles and brushes drops out of sight and the closed table gives no sign of what its real use may be. A small drawer beneath the centre is used for other small necessities.

These "concealed" dressing-tables are becoming more and more popular, and one little modern flat of two rooms actually had a built-in wash basin on one side of the fireplace, while on the other stood an ordinary looking built-in cupboard which when opened turned out to be a dressing-table. The flat top pulled up to reveal a plain polished surface upon which rested fittings and a looking glass with a tiny electric light flat against it. Two small drawers either side of the

AN important item of furniture which may be camouflaged or elaborately decorated according to the suitability of its surroundings

By
Francis Lovell Rodney

Right:

THIS excellent built-in fitment occupies the whole end of a spare room in a country house. Designed by Messrs. Walker & Harwood, A.R.I.B.A.



particularly suitable for the bath dressing-room. The outside screen looks exactly like any ordinary screen, but is solid save for the one panel which acts as a door. Inside is a sheltered nook containing a table, the whole covered in the same wallpaper or cretonne as the screen. Silver or gold wallpaper is very effective if the room has any contrasting colour, while for a child's day-nursery a "Zoo" pattern would be popular.

Thus we find that modern dressing-tables manage to be as pretty as they are practical and, since pockets are poorer, space economy is more essential than ever before. Gone are the days when dressing-tables were concealed beneath frills and lace which took hours to unpick and launder, and while some may regret these feminine accessories, modern women realise more and more the value of easily-cleaned enamel, rubber, wood, cretonne, oil-cloth, or easily-dusted papers; and since there is often neither time nor money to waste in this practical twentieth century, these ingenious makeshift dressing-tables serve the purpose in an amazingly attractive manner.

AN old spinet has been chosen by Lady Cynthia Tothill for her dressing-table. It looks most charming and unusual, but is very practical

mirror contained such necessities as pins, eye-black, nightcap, etc., yet in the ordinary way no one arriving for a meal would have believed what this innocent cupboard contained.

BATH-ROOM dressing-tables are practical, and a very neat one can be made from an old-fashioned washstand. The legs should be sawn off to the right height, and the top and sides waterproof enamelled the same colour as the bath. An attractive example was painted the same sea-green as the tiles of the bath-room and had a plate-glass top. All the dressing-table etceteras were laid upon it, and the looking-glass, set flat against the wall, had a new electric fitting above it. A straight enamelled chair with a shiny oil silk cushion tied to its back made a most comfortable seat. Screen dressing-tables are



HERE is a compact and well-lit dressing-table which would delight the heart of any woman. Note the myriad reflections of the swinging mirrors which can be folded flat against the wall. Designed by Doris Howard Robertson, A.R.I.B.A.

Humphrey and Vera Joel

A SURVEY of FASHION in the LAST MONTH

A few of the leading characteristics which have met with definite approval

CONSIDER YOUR SKIRTS . . .

THEY are between eleven and twelve inches off the ground during the morning, and between ten and eleven in the afternoon. Many sports skirts are divided in order to allow complete freedom and for the sake of warmth, but they are so cleverly cut that it needs a sharp eye to detect them. Such skirts are becoming increasingly popular for golf and country wear. A fitted hip-yoke or sections of the material cut on the cross guarantee a slim hip-line, and from this yoke the skirt falls in pleats and circular sections. The afternoon gown of beige marocain sketched on the right has a clever skirt with an inverted pleat in front which simulates a divided skirt. The diagonal lines of the bodice and hip-yoke are particularly becoming

Divided tweed skirt from Marshall & Snelgrove



Beige marocain afternoon gown by Jean Patou from Harvey Nichols

EMPHASISE YOUR SHOULDERS . . .

ONE of the most attractive fashions of the season is that of a light yoke on a dark dress. It is extremely becoming, far more practical than lingerie collars, and is to be seen on morning as well as afternoon gowns. The dress sketched above on the left has a fitted waistline which simulates an

Empire silhouette, and the asymmetrical yoke and short sleeves are of flesh pink georgette. Two flowers of the same material are placed high on one side. Below is sketched a cleverly cut dress of a thin brown woollen material, whose yoke, long sleeves and scarf are carried out in a warm tomato colour. Another method of emphasising the breadth of shoulder now fashionable is to add tiny frills on to the shoulders, while coats have their shoulders boldly padded out



Afternoon gown by Worth from Marshall & Snelgrove

Brown and red dress from Debenhams



TILT YOUR HATS . . .

NOWADAYS, as much depends on the manner of wearing as on the shape of the hat itself. There are innumerable different styles from which to choose, so if a brim suits you best, do not wear a trying little tam perched on one side, but if a small hat suits you they are very smart when worn at the right angle. Some of the newest models from Paris have an upstanding feather rising abruptly from the back, others are turned back on one side and are reminiscent of Robin Hood and his merry men. The tam-o'shanter is much favoured and is often trimmed, as in the sketch on the left, with a bow of ribbon or felt, or with a feather. Sometimes this latter is made of glass



An attractive version of the brimmed hat by Maria Guy carried out in black velvet with a coloured ruche. From Woollands



Tam-o'shanter by Agnes from Woollands

PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR SLEEVES . . .

MOST of our long coats this winter are belted, and those that have no belts usually boast several buttons; in any case we no longer clutch our coats anxiously around us, they fasten at the waist and then hang free. Moderately long, moderately wide and comfortably collared, their interest is often centred in their sleeves, many of which present unusual features. An elbow cuff, such as that shown in the accompanying sketch, is extremely smart, so is a shaped cuff which reaches to the elbow. Another attractive method is to continue the fur (a flat pelt) which makes the collar or the waistcoat, down the sleeves as far as the elbow. The bell-shaped sleeve of the black coat from Molyneux, shown on the right, is both unusual and economical



Coat of red cloth with beaver trimming. Agnes model from Debenhams



Black coat by Molyneux from Marshall & Snelgrove

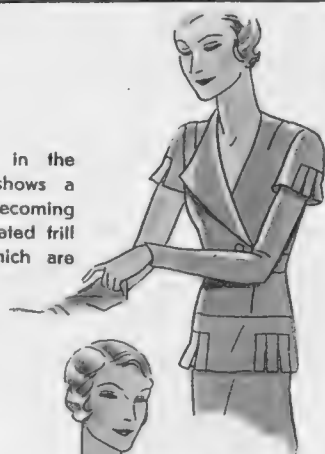
A WINTER of individual fashions when none need say they cannot be suited. A winter of comfortable clothes, of one-piece dresses of woollen materials (of which there is an infinite variety and in the manufacture of which English designers have surpassed themselves) and of long coats smartly belted. A winter in which one's waist is one's own and one's freedom of movement unimpeded; when collars are made to keep one warm rather than to be decorative; when hats are becoming and yet practical; when colour is both permissible and smart—is this the millennium? What does 1932 hold for us?

of THIS YEAR of GRACE 1931

The styles of to-day are bewildering
in their variety and originality

SOMETIMES REMOVE YOUR SLEEVES . . .

AN excellent idea is illustrated in the sketch on the right. This shows a jersey dress from Jaeger's with becoming short sleeves edged with a pleated frill and long tight-fitting sleeves which are kept up by an elastic band and may be removed at will. A similar idea was illustrated in a black velvet evening wrap. This was full length and had long tight sleeves over which were puffed cuffs of clipped rabbit which also had elastic threaded through top and bottom and could be pulled down to form a tiny muff, or placed half-way between the wrist and the elbow. The sketch below is of an evening gown which is really sleeveless but is accompanied by an almost invisible coatee of the same material with most unusual sleeves. These are shaped from the elbow to the wrist and covered with black cocks' feathers



Jersey dress with
removable sleeves
from Jaeger

Black lace gown by
Maggi Rouff from
Harvey Nichols

LOOK TO YOUR BACK VIEW . . .

MANY dresses concentrate the interest of their draperies or trimming at the back, and the black dress shown on the left is a good example of what the present age calls a "bustle." It is made of black crêpe de Chine and has a short basque which at the back is finished by draperies and a bow of the material. A double sleeve is simulated by a circular band placed high above the elbow. The evening dress below also concentrates its interest at the back of the waistline, where it is trimmed with a cluster of flame-coloured flowers. The flared basque is at the back only. Another attractive back view was that of a black velvet evening gown which also had a flared hip basque at the back, but beneath it the full skirt was tied in with a big bow whose ends almost swept the floor



Afternoon dress by
Augusta - bernard
from Victoire

Alpine blue crêpe
romaine evening
gown from
Harvey Nichols



CUT YOUR DECOLLE- TAGE VERY LOW . . .

MOST evening gowns show a moderately high and very simple décolletage in front, but at the back they are cut very low, and much ingenuity is expended in varying the line. The crossed décolletage of Vionnet's, reminiscent of sun-bathing suits and beach pyjamas, such as that shown on the left, is a great favourite and is nearly always affected to a draped cowl effect in front. Another favourite is a strap of material up the centre back which is joined on to a high circular neckline, with the sides cut away. A good mode for the heavy figure is a draped décolletage like that of the evening gown sketched on the left, which was carried out in heavy pale grey crêpe



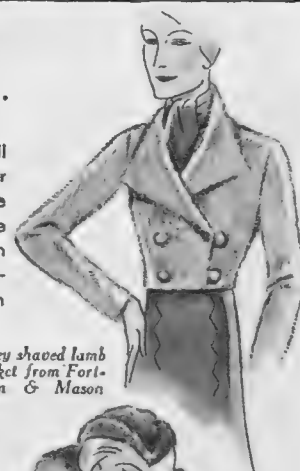
Satin gown by
Vionnet from
Debenhams



Pale grey romaine
gown from Fort-
num & Mason

BUT CUT YOUR FUR COAT VERY SHORT . . .

FUR coats this year may be full length and flared, or three-quarter length and belted, but they are never smarter than when they are very short indeed and barely reach the waistline. If they are as abbreviated as this they are usually cut on the lines of a bolero, but a smart variation is the tiny coatee of grey shaved lamb, sketched on the right, which is reminiscent of a Dutch boy's jacket. More elaborate coats for afternoon wear are of caracul, Persian lamb, or summer ermine and many show enormously full puffed sleeves but quite small collars and tightly belted waists. An unusual style is the brown lamb wrap shown on the left, which has a cape over one shoulder and only one sleeve



Grey shaved lamb
jacket from Fort-
num & Mason



Brown lamb wrap
from Eve Valère

AS an addition to our comfort we now have removable sleeves, tiny matching jackets and fur wraps of large or small dimensions according to our choice and our purse. We can wear short coats of a boyish character or elaborate ones reminiscent of Edwardian femininity. We can simulate a bustle with a meagre bow and have a dozen different décolletages from which to choose. We can wear flowers or feathers (in moderation) and be smart, or dispense with all etceteras and be still smarter. For how much longer will we be permitted to use free-will?



“Le Beau Sourir”

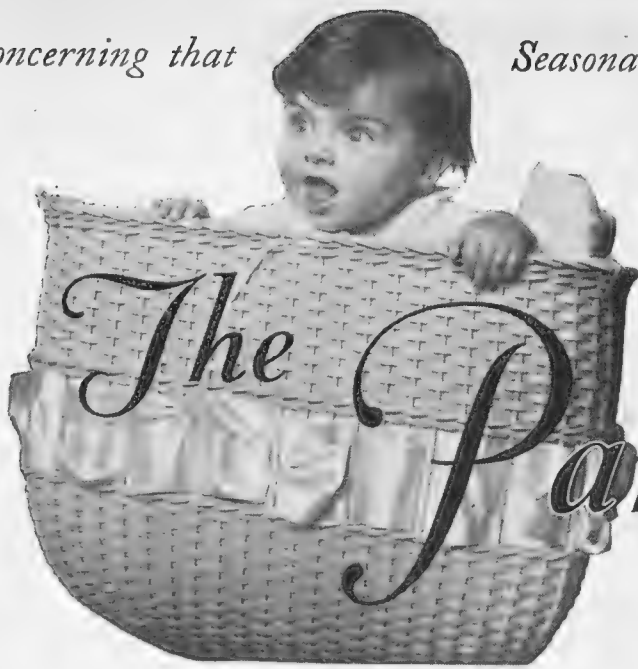
*By Adam, Paris.
From the London
Salon of Photography*

ONE always feels so sorry for the child whose Christmas joys are marred by attacks of biliousness, bad temper, nerves, and insomnia. Sometimes the reaction to festivities that exhaust and over-stimulate a certain type of child shows in the form of so-called internal chills, asthmatical attacks, tendency to “catch colds”—heavy, feverish colds, too.

These latter symptoms are rarely attributed to any cause but that of draughts, inclement weather, keen winds and wet feet perhaps. Really, however, more often than not, they are caused by lowered resistance due to over-taxed digestion, insufficient sleep, and over-stimulation of brain when the body is tired and little nerves are taut or strained.

Concerning that

Seasonable Malady which may spoil the fun of
your child's Christmas and yours.
Mothers, read and take heed!



The Party Spirit

Yuletide is the child's festival! A spoiled Christmas may leave, on a sensitive little one, a mark of remorse and disappointment that will last the whole year through, if not longer. Many restrictions, overmuch surveillance at a party may equally mar the youngsters' joys, leaving them with a sense of incompleteness, if not injustice. This is such a pity.

Let your children go to at least two parties at which they may have "the time of their lives"—free and untrammelled. Lay down a few rules based on common sense, control and kindness to others, and if your children have been brought up to know their own capacity for food, to be kindly and naturally polite and obedient to the rules of fair play, you have nothing to fear. Take them to their party and let them get on with it.

I know one little girl who had six parties last year. Her mother—the over-anxious, super-maternal type—allowed her to stay for an hour or two only at each of these parties, watching her the whole time, advising as to which and how many cakes to eat, not to shout, not to run too hard lest she got overheated, not to spoil her frock, etc., etc. That poor child ended each festivity with terrible tantrums, so that this year, according to promises, there aren't going to be any parties.

It would have been infinitely kinder and wiser if she had been taken to two parties only, and left there on her own among her contemporaries, than to go to six *half*-parties, never free from maternal oversight.

ANOTHER child I know, a high-spirited boy of six, is expected during the festive season to eat his full rations of shredded wheat and milk, his nursery dinners and his supper milk—even though at one party he may devour quite enough food to keep him going for twenty-four hours! Mothers and nurses often forget

that Christmas fare and goodies are so very rich in vitamins, protein and carbohydrates that the child's appetite for and need of full nursery rations cannot be the same as in ordinary times. Light meals are, therefore, clearly indicated. One mother I know gives her children a fruit breakfast throughout the festive days; while another wisely administers a nightly dose of milk of magnesia.

While extra rich foods are being taken the child will greatly benefit by an occasional drink of lemon squash into which has been stirred half an eggspoonful of soda bicarbonate. This helps to disperse gas, break up fats, and generally to settle the digestive juices. It is a sure remedy against acidosis. The nervy child who is inclined to biliousness when excited will look and feel much better, and possibly be able to keep all its engagements, if this lemon drink is given twice daily with plenty of sugar in it. A teaspoonful of glucose at night will also help matters. With regard to the daily diet during Christmas time, it is safe to dilute milk, decrease the fats and ensure by an abundance of green vegetables and wholemeal bread free evacuation of the

bowels. Constipation is a very frequent cause of indigestion, insomnia, ill-temper and "nerves."

A BRISK but quiet run outdoors (in almost all weathers), followed by a real rest, before a party is a sensible precaution against that over-excitement and nervousness due to lack of oxygen and stored up energy. And while it is undesirable to coddle the children or to break good rules, in their special holiday and festive season a thoroughly good (and much-needed) rest may be obtained by allowing them to sleep as late as they will in the morning. Domestic routine need not be deranged thereby, for the fruit breakfast tray may be placed by the bed for immediate discussion when they awake. I think that the less fuss and direct personal attention children have is at all times the better, and especially when excitement, many gifts and rich food make up the order of the days.

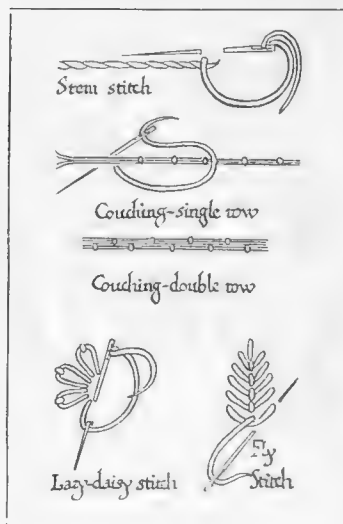
This apparent parental detachment does not mean lessened love and vigilance—rather it means the more, applied with self-control. All the passing events of life work upon the child's character and

habit of thought. Therefore let him have his *full* meed of experience as it comes, and let him be as little handicapped by physical or nervous disabilities as is possible. It is wonderful what children can eat and digest when they have been sensibly reared and are all playing happily together at a party. The guiding points at home should be: plenty of fruit and water, plenty of sleep and quiet spells, fresh air and a plain nursery diet.

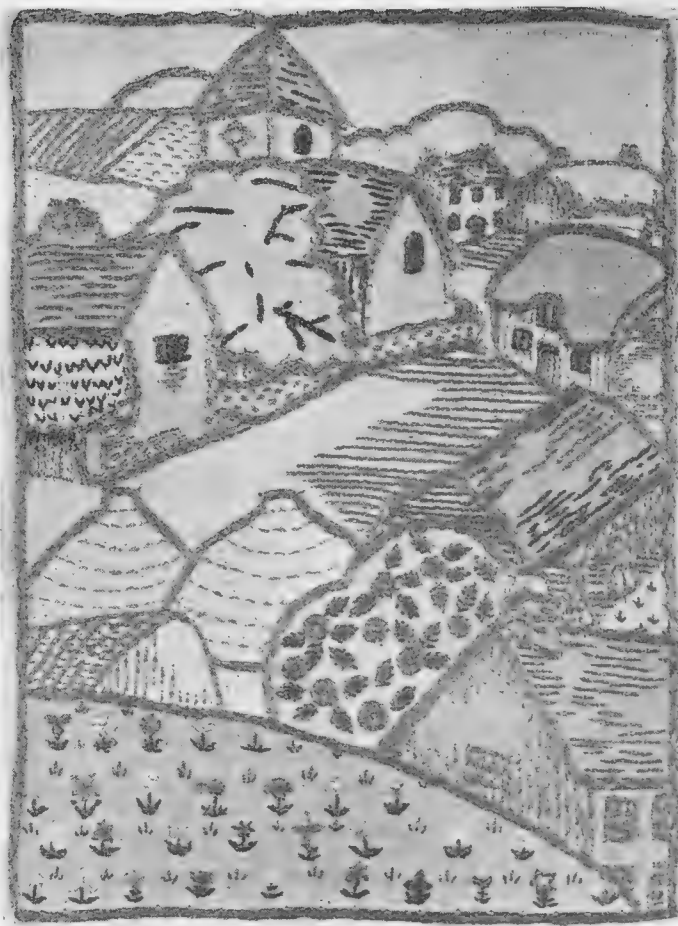
CHILDREN require companions of their own age, and parties are their first introduction to the outside world

By
Peggy
Winefred
Yeomans





THESE are the simple stitches which are used for working this design. All of them are very easy to follow



TRANSFERS for this attractive design, which measures 9 in. x 7 in., together with a diagram giving the colour chart, may be obtained for 1/-. Send a postal order for 1/- to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

A KEY to the colour chart is included with the transfer and shows clearly where the different coloured linens should be appliquéd

A NEEDLEWORK PICTURE

Which could also make an unusual blotter or book-cover

EMBROIDERED samplers or pictures were greatly in vogue during the eighteenth century, when they were considered an essential part of feminine education and a means of teaching children their alphabet, together with a knowledge of design. Some samplers bore the date of completion and the name and age of the worker.

Verses of a virtuous nature were often introduced. Here is an example of one, signed by Margaret Moody, aged 10, dated 1776:

"These tedious works which did at first affright,

O'ercome I have by patience and delight."

Innovations, such as needlework pictures done in silk and hair on satin, to imitate well-known engravings, came into fashion. There were also semi-embroidered pictures worked in brilliantly coloured silks, with the more important details painted in water-colour. Sometimes portraits were treated in this way the clothes and background were embroidered, and the face and hands delicately painted.

"The Shepherd" and "The Shepherdess," a pair of tent stitch embroideries which can be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, are a good example of companion pictures of the period. The general tendency was to represent scenes of a classical, religious, domestic, or sentimental character.

A slight change came about at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when samplers occasionally took the form of handkerchiefs. Laboured, though skilful, needlework copies were made of oil paintings, and the Victorian era produced copies of famous pictures in cross-stitch worked with either silk or wool. There is no reason why the embroidered pictures of to-day should not be a record of this age just as they were in the past.

A transfer, 9 in. by 7 in., is obtainable of the accompanying illustration. Care should be taken when ironing off the transfer to see that the iron is not too hot. A medium heat gives the best results. Having done this, the transfer may be either cut up and used as a pattern for cutting out the different pieces of linen to be appliquéd, or tracings can be made direct on the various coloured linens.

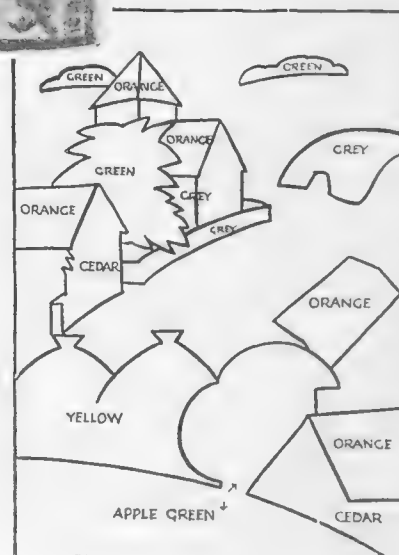
The design should be stretched on to an embroidered frame, or fixed to a disused picture frame with drawing pins; this will help to prevent the applied material from puckering. When stretching the linen allow a one-inch margin, otherwise it is difficult to work. Tack together all the applied pieces, and run stitch round the edges, which can also be gummed into position. The gum or paste serves as a binding, and the edges of the material are less likely to fray if this is done. Very little paste is needed. To avoid unnecessary soiling, work all dark shades first.

Use two rows of couching stitch for the outline, taking the stitches through both materials. Couching stitch has also been employed for the indication of shadow on the roadway, and of tiling on barn and roof tops.

The tree leaves are worked in fly stitch, and the hill-side flowers in lazy-daisy stitch.

When the picture is complete, draw a thread round the boundary lines on which to work the two rows of couching to form your border.

If the linen shows any sign of unevenness it should be laid face downwards on a clean sheet of paper or fabric, well damped and covered with a sheet of blotting paper, then put under pressure and left to dry. If carried out with care, this method is more effectual than ironing on a thick blanket. When dry, the picture is ready for framing or mounting.



If the piece-bag cannot supply all necessary scraps of linen, the following amounts will be needed:—

Foundation	..	$\frac{1}{4}$ yd.	Natural colour.
Roofs	..	$\frac{1}{8}$ "	Orange.
Corn-stacks	..	$\frac{1}{8}$ "	Yellow.
Yew trees	..	$\frac{1}{8}$ "	Almond green.
Foreground, hill, tree, and distant tree trunks	..	$\frac{1}{8}$ "	Apple green.
Thatched roofs	..	$\frac{1}{8}$ "	Grey.
Walls	..	$\frac{1}{8}$ "	Cedar.

PEARSALL'S MALLARD FLOSS.

Shade No. Skeins.

Outline couching.	Beige	..	171	6
For roofs.	Crimson	..	45	1
" "	Grey	..	604	1
Leaves and grass.	Green	..	87C	1
" "	Green	..	87A	1
Shadows.	Delf blue	..	20G	1
Corn stacks.	Old gold	..	104A	1
Fence	Peacock	..	92	1
Hill-side flowers.	Violet	..	28H	1
" "	Yellow	..	186I	1
" "	Orange	..	186K	1

MARJORIE BYWATER.

How to make a KNITTED WAISTCOAT

MATERIALS REQUIRED

Baldwin and Walker's
"Ladyship" Scotch
fingering, 3 ply,

6 oz. fawn,

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. brown,

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. tangerine.

1 pr. Double Century
knitting needles, size 9.

A fine bone crochet
hook.

A smart accessory which
is exceptionally easy to
make: the waistcoat is
knitted in one piece
joined beneath the arms
and with the border
added afterwards



ABBREVIATIONS

K=knit plain.

P=purl.

st=stitch or stitches.

tog=together.

inc=increase.

d.c=double crochet.

stk.st=1 row plain,
1 row purl.

COMMENCE at
the back by
casting on 124
st with fawn
wool. K in ribbing of
K1, P1 for 20 rows.
Continue in stk.st for 92
rows from the ribbing.
Cast off 6 st at the begin-
ning of the next two rows
for the armholes. K 2 tog
at the beginning and end
of every K row 8 times.
Continue on these 96 st.
for 50 rows from armholes.

1st row.—K 33 st, turn and P back.

3rd row.—K.

4th row.—P.

5th row.—K.

6th row.—P 26, turn, slip the first st,
and K back.

8th row.—P 19, turn, slip the first st,
and K back.

10th row.—P 12, turn, slip the first st,
and K back.

12th row.—P 6, turn, slip the first st,
and K back.

14th row.—P 33 st. Slip these st on
to a st holder. Cast off 30 centre st,
and K 4 rows on the remaining 33 st.

5th row.—K 26, turn, slip the first st,
and P back.

7th row.—K 19, turn, slip the first st,
and P back.

9th row.—K 12, turn, slip the first st,
and P back.

11th row.—K 6, turn, slip the first st,
and P back.

13th row.—K 33. Continue on these
st for the LEFT FRONT. K 40 rows,
stk.st, inc 1 st at the end of every K row

8 times. Cast on 6 sts at the end of the
next K row. Continue on these 47 st for
55 rows from the 6 cast on st. Inc 1 st
at the beginning of every K row 4 times.
P 51 st.

K the right front as far as this one,
making the inc at the beginning of the
K rows instead of at the end. Now K the
st on the needle, cast on 22, and K the
51 from the st holder. K 28 rows
stk.st on these 124 st.

K 1, P 1, for 20 rows, and cast off.

Commence the border with fawn wool
and the wrong side of the work towards
you.

Crochet 1 d.c into the first st after the
22 cast on st in the centre front, 1 d.c in
the next st, miss 1 st and repeat all
round the edge until you reach the first
d.c. Now double the knitting in a
straight line with the d.c, just worked,
and crochet 6 d.c (taking up one thread of
wool only) into 6 st of the knitting. Turn
the work, double the knitting again and
crochet 1 d.c into every other st in a
straight line down to the end of the

ribbing, taking up one thread of wool
only.

Work the following rows on the right
side, taking up the back thread of the
d.c in the previous rows.

2nd row.—Use the brown wool and
crochet 1 d.c into every st, missing one
st at the curve of the neck.

3rd row.—1 d.c into every st until
you reach the curve at waist, then miss
1 st every 4.

4th and 5th rows.—Use the tangerine
wool, crochet 1 d.c into every st. Press
the work carefully under a damp cloth,
fasten ends neatly with a darning needle,
and sew up the side seams. For the arm-
holes, use fawn wool.

1st row.—1 d.c into every st (98 st).

2nd row.—Use brown wool, 1 d.c into
every st.

3rd row.—4 d.c, miss 1 st, repeat all
round.

4th and 5th rows.—Use tangerine
wool, 1 d.c into every st. Press seams
and armholes, sew buttons in the front
as illustrated.

The Story of a Crooked Venture which looked like "Money for Jam"

LOTS of people were interested in the Christopher Pearls. The weekly journals made regular and frequent references to them in their gossip columns. So did the popular newspapers.

There they were generally described as "The Christopher Heirloom," or "Lady Christopher's priceless rope of matchless Orient pearls." And it was suggested that their value was fabulous.

It wasn't. Sir Henry Christopher would have told you that they were insured for eleven thousand, and that it was a pity that Molly, who was Lady Christopher, would not let him try to get the entail broken, and sell 'em.

And Jerry Garth could have told you that, handled carefully, if you hadn't got to sell in a hurry, you ought to get the best part of eight thousand for them, placed judiciously with dealers who didn't ask awkward questions, in New York or Buenos Ayres; for Jerry Garth had been interested in them for some time, though the Christophers had no idea of that.

Indeed, Jerry had been so much interested that he had persuaded a quiet, rather attractive woman, whom he knew as Kitty Sullivan, to work herself into a parlour-maid's job at the Christophers' big flat overlooking Hyde Park a couple of summers back.

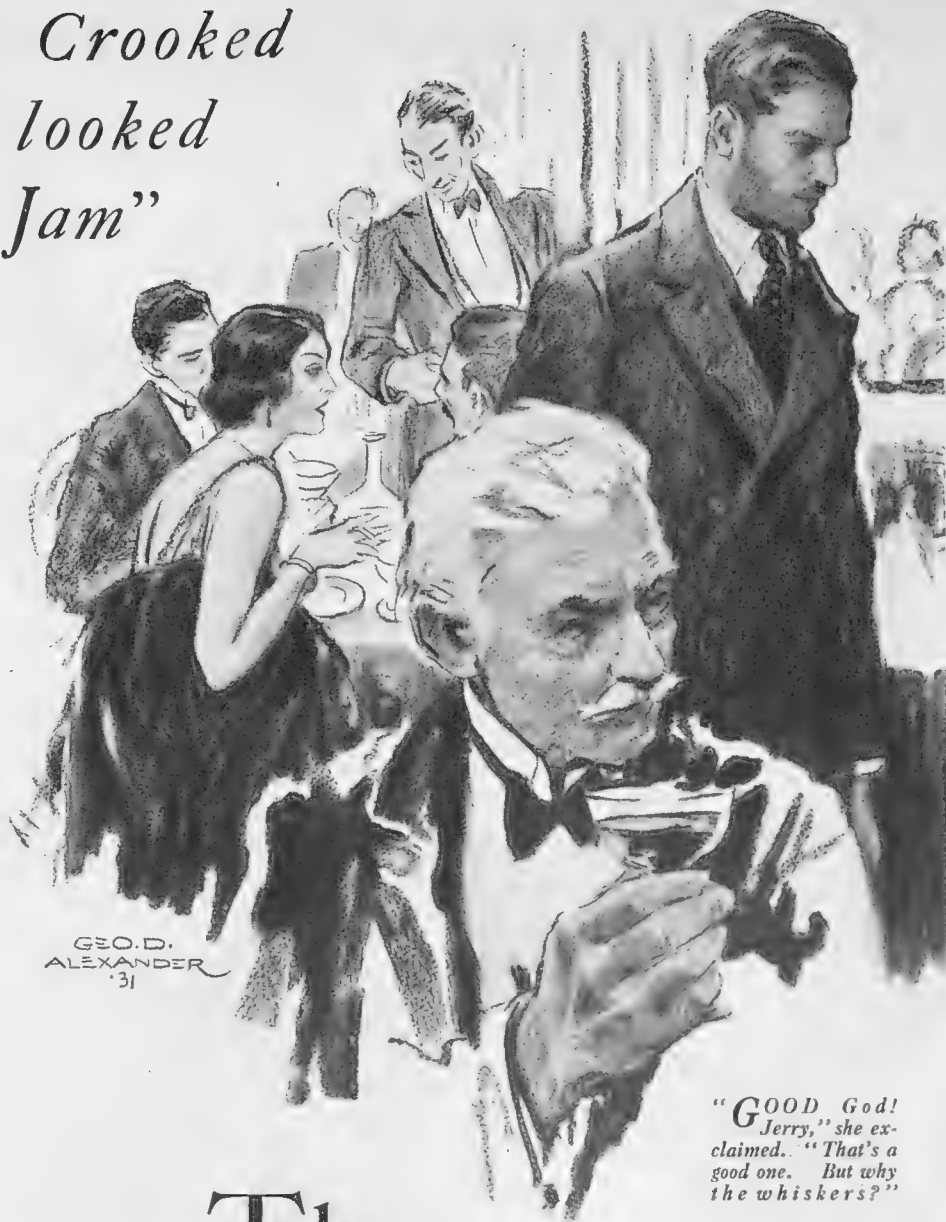
Lady Christopher always remembered Kitty, whom she knew as Porter, as the most competent parlour-maid she had ever had. She never ceased to regret the illness of an aged mother in Cheshire that made Porter leave.

But Kitty's real reason for leaving was that she had discovered that the Christopher Pearls weren't in the flat. They were kept at the bank, and only came out on very rare occasions.

Jerry Garth paid Kitty well for her work, but he didn't forget the pearls. For it was his profession to take an interest in valuable jewellery. Scotland Yard had that fact registered, together with his finger prints and many of his aliases.

But Scotland Yard had heard nothing of him since the big diamond robbery in Hatton Garden a year ago. They guessed that he was behind that, and they rather hoped he'd gone to America and would stay there. But Jerry had only transferred his activities to the Continent for a time, where he was slowly maturing a promising blackmailing job, and he came back to England on a bleak November day because of something he read in an English paper as he sat in a barber's chair in Paris.

It was an innocent enough item of Society News. The engagement, it said, was announced between Noel Oliver, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Wade-Scott of Chillesford Mansions, South Kensington, and Monica Grace, only daughter of the Rev. Gregory and Mrs. Christopher of Marsh Wickham Rectory, Suffolk.



"GOOD God! Jerry," she exclaimed. "That's a good one. But why the whiskers?"

The Christopher

Illustrated by George

Jerry Garth's hard blue eyes lighted with the lust of the chase as they fell upon the name Christopher. His crafty mind began to work at once.

Gregory Christopher—that would be Sir Henry's brother, he reckoned. And Monica was an only daughter, was she? There'd be a big family function over this wedding then, and that meant that the odds were the Christopher Pearls would be coming out of the bank again—and going to be worn in a country rectory.

That seemed good enough to Jerry Garth: the sort of luck he'd been hoping for. And Garth believed in following his luck.

The barber finished cutting his hair and prepared to shave him.

"No. No," Jerry said suddenly, rubbing his chin. "My skin's too tender

—I'll wait." For Jerry Garth had decided in a couple of seconds that he would grow a beard.

JERRY GARTH worked with amazing patience and thoroughness, and as much as possible on his own. The fewer people who knew what you were doing the fewer there were to talk, he argued wisely. And with so rich a prize as the Christopher Pearls in sight he worked with more deliberate cunning than usual.

For he was growing more and more to feel that his luck was in. Things were coming quite O.K. this time.

He felt that particularly on the evening after he returned to England, when he went in search of Kitty Sullivan. He had not heard of her for months, and she might have been anywhere—in jail

By Richard Keverne



Pearls

D. Alexander

possibly, or the Riviera probably. But she wasn't.

Garth knew her London haunts well, and he found her at one of the more disreputable night clubs and noted with satisfaction that she was looking a bit shabby. If Kitty were out of funds, all the better for him.

She didn't recognise him when he went over to her table. She stared at him through bold, appraising eyes. And when he said in his soft, expressionless voice, "It's all right, Kitty—don't waste your time," she started.

"Good God! Jerry," she exclaimed. "That's a good one. But why the whiskers?"

"Just for fun," he answered tauntingly.

"Then for God's sake buy me a drink for fun, Jerry. I'm broke. I've been

having a hell of a time. And if you want to be a pal, let me have a tanner for a bit. You look as if you weren't doing too badly."

"All right. All right," he said, in his silky, evil way. "There'll be lots of tenners coming to you if you're a good little girl and do what you're told."

Her dark eyes narrowed and she glanced keenly into his bearded face.

"What's the big idea?" she said.

"I want you to go into service again, Kitty."

"Where?" She spoke in a low, harsh voice, without moving her lips. "Same place?"

He nodded, and hailed a waiter. He had said all he intended to at the moment. It was up to Kitty Sullivan to make the next move.

She sat with hard, calculating expression until the champagne came. Then she gulped down a glass of it, and said: "All right. I'm on, Jerry, if it's worth my while."

"That's a good little girl," he smiled. "Where'll I find you?"

She scribbled an address, and presently he went out. She followed ten minutes later, and two days afterwards Lady Christopher was delighted to hear from her treasure of a parlour-maid, Porter, once more.

Mrs. Porter, it seemed, had died. Porter herself had been ill for some months, but now she was anxious to return to service.

As Molly Christopher said, nothing could have been luckier. With darling Monica's wedding coming on they would be bound to have a lot of extra entertaining to do, with the dear child staying there for dressmakers and things. It was simply marvellous luck, for Porter was so good.

Jerry Garth thought so too. But again the Christophers did not know that.

BUT Jerry Garth by then was Mr. Owen Trevor, a shy and diffident gentleman who spoke with a marked Welsh accent, and who had come to stay at the "Crown" at Marsh Wickham for a few days.

George Capel, the landlord, had an idea that he was an artist come down to the country to pick up, as you might say, after a bad go of the 'flu.

Mr. Owen Trevor had a self-effacing way with him, so that he left very little definite impression upon anybody. Even when he sat in the smoke room of the "Crown" in the evenings, the local worthies forgot that he was there, and they talked freely—mostly just then of the pending wedding at the Rectory and all the fine doings that would be in Marsh Wickham come January time.

George Capel, as enthusiastic as the rest, turned once to Mr. Trevor, having forgotten his existence for ten minutes or so, and said: "I can tell you, sir, there'll be some surprising doings here that week."

"I suppose there will, indeed," Mr. Trevor replied pleasantly. "A damned sight more surprising than you think, my lad," he added in thought to himself.

Mr. Trevor walked a good deal while he was at the "Crown." As he told Mr. Capel, he admired the country enormously, and there was a beautiful church.

But what he did not tell Mr. Capel was that it was going to be money for jam. That he couldn't have asked for a better place than the Rectory—a child could get into it.

Standing as it did with its big garden adjoining the churchyard, you could come and go as you liked and no one would see you. A peach of a house too, long and



low, with flower beds round most of it, so that if you had to jump for it you wouldn't hurt yourself.

Just about an hour and a half before dinner would be the time to go. Dark then. No one in the bedrooms. All downstairs playing cards or listening to the wireless. Jerry knew the way of country houses. Up that stack pipe by the stables, in at a landing window, and give him twenty minutes to go through the bedrooms and he wouldn't bother Marsh Wickham again for a long time.

Unless, of course, the pearls were shoved in the safe. There probably was a safe. Parsons often had them, to keep church records and plate in, he knew. For twenty years ago Jerry Garth, under the name to which he had been born, had visited in rectories. He remembered that fact not with shame, but with satisfaction. His Uncle Charles had been a parson and had a ramshackle safe in his study that, now, Jerry Garth would guarantee to open in ten minutes if he wanted to.

Better have a look for this old man's safe, he decided. So in the fading light of a winter afternoon he called upon the Rev. Gregory Christopher with a simple question about the family of Gorbury—whose name he had noted on old tombstones in the churchyard. And that led to references to the church registers, which the rector produced from just such a ramshackle safe as Uncle Charles had used.

Mr. Trevor left with many thanks, and a donation of a pound to the Poor Fund in acknowledgment of the trouble the rector had taken. The Reverend Gregory Christopher thought him a pleasant Welshman and a generous fellow. Jerry Garth thought the rector a pleasant fellow too—a pleasant old fool. He had even been fool enough to go out of the room for a few moments, and give Jerry that thousand to one chance for which he had hoped, but never believed he would get, of making a quick squeeze in wax of the safe key, which had been left in its door.

His luck was in, all right, Jerry admitted once more, as he walked back across the churchyard. If the Christopher Pearls came to Marsh Wickham in January, they wouldn't go back to their bank. Maybe he might get nine thousand for them—perhaps even a bit more.

Mr. Trevor left the "Crown" the next day, assuring the landlord: "Indeed, I feel fine as ever I was. The air here is wonderful, look you.—Thank you, Mr. Capel, thank you. I shall certainly come to see you again when I am in this neighbourhood."

But it was some weeks before Jerry Garth was in that neighbourhood again. His luck was holding, and he didn't want his face too well known in remote Marsh Wickham.

Kitty Sullivan was splendid. How the devil she managed it Jerry often wondered, but somehow she seemed to know everything that went on at the Christophers' flat, and she reported regularly and faithfully to him.

She told him of the row "the old man" and "Molly" had had over dinner one night about the pearls. How he didn't want her to wear them at Marsh Wickham, and how she got her own way by vowing that she wouldn't go to the wedding at all unless she did. She told him of the family dinner party arranged

at the Rectory for the night before the wedding ceremony, and who was to be there, and she gave him interesting scraps of telephone conversations overheard, so that Jerry came to know a very great deal about the arrangements for "dear Monica's" marriage.

A good little girl, Kitty, he told himself many times. He must use her again. She had brains.

NOT until the Sunday before the wedding was Jerry Garth's faith in his luck shaken, and then, of a sudden, all his long and patient preparations seemed as if they were going for nothing.

Kitty came that evening to the obscure little Soho restaurant which was their regular meeting place, and he saw by her face that something had gone wrong.

"She looked haggard and nervy, and her greeting was: 'The old man's got the wind up, Jerry. He's not such a damned fool as we thought. He's got Pringles on to it. One of their chaps—Craven—is going down for the wedding, and to be in the house as long as the pearls are there. That's torn it. What are you going to do about it?'"

She spoke in a low, husky voice, hardly moving her lips, and her dark eyes shifted restlessly as she talked.

Garth said "Blast!" in a savage tone, and glared at the soiled table cloth for some moments, for he knew Pringles, the big private detective agency, and he feared them far more than he did the police.

Pringles prided themselves on success. They used only the best men and charged huge fees for their services. And they couldn't afford failures.

"How do you know?" he demanded at length.

"Heard the old man talking on the 'phone to his brother, the parson, this afternoon," Kitty answered. "It's his idea; he was explaining it all. The old girl"—who was Lady Christopher—"she's not to know till she gets down there in case she talks. No one's to know. Pringles' chap's to be the perfect gentleman and all that. The old man told the parson he didn't feel justified in taking chances—the damned old fool! Jerry, it looks rotten."

Jerry agreed, but he didn't say so. He was thinking hard how to save that eight thousand odd pounds that until a few minutes before he had felt so certain of getting.

"When's he going?" he snapped out.

"To-morrow. Soon after the old girl. She drives down in the morning with her maid and the pearls. The old man's going down by train later. He's got a meeting or something before he can go. And this Craven's coming to the flat to get his instructions as soon as the old girl's gone. That's your only chance, Jerry. You've got to stop him somehow. Give yourself an hour or two before he gets there. The stuff will be in the house, and the dinner's not till eight. God! Jerry. You've got to do something."

Kitty Sullivan, too, was seeing the reward of weeks of patient labour fading before her eyes.

Garth stopped her with a rough "Shut up, you fool! Don't have a brainstorm here. I know what I'm going to do. Tell me some more."

Kitty repeated her story, but in fuller detail under his sharp questioning, and while she talked Jerry Garth decided on the most daring plan he had ever conceived in his cunning, crooked brain.

The Christopher Pearls were worth a gamble, and by God! he was going to take a chance for them.

"All right, Kitty. All right. Now listen to me." He ordered a meal, and as they ate it Kitty listened, and presently he left her to take a taxi to one of the more remote of London suburbs. There was a garage there kept by a man who could help him.

His name was Gordon, at least that was what Jerry Garth called him. He was a lean, wiry man, with hair so fair and sandy that it seemed that he had neither eyelashes nor brows. His eyes were bird-like, suggesting beads stuck into his face, and his conversation consisted largely of

"That's right," expressed in a rich Cockney accent.

Jerry outlined his plan without any

(Continued on page 107)

Someone was pointing an ugly blue-black automatic straight at him and saying in a soft, menacing voice, "Put 'em up sonny. Put 'em up, and no tricks"





STOCKADES are built by natives into which wild elephants are driven and captured

Catch 'em Alive-

Trapping Wild Animals for the Zoos of the Scenes in a decidedly dangerous but

THE majority of visitors to zoological gardens are usually so interested in the animals themselves that they forget all about the untold dangers that have, in many cases, been encountered by the men who made the captures possible. If only we knew the past history of most of the wild beasts we see in captivity, we should have a host of thrilling animal stories at our finger tips!

There can be no denying that the supplying of zoos and menageries with suitable inhabitants is a highly specialised business. At the great ports of Europe, such as London, Liverpool, Marseilles and Hamburg, you will find recognised animal dealers who trade in this curious merchandise. Their depots are nothing more than vast animal emporiums, where you can purchase all kinds of beasts and birds, just as you can procure a suit of clothes or a hat from the big stores. Some of these dealers send out their own men to hunt and trap the animals, and will even organise special expeditions to secure the rarer species. Then there are the animal hunters who work independently, for the most part British sportsmen. These men will lose themselves in the bush for months at a time and then turn up with their caravans and dispose of their catches to agents in Nairobi, Khartoum, Stanleyville and Salisbury in Africa, Singapore in the Malay States, Calcutta in India, and so on. These agents in turn sell the animals to the dealers in Europe or to the zoo direct.

Those who imagine that the catching of wild creatures of the forest and plain is a fairly simple matter should remember that after securing his quarry the animal hunter has to transport it alive for many hundreds of miles, often across trackless and practically unexplored country. A dead beast is of no use to him. The big-game trapper

must catch the animal *alive*—that is the essence of his job. His gun is for use only in the last emergency, and on numerous occasions men have sacrificed their lives because they refrained too long from using the rifle. Yet the actual capture of the animals is often the simplest part of the work. Thereafter the hunter's chief concern is their welfare. He has to attend to their many and varied wants, doctor them when they are sick, and convey them safely to the agent or dealer as the case may be. Not only must he know how to deal with the savage beast, but with the savage man as well, for to accomplish his purpose he has frequently to rely upon the natives to assist him, and he can only do this efficiently by knowing how to handle them.



CAGING a seal elephant on Guadalupe Island off the coast of California



A PIGMY hippopotamus from Liberia. The first living specimen to be brought out of Africa

CAMELS are used to carry the cages, in which the wild animals are placed, from the camps to the coast



hippos floating down the streams and spotted giraffes on the horizon; he will also relate to you how many had been shot in the district only a short while before by some famous sportsman. Yet if you wished to procure a live okapi to-day, which is only to be found in the depths of the mysterious Congo forests, you would probably have to pay £2,000, or even more. The recognised market price of a rhinoceros is £1,200, a hippopotamus £1,000, a giraffe £600 to £700, and other animals in proportion according to their rarity and the difficulty of taking them alive. Why, one may well ask, this enormous price for a single specimen of these creatures when they appear to be

O'!...

*World—Behind the
lucrative Industry*



FOR which Zoo? A pair of young lions in the jungle

fairly plentiful in the land of their birth? The reason is easily explained. No hunter would dream of trying to capture a full-grown hippo or rhino. Indeed, it would be practically impossible to hold such an animal, and, even were it possible to entice one into a cage, it would probably only kill itself in its frenzied efforts to escape, or refuse to eat, and so die of starvation. This applies to nearly all the bigger species of wild life. Captured adults will die of a broken heart, apart from the fact of the difficulty of transporting them. A full-grown adult hippo will turn the scale at from two to three tons, not a light weight to be conveyed across rough country. What the hunter endeavours to do, therefore, is to secure the young ones. This he does by hunting along the river banks until he happens to discover a hippo and her young. The thing then is to capture the calf.

FULLY three-fourths of the hippos formerly brought to Europe were secured by the Havati or water-hunters of the Sudan by means of the harpoon. A special kind of weapon was used, fashioned in such a way that it did not make a deep wound. Not only were hippos taken in this way, but also crocodiles. Happily this undoubtedly cruel method is a thing of the past, and the plan now followed by the modern collector is to trap young hippos in nets.

Hippopotamus hunts are also conducted on land. There advantage is taken of the fact that the female hippopotamus makes her young walk in front of her. The reason for this is that the beast, being well protected (Continued on page 146)



NATURALLY it is the rarer species, such as the okapi, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe, bongo and gorilla that the dealers most prize. And here a word of explanation is necessary. A traveller returning from the wilds of Africa will tell you how he detected

THE giraffe is one of the most difficult animals to capture and transport

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE
F.R.G.S.



Alice
Grey

May
Chance

Huey Grey

Jock
Cleverly

Mrs. Cleverly

Married WOMEN

1920

"But then, my dear," said Mrs. Cleverly, in her pretty, soft, lazy voice, "if you are happily married that sort of thing doesn't appeal to you, and so one's not in a position to judge. Most of us are frightfully good at abstaining from those sins we do not want to commit, but I never feel we shall get to Heaven on that . . ."

"But if a man can't keep his wife . . ." began Barbara, who was young still for all she was a mother.

"I know, dear. He deserves to lose her. Such a comfort, those old catchwords, to people who can't be bothered to think for themselves. Like 'An Englishman is Master in his Own House.' It sounds splendid, but means nothing whatever when you come to look into it. If Jock Chance put his mind to what you call 'keeping' May, he would have no time left over to do his job, and then think how much poorer we should all be. I'm sure he has made me a completely new inside, and there is hardly a woman in Rangoon who does not bear the marks of his handiwork somewhere about her person. Personally, I think we as women should arise in a body to defend him. He's the best doctor we have ever had out here. . . . And I ask you, if you were opening people up and doing running repairs on their insides all day long, would you want to come to the Gym at night, and dance, knowing all you knew of vile bodies. . . . No, I thought not. Well, May doesn't ever take that into consideration. Here they come."

THROUGH the entrance to the Club came May Chance, and Huey Grey, together. It was the *cause célèbre* of 1920. They were always together, and people had almost come to accept the affair as legalised by long standing. Huey was six feet four and only slightly grey at the temples. It was marvellous to see him dancing with May, looking into her eyes, his handsome sensitive face sort

ALL her old resentment against Jock welled up in her heart again. He was so old-fashioned. . .



Ida King

*Captain
Cherry King*

*Jock
Chance*

*Will,
Barbara
and their
children*

The Wedding March—in different Keys

Illustrated by Edward Osmona

of lit. He was long and lean, and had a wonderful laugh. Huey's immense popularity made it easier for people to accept the affair than they would have done otherwise. He was in demand at every party, and if asking him meant asking May or not getting him, even the most senior ladies in the station put up with May.

May Chance was all about twenty-nine, and beautiful. Her gold brown hair had a burnished look and her wide blue eyes held something very charming and childish and appealing. She adopted a clinging little girl pose that had an immense vogue in Rangoon about that time. She was always beautifully dressed. Her parents were well to do and sent her out lovely clothes from home, and she kept a maid who did nothing but iron her, and press her, and manicure her, and curl her; in days when all most women got was the spare moments the ayah had left over from the children, which were few.

May had no children. She always clung to somebody in the neighbourhood when she inspected other people's.

"Darling . . . I wouldn't know what to do with one. . . .I'd be terrified. And then—my heart—you know . . ."

And she would smooth her burnished brown hair off her forehead with a faultlessly manicured hand. That was May . . .

"No harm in the girl . . . " said Mrs. Cleverly, her eyes following May Chance down the room. "She's just a fool—just another of those fools who don't realise that if you don't invest you can't draw dividends. . . ."

By Dorothy Black

Then, seeing the face of the girl beside her, she grew suddenly grave and laid a hand on her knee.

"Barbara, you aren't envying her, are you?"

Barbara said, passionately, "Well, why not? Look at the marvellous time she has. Look at the way Huey hangs on her every word. Look at her beautiful clothes. And here I go pegging away year after year, having baby after baby, and bad ayahs, and quarrels with dhurseees; and Will is a dear, of course, but nobody could call him romantic."

She sighed and smoothed out the folds of her green taffetas frock. It was her only one, and it was dying on her, and she had no idea where the next one was coming from, with all the last lot of doctor's bills still unpaid.

"Never mind. You're making investments," said Mrs. Cleverly, "whereas May is squandering capital. I'm sure there must be a quotation somewhere that would illustrate my point. 'How doth the little busy bee . . . ' No, it's not that one! I never can remember anything I want to."

Mrs. Cleverly wasn't young, nor was she old, being one of those fortunate women who suggest no age whatever to the mind of man. Noel Cleverly was Financial Secretary and a person of some importance in the Province, but out of office hours he was little seen. Neither he nor his wife took part in the hectic round of dances and parties that went on during the cold weather, and the various plausible excuses Mrs. Cleverly was never at a loss to produce had long ago become standing jokes in Rangoon.

"We are happy at home; why go out and try to get any happier," said Noel Cleverly early in their married life, his arm round his own wife's waist. "All these hectic folk are simply looking for what we have got."

The band struck up. It played "Missourie," and then a nice thing out of "Miss Hook of Holland." Men crowded anxiously round the entrance, trying to catch the few women who came, as partners. Men still approached Mrs. Cleverly in a forlorn hope, but she shook her head.

"Thank you. . . . I never dance. . . . My wooden leg, you know," and she smiled so sadly, so bravely, at that purely mythical limb, that lots of people almost believed in it.

Barbara wasn't dancing, either. Billy boy was barely two months old. She sat, looking on, and thought "Romance and glamour for everyone except me. . . ."

"Poor Alice. . . . There she is again. I can't imagine what she has come out for," Mrs. Cleverly's voice broke in. "It must be really most unpleasant for her." Alice was tall and gaunt, and no amount of lying would ever again make anyone believe she was less than forty-five. She had the anxious, rather vacant, look of a sheep strayed from the fold, a wispy, untidy look that suggested the White Queen out of "Alice in Wonderland." Rather a tragic figure, Alice, and yet, Barbara mused, people said she had

once had a marvellous time, and that in other days a Governor had been amongst her abject slaves and had very nearly killed himself for her sake.

Very nearly—but not quite—and in any case it did not do Alice much good now as she danced round, wearing an unlikely pink tulle frock, much too young for her, in the arms of a Judge of the High Court, who in a properly constituted society would have been prevented by law from attempting anything but ring-o'-roses. Alice's wide, harried, and rather vacant eyes searched this way and that way all the time she was dancing, and trying to be gay and return the Judge's heavy pleasantries, and Barbara knew what she was looking for well enough. She was trying to find May—and her husband—who were always together, whose affair had come to be practically recognised.

"Poor Mrs. Gray," said Barbara, softly.

"Yes. They fell out over the Governor, and they never got over it. It didn't matter to Alice at first. She had romance after romance—a wonderful time, in short. . . . And for years Huey never looked at anybody until May came along, and then Alice began to think perhaps she hadn't been wise to leave him alone so much and came back, but of course it was too late now. He treats her shamefully now. . . . they say . . . poor Alice."

"Why doesn't she divorce him?"

Mrs. Cleverly said, "For the heartbreaking reason so many married women know, my dear. She hasn't got any money, and she hasn't got any guts, and she has got used to leading an easy, luxurious life at Huey's expense. . . ."

Will arrived for Barbara. He was a nice, square, homely creature, with an honest face and a lame leg which he got in the War. Mrs. Cleverly watched them go away together, and her pretty eyes grew soft. A nice, wholesome couple of children, she thought.

"I must give Barbara a dress. That rag of hers looks like mangled green sage. . . . But with three children and only their pay, it's hardly to be wondered at, poor dears."

She sat, a good-looking woman of no age, looking on. She had no desire to join in the social cliques and intrigues of Rangoon.

She was quite happy.

Huey and May passed close to her, hand in hand, gazing into each other's eyes, bound for the garden, where little bats flitted about in the darkness, and the moon hung like a decoration over the empty tennis courts.



SHE turned to him.

"Well, what is it?" . . .

He looked at her pitifully and felt for her hand.

"Poor May," thought Mrs. Cleverly, inconsequently. Most women envied May at that time. Huey adored her so, and it was all very romantic.

THERE was a place on the tennis courts where the trees made a black shadow. The shadow engulfed the figures of Huey and May, and now Huey had her in his arms, his face against the burnished brown of her hair, and all his heart full of the scent of her.

"I've been longing for this all day. Just this moment alone with you. . . . Just you and me. . . . This is all life holds for me now, May. . . . This waiting to be with you. . . ."

They stood in silence, face to face. Then moved a little way and sat down on a bench,

BARBARA was often astonished at the fun she got out of having a grown-up daughter, of listening to her adventures

still in the shadows.

"You needn't hurry away? He hasn't come."

"No," she said, "he hasn't come. He doesn't care for this sort of thing, he says. He's always tired in the evening, and of course the operating theatre is"

"If you were mine, nothing would make me too tired to go about with you," he whispered. "O, May, how sweet and soft and white you are. . . . Why aren't you mine?"

Distant strains reached them from the ballroom of "Missourie," and another nice thing out of "Miss Hook of Holland." And presently, silhouetted against the bright square of light that was the doorway, a large figure appeared, looking this way and that. . . . Peering through the shadows, looking May knew very well what for. . . . She laughed and nestled against Huey, young, triumphant, safe. . . .

"There's Alice," she said, "looking for you."

It pleased her to triumph over Alice. Once, long ago on a sea voyage, Alice had snubbed a little nobody who was travelling out alone to marry one of the Rangoon doctors, and was thus beneath her notice. Women do not easily forget these things. . . . "There's Alice," said May, and called to mind the white decks, the beautifully dressed Alice of those days, and the snub, once more. The tables were turned.

"Not looking for me," said Huey. "She hates me. We haven't lived together for years. I never interested her; she was always out after larger game. I often wonder now what she married me for, and I can't for the life of me make out why she comes here. Why can't

she stay at home, now that I want her to. . . ."

"Isn't it queer how all the wrong people seem to marry one another . . ." said May, in a small voice. She was thinking, then, of Jock. They kissed, and in the little silence that followed she was thinking of Jock again. He had seemed marvellous at home in Bath. He was one of those large, fair men that dogs and children take to at sight, and he had the most beautiful hands. Surgeons' hands, artists' hands, square and clever, and always scrupulously clean.

There was a lot of good in Jock. He simply bored her. He bored her more and more, the longer they lived together. It never struck May that she had never noticed this boredom before she met Huey. Life, she said, hadn't turned out as she expected it to. Life with Huey would

have been so different. They were soul mates. Sometimes it made her cry. She would have run away with Huey any day if he had asked her, but he never suggested it. He had too much respect for her.

JOCK CHANCE was awake when his wife returned, although it was long past midnight. He blinked at her sleepily and said, "It's a boy," because pieces of information of that sort usually interested her. But May had forgotten it was a baby case on which he had been out half the night, and she hadn't the spirit to ask whose the fine boy was. She undressed and crept into the twin bed beside him, shivering, although the night was close and hot and hair about her forehead damp with it. All her old resentment against Jock welled up in her heart again. He was so old-fashioned. He would not take the hint about sleeping in his dressing-room, no matter how plainly she put it to him. Surely it must have been obvious to the densest man, long ago, that she didn't like married life, that she wanted to be left alone.

And there he lay, a large man, in scarlet Shan trousers. . . . "Scarlet, I ask you!" said May. Night after night. Suddenly she knew that she could not stand it any longer, and she buried her face in her hands and said:—

"Jock, for God's sake let us separate. I'm not happy. I can't go on. I just can't bear it."

He sat up, his hair ruffled, a large, anxious man with beautiful clever hands.

"Whatever's wrong with you, my poor child?"

"Everything! Everything!"



"Rubbish, my dear. At the moment you are in the throes of a sentimental attachment with Huey Grey. I haven't interfered. I haven't thwarted you about it, because I believe quite sincerely that, left to itself, it will pass as these things do."

"Oh, I can't understand why you haven't more pride than to force a woman to live with you who doesn't want to."

He laid his hand kindly on her knees.

"Well, then, let's face facts. Supposing we don't live together, what are you going to do, May? I am not well enough off to give you an allowance to allow you to live as you like to, apart from me."

"Huey would marry me."

His eyes darkened, and he said gently:—

"The unattainable is always so much more desirable than the thing we can have, dear. Don't overlook the fact that Huey is probably just constituted as nine out of ten other men are."

"You are so coarse, so horrid. You want to drag it all down to the level of a common intrigue, and it has never been that. Huey and I have something fundamental in common."

"Most men and women have something fundamental in common," he said drily.

She sobbed anew.

"There you are, you see. Making it all seem coarse and horrible and low. You haven't any imagination. Just because a thing hasn't happened to you, you can't imagine it happening to anybody. Oh, Jock, let me go."

She lay sobbing beside him until the dawn was grey beyond the window; and the sparrows began to awake once more and chatter their amiable futilities in the eaves. He laid his hand heavily on her shoulders, feeling wearily for her in the half-darkness.

"All right, old lady. You shall go home. I'll fix it up, only do stop crying. I can't bear you to be unhappy. You shall go home. Perhaps things will come right after all later on, I am sure, if only you'd give them a chance..."

MAY went round to Barbara Hill's bungalow next morning and told her all about it. Barbara was nursing the baby.

"You are happily married," said May. "Lucky girl. You don't know what it is to have to go on living day after day with someone who bores you and does not understand you, and you have to sleep in the same room with him, although he wears scarlet Shan trousers, usually a size too small. And all the time you are in love with someone else."

Barbara said nothing, yet apart from the fact that she was not in love with anyone else, the case seemed entirely to fit her own. For how Will got on her nerves sometimes! How she hated the way he slopped about the house in the evenings, wearing a tennis shirt open at the neck, great acres of chest showing. She thought:

"May is really a much nicer character than I am, for she says outright what I only think in secret."

She would have liked to tell May in strict confidence how much there was that was disappointing in her own marriage, but May, it was obvious, did not want her to talk. She only wanted her to listen and sympathise, so Barbara, who was a kind girl, did.

Will came limping in at tiffin time. Barbara, who read him so easily that to her he had become little but a collection of well-thumbed pages, knew by his face there was something amiss. Funny old Will, you couldn't help liking him—he was so clumsy, so well meaning, so transparent.

As soon as May had gone she turned to him.

"Well, what is it?"

He minded so much that he could hardly say it.

"Mrs. Grey was drowned early this morning in the Royal Lakes, Babs. They're bringing it in as an accident, but I don't

think really there is much doubt..." He looked at her pitifully and felt for her hand.

"Beastly!" he said.

Barbara went upstairs, and again she felt that little stab of envy that came to her when she thought about May. Some people seemed to have everything fall right for them. Now Jock would let May go, of course, and then she and Huey would be married and live happily ever after."

"Oo! Oo-oo-oo-oo!" Billy boy set up a sudden and terrific wail from his cot in the corner.

"Oh, blow!" said Barbara under her breath. Controlling herself, she picked him up with what patience she could and comforted him. "You and your wailing," she addressed the baby firmly. "What's wrong with you?"

He mouthed at her, pleasantly suggesting food.

"Romance everywhere," she thought angrily, "and for me—this!"

1930 The place was so crowded with women, you did not know where to turn. Everybody had a sister or a cousin or a niece out for the hot weather, to say nothing of widows marauding on their own. The great slump had fallen on Rangoon, and there was too much of everything, except money. The women filled all the clubs, they organised their own golf matches and cricket matches. They got up parties for the young men, who had of late grown offhand and casual, but they could now afford to be. There was no more fighting for partners at the entrance to the Gym. Young men came late and made a leisurely selection. Under this glut of women they had it all their own way.

Everything had changed out of all recognition, except Mrs. Cleverly. Mrs. Cleverly was still one of those lucky women



who suggest no age whatever to the mind of man. Her lazy, pretty voice still made poignant observations that were wafted round Rangoon by those people who had nothing of their own to say. But of late Mrs. Cleverly had got a little exclusive, and unless you knew her fairly well, the chances were you never found her. For not only was her house approached by a long and neglected lane that looked as if it led to nowhere, but the name-board that should have said Mr. N. Cleverly was entirely obliterated by the weather and adjacent creeper, whilst if you tried to leave cards in the small wooden calling-box that hung beneath the name-board, bearing the forbidding words, "Mrs. N. Cleverly. Not at Home," even the box was against you. For it had no bottom, and the cards simply fell through on to the ground and presently blew away.



FOR two months they were deliriously happy. He had never laughed as much as he did on the journey East, watching the effect of the tropics on Ida, and the funny things she thought of

So that Mrs. Cleverly did not make many new friends. She had got what she wanted from life, and did not look for more. Barbara still saw quite a lot of her. Time had been kind to Barbara, for all her worries and trials had been unsearing ones, and now at thirty-five she had a girlish uncreased look about her still. Will adored her. It did you good, said Mrs. Cleverly, to see those two together. Billy boy was at school in England, but Pam was a young lady of seventeen, with long skirts, and with beaux of her own. Barbara was often astonished at the fun she got out of having a grown-up daughter with her, choosing

her clothes and listening to her adventures, and seeing the world anew, all dewy and fresh with the glory of the morning, through Pam's unsophisticated eyes.

"How charming they are, these young things, with their passionate belief in everything and everybody," said Mrs. Cleverly.

Barbara said, "I sometimes wonder if I was wise to bring her out. There are such a lot of things you don't want them to learn about too soon."

Her eyes followed Pam, dancing in the Gym with one of those nice, clean young men who blossom on the staffs of the big firms and have

prospects but no ready cash, and such loving hearts. The band played softly, enticingly, "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me."

"Sooner or later they've got to face things," said Mrs. Cleverly.

"Yes. But one doesn't want them realising it all too soon, and understanding about things like Jock Chance, and May, and Ida King. It's all so—sordid, isn't it?"

Mrs. Cleverly said, "Oh, well! There is really no harm in Ida. She is just a little fool."

(Continued on page 142)

The OULED NAILS



AN experienced dancer of the Ouled Nails



*Above:
A TYPICAL beauty of the Ouled Nails*

A SPAHI with a girl of the Ouled Nail tribe



and some expertness in the control of their abdominal muscles.

Everywhere throughout the country, whether in the small Saharan villages, the tourists' oases or the coastal towns, they are present to make a spectacle for foreigners and brief happiness for the natives, to amass a modest fortune and

finally to settle down to respectable married life, unless they die in the attempt.

No traveller who professes to know North African life at all intimately can affect an ignorance of these daughters of pleasure. Most tourists discover them in the cafés sooner or later. The comfortable anonymity of travel transforms curiosity into adventure.

Not so long ago, seated on the terrace of a famous Saharan hotel, two loud-voiced, acid-etched women battered the silence of the oasis with an argument as to the relative sensuality of two dancing girls.

The women were of the type who eye an English girl in "pajamas de plage" through tortoiseshell lorgnettes, but, even at their age (in a

DISTANCE certainly lends enchantment to the dark beauties of North Africa—those women who mix dancing with another profession and are generally called "the beautiful young Ouled Nails."

Since beauty is in the eye of the beholder, their charms are beyond discussion. The Arabs find them attractive. Young, they usually are, for age comes on them with terrific rapidity: they are hags at thirty.

Dancers they are as certainly not, except for a little posturing



CONCERNING those Daughters of Pleasure, the Ouled Nails, the Dancing Girls who haunt the cafés of North Africa. Tourists may pity them, but other native women think them lucky. No man rules them. At least they are free, sometimes to laugh, sometimes to die . . .

foreign country) got a safe thrill from the innocent naughtiness of Fatma and Kumla.

"I preferred Kumla!" said the more deeply-seared of the two women. "That last flick of her tummy was superb!"

"But so fat," protested her companion. "Fatma was much more agreeable. Less practised, of course, but so much a child of nature!"

They had been to a polite spectacle, staged for tourists, where the dancing girls performed, dressed in heavy pantaloons and a nondescript upper garment which left a few inches of naked flesh visible about the middle. However, it is precisely that section of their anatomy that dances, spasmodically, with a suggestion of acute indigestion.

For which performance the girls make a collection.

"Easy money," my friend El Howie Aly Alyan explained.

El Howie is a man of the world—of the African world, that is to say: widely travelled along the caravan routes of the continent.

His caravan shuffled into the city towards midday; men and beasts worn with a long journey, but excited by the prospect of comfort and relaxation, of days of splendid indolence, to celebrate which El Howie gave a party.

It began at nine o'clock, when the streets were thronged and life ran high.

We threaded our way through a hilarious crowd, pausing here and there to listen to a teller of tales, whose purple patches El Howie gleefully expounded for my delectation.

The streets were dimly lit—an advantage for some of the faded beauties who sat at their doors: great, inflated creatures plastered with jewellery, which, being interpreted, spoke of favouritism.

Flutes and drums, with plaintive wails and mysterious syncopation were monotonously insistent.

Arabs stopped at the low doors of the lime-washed houses, or moved slowly along, giving the women a cool and appraising examination which, far from being resented, was cordially welcomed, even aided.

THESE Ouled Nails, who no longer danced, invited their scrutineers to test the firmness of their arms, the soft texture of their skins, and shimmied a little as they sat in their silks and velvets, rattling their enormous gold bracelets.

But the procession moved on. Occasionally, in the deeper shadows, musicians accosted grinning negroes who were making a cheerful sound, and entered into mysterious negotiations with them, whose purpose, it could safely be assumed, was to the profit and satisfaction of the Sudanese, for they went off with wider grins and gleaming eyes, in haste.

The streets had strange eddies and currents, almost imperceptible to the alien tourists, full of meaning for the initiated.

The rising wail of flutes, the fiercer strumming of drums, flickering candles in upper windows, all spoke an intelligible language to El Howie and his companions, foretaste of great and grand excitement. Ahead of us, from the midst of a group, rose a burst of laughter. The group became organised, made a procession which we joined, and finally arrived at a café whose atmosphere was moist and dank, redolent of concentrated jasmine, mint tea and tobacco smoke.

A mediocre dancer had just finished her tricks and disappeared.

With a gesture of command, El Howie indicated a section of the café. It was ours. We were seated, and instantly a diminutive page appeared with mint tea, which was sipped heartily. Gurgles, inhalations and miniature explosions expressed delight. El Howie was already on the borders of paradise.

A girl, quite fair and slender, slipped on to the little platform, took up her position and began the usual gentle swaying while flutes piped and drums beat.

(Continued on page 110)

By Fletcher Allen



Plastered with jewellery, a sign of favouritism

Christ

Some hints
with every

By

A. H.

Adair



Miller & Harris

CHRISTMAS, we are always told, comes but once a year. A truly "bromide" saying. But one cannot help thinking that it would be better if we could spread the Christmas feeling more evenly over our ordinary work-a-day year. And this applies more particularly to Christmas, 1931. We have been through so much, we still are going through what are vaguely known as "troubled times," that whatever happens it is our duty to seize all we can and make the best of everything.

As usual, the mistress of the house suffers, perhaps more than any other member of the family, from current difficulties. She is expected as a matter of course to produce the same traditional festive meal. The table must be gay, the food richer and more expensive than that which is served every day. Normally this is not so difficult, but with a general feeling of "economy campaign," "cuts," "reductions" and all that is gloomy, her lot is truly not a happy one.

In spite of every difficulty let us have our good old-fashioned Christmas dinner, but let us be really clever this time and learn how to make a little go a long way. And here is where the intelligence of the housewife is called into action.

There is no doubt that in many households a great deal of food is required during the Christmas season. The bird, served once in all its glory, stuffed, garnished and splendid, has made its first, magnificent appearance. Once more it arrives, cold and rather lacking in interest—but, after that, what happens to it?

Christmas puddings share the same fate. For our gay party nothing can be better than the traditional English pudding ablaze with lighted spirit, and served with its accompaniment of Devonshire cream or brandy butter sauce. Some of us like it afterwards cold, but the most enthusiastic find that cold Christmas pudding has its limitations. However, instead of throwing away what is not used, we can make a delicious sweet for an informal meal. In fact, out of what is left over from the principal Christmas meal we should be able to produce a



THE sideboard in a small dining room is better left free of decoration, plates and dishes being more necessary

second one which, though not quite so formal in character, will be slightly less depressing than the cold scraps which we so often meet on these occasions.

IN arranging the two menus which follow it is hoped that while the main items are purely traditional (and who would presume to improve on the classical English Christmas dinner?) the secondary recipes will prove useful. In the second menu the recipes have been specially chosen with a view of economy and simplicity.

Tomato Soup

Take one pound of onions, peel them and cut them into thin pieces. Fry this in butter or bacon fat in a thick saucepan until the onions are thoroughly cooked without being browned. Add one pound of tomatoes cut up roughly into small pieces, salt and pepper and cook together slowly for twenty minutes. Then add boiling water, allowing for four people five portions of water. Let the soup simmer gently for half an hour at least, pass it through a fine colander into a clean saucepan, bring it to the boil, and then add two tablespoonfuls of vermicelli. When the vermicelli is quite soft—which should take from five to eight minutes—the soup is ready.

Filets de Sole Parmentier

Take some well-trimmed filets of sole, allowing one fillet of a medium-sized sole for each person. Rub them lightly with flour and cut the filets into pieces about three inches long and an inch thick. Meanwhile peel and cut into pieces the same size as the fish some potatoes, allowing the same quantity of sole and potatoes. Fry the potatoes in butter until cooked a golden brown. Also fry

THE table set for an informal luncheon during Christmas week. The entree dishes by courtesy of Goldsmiths and Silversmiths



mas Menus

on how to ally economy
appearance of plenty

the fish in butter but in another pan. When both are ready put them together in one of the pans. Add salt and pepper and the juice of half a lemon. Serve with slices of lemon.

Stuffing for Turkey, Goose or Chicken

It is with some hesitation that one gives a recipe for the Christmas bird. Most housewives have their own definite ideas on the subject; the recipe is usually one which has always been in the family. However, the following recipe for stuffing may appeal to those who like to try something new.

Take some lean veal and good bacon in equal proportions—the quantity depends on the size of the bird, but for a small turkey a pound and a half to two pounds of meat should be sufficient. Put the meat in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, add salt and pepper and a sprig of thyme, one of parsley and a bay leaf tied together. Simmer for half an hour and allow the meat to cool in the same water. Remove it, dry it well and mince it together. Add, for every pound of meat, half a pound of cooked chestnuts mashed to a pulp, four chopped shallots, a pinch of mixed

spice, salt and pepper. Mash the mixture well together, bind with an egg and the stuffing is ready. It is always better to stuff the bird at least twelve hours before roasting it. This allows the flavour of the stuffing to penetrate more freely into the flesh.

Celery Cheese

Take a large head of celery, remove the outer

Christmas Dinner

Tomato Soup.

Filets de Sole Parmentier.

Stuffed Turkey or Goose.

Baked Potatoes.

Plum Pudding.

Mince Pies.

Celery Cheese.

Dessert.

Informal Luncheon or Dinner

Turkey or Goose Soup.

Salmis of Turkey or Goose

Purée of Potatoes.

Plum Pudding Suzette.

Toasted Cheese.

Dessert.

leaves and wash the celery thoroughly in cold water. Leave it in cold water for twenty minutes, which will allow the leaves to open a little. Meanwhile, mix together in equal proportions some Roquefort cheese and butter, making a smooth paste. Dry the celery very carefully with a clean cloth and stuff it with the cheese mixture. Tie the celery in two or three places with thin string, which should not be cut until the dish is to be served. Remove the string and cut the celery into pieces about two inches long.

Turkey, Goose, or Chicken Soup

With whatever is left of the bird, whether it is turkey, goose or chicken, an excellent dish can be made, as will be



FRUIT, the coffee things, and a supply of silver, all near to hand on some piece of furniture close to the table, provide decoration while serving a very practical purpose

shown later. The bones and carcase can also be used to make soup. Put them into a large saucepan with one or two carrots, one or two turnips, two large onions cut into two and with a clove stuck into each piece, and four shallots. Add thyme, parsley and a bay leaf tied together, salt and pepper, and fill the saucepan with cold water. Bring to the boil and simmer very gently with the lid on, but not tightly closed, for three hours. Remove the bones and carcase and pass the soup through a fine strainer into a clean saucepan. Allow it to cool, skim off all the fat and heat it again. See that there is plenty of salt and pepper, and serve the soup either clear, with the carrots and turnips chopped very finely thrown in, or it can be bound with the yolk of an egg mixed in a little milk, after which the soup must not, of course, boil.

Salmis of Turkey or Goose

Take what is left of the bird and cut it into small and neat pieces. Fry these in butter, add salt and pepper and a little vinegar. Meanwhile, chop finely two or three shallots and fry them in butter without letting them become too brown, add a puddingspoonful of flour, cook together for a few minutes, stirring all the time, and then add a breakfastcupful of stock from the soup you are making and what remains of the stuffing from the bird finely chopped. Cook together for five minutes, adding salt and pepper. Meanwhile, arrange the pieces of bird on the serving dish and pour over the contents of the saucepan through a fine strainer. Garnish the dish with a few pieces of bread fried in butter or bacon fat and serve with a good purée of potatoes. (Continued on p. 120.)





Cakes

and Candies

THE silver tea-set shown above costs £4 10 0 and the tray £5 5 0. The bon-bon dishes cost 27/6 each. Goldsmiths & Silversmiths. The hand-embroidered linen tea-cloth costs £2 5 0, and the napkins 15/- the half-dozen. From Walpoles

Tea on a winter's afternoon can be the most-delightful meal of the day, especially if home-made cakes are on the table

Chocolate Cream Sandwich

Two eggs, 3 oz. flour, 3 oz. castor sugar, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grated chocolate, dessertspoonful icing sugar, vanilla essence.

Beat the eggs and castor sugar together for 15 minutes. Sift in the flour and add a small teaspoonful of baking powder. Cook in a sandwich tin for 15 minutes in a moderate oven. When cool, split open and spread with the following filling:

Whip the cream until stiff, add the grated chocolate and icing sugar. Flavour with a few drops of vanilla essence.

Sand Cake

Four ounces of butter, 4 oz. of sugar, 3 oz. of flour, 3 oz. of cornflour, 2 eggs, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, a few drops of almond essence.

Cream the butter and sugar together, add the eggs, which should be previously well beaten, alternatively with the flour and cornflour sifted together. Beat well for five minutes and add the flavouring and baking powder. Bake in a well-greased border mould for half an hour.

Fruit Cake (Without Eggs)

Six ounces of butter, 6 oz. of brown sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of currants,

raisins and chopped peel mixed, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda.

Rub the butter into the flour and add the sugar, a small teaspoonful of mixed spice and the fruit. In a separate basin mix the milk, vinegar and soda together and beat until frothy. Add to the dry ingredients and beat well. Pour into a cake tin lined with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. This is an excellent and most economical cake.

Cherry Cake

Half-pound of flour, 4 oz. of butter, 5 oz. of castor sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 2 oz. of glacé cherries, a pinch of nutmeg.

Cut the cherries in halves and mix with a tablespoonful of flour. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the flour sifted, and the well-beaten eggs. Beat all together for ten minutes. Add a grating of nutmeg, the cherries and baking powder. Mix well, but do not beat again or the fruit will fall to the bottom of the cake. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. This cake is delicious iced with almond icing, and makes a good birthday cake for children.

Walnut Buns

Two ounces of flour, 1 oz. rice flour, 3 oz.

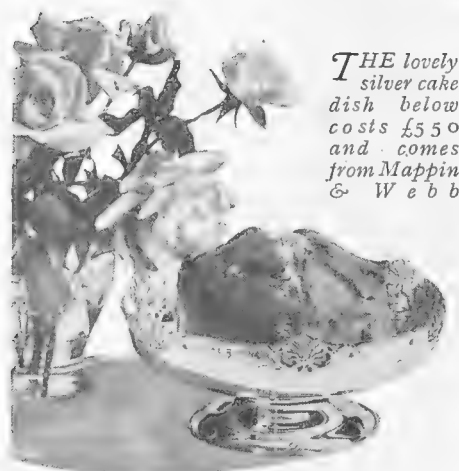
castor sugar, 3 oz. shelled walnuts, 2 eggs, a pinch of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder.

Cream the butter and sugar together. Toast the walnuts for a few minutes in a moderate oven and chop finely. Add them to the mixture with one egg, well beaten, and the rice flour. Mix well, then add the other egg, the flour, cream, nutmeg and baking powder. Beat well again and half-fill small greased patty pans. Bake in a good oven for 15 minutes.

Orange Buns

The weight of one egg in flour, butter and sugar, the grated rind of one orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder.

Cream the butter and sugar together, add the flour, the egg well beaten, the grated rind of orange, and, lastly, the baking powder. Put a teaspoonful of the mixture into well-greased patty pans and bake for 15 minutes in a good oven. They can be iced if liked, as follows: Sieve $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of icing sugar into a saucepan, add three tablespoonfuls of orange juice and stir until warm. It must not be made too hot or it will become lumpy and dull in appearance. It should be kept thick enough to coat the back of the spoon. Pour a little on the top of each cake and leave to set. (Continued on page 120)



THE lovely silver cake dish below costs £5 5 0 and comes from Mappin & Webb

CAKE-MAKING is quite simple if a few points are remembered: Cake tins should be prepared first, so that the mixture has not to wait after the baking powder is added while a tin is hurriedly greased.

Ingredients should be carefully measured. It is only experienced cooks who can guess the quantities correctly, and even they are not infallible.

Sponge-cake mixtures should be well beaten.

Resist the temptation to look at the cake in the oven until it has had time to rise. This is about a third of the time it takes to cook, and even then it should be a careful peep. With sponge-cakes it is safer not to look until the cake should be ready.

A spoonful of vinegar will make an egg go much further.

As it is very pleasant after tea to sit down with a book and a box of sweets, I have included two recipes for fudge.

By
A. M.
Norton

Party Sweets:

*Some delicious
etceteras which
can be made by
the amateur cook*

THE Sweet Course is often the most difficult to arrange when giving a party. Gone are the days when a quart of cream and a dozen eggs went to the making of one elaborate dish. Most hostesses now desire something good, but not too expensive or difficult to make. The following recipes may prove useful. The quantities given in each case are enough for five or six people.

Almond Cream Tarts

Four oz. ground almonds, 4 oz. castor sugar, 3 oz. butter, a little cream.

Cream the butter and sugar together, add the ground almonds and mix well. Put a teaspoonful of the mixture into small greased patty pans and press lightly into the shape of the tin. Bake a golden brown. Take from the oven and let them cool for two minutes before turning out, or they are liable to break. When cold, put two together with a spoonful of stiffly whipped cream between. The cream should be added only a short time before serving, otherwise it is apt to soften the cases which should be crisp.



ALMOND Cream Tarts. Put a teaspoonful of mixture into small greased patty pans and press lightly into the shape of the tin

Chocolate Cream in Glasses

Make a smooth paste of 2 oz. of cocoa, two level tablespoonfuls of cornflour, and sufficient milk to make it into the consistency of cream. Heat a pint of milk in a double saucepan with a vanilla pod and 2 oz. of lump sugar. Before it boils pour in the chocolate mixture, and stir well until it thickens. Simmer for another few minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire, take out the vanilla pod, and stir until cool. Pour into custard glasses and pile a little whipped cream on the top. This is a delicious sweet.

A Finnish Sweet

Make a fruit purée by putting some stewed fruit through a sieve. Tinned or bottled fruits will do excellently for this, and the best kinds are red plums, damsons, or blackberries. Juice should be added to the purée until it is the consistency of a thick soup. Sweeten, if necessary, with sugar. The addition of a little sherry or Maraschino is an improvement.

Cut some sponge-cake into small rounds half an inch thick. Whip some cream, sweeten to taste and pile on the sponge circles. Serve the purée in deep fruit bowls or soup plates; the sponge creams are handed separately and dropped into the purée. This is a most refreshing sweet.

BOTTLED or tinned fruits passed through a sieve, whipped cream and sponge-cake are used for this Finnish sweet

FOR Almond Caramel you will need a Charlotte mould. First beat the eggs and then add milk and ground almonds

Almond Caramel

Line a Charlotte mould with caramel. Beat the whites of three eggs lightly, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk and 2 oz. of ground sweet almonds. Pour into the Charlotte mould and steam gently for half an hour. Stand for a few minutes before turning out. Make a custard with the yolks of the eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, sugar to taste and a few drops of almond essence, and pour round. Serve very cold.

If a more elaborate sweet is wanted, cover the custard with some whipped cream and sprinkle praline over it. Praline is made by boiling together $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of whole almonds, 3 oz. Demerara sugar and the juice of half a lemon to a caramel. Pound in a mortar and put through a sieve.

Spanish Cream

Put two quarts of milk, half a vanilla pod, and half a pound of Demerara sugar in an earthenware dish or saucepan and cook on a very slow fire. Let it simmer, stirring frequently for about two hours or until the cream has turned a golden colour and is the consistency of thick cream. Pour into little pots and serve cold. This cream has a very delicate flavour.

Mock Strawberry Cream

Whip half a pint of cream, add two dessertspoonfuls of gooseberry jelly, and whip again. Stir in a dessertspoonful of Kirsch or Maraschino. Fill little custard glasses and serve very cold. Wafers or sponge fingers should be served separately. The liquor can be omitted, and gooseberry jam can be used instead of the jelly, but should be put through a sieve first.



A HOT bath, followed by a sharp rub-down with eau de Cologne and some exercises, will do much to mitigate fatigue

ON the opposite page Beauty Culture in relation to Late Nights and Fatigue is exhaustively dealt with and useful information given about methods of combating their ill effects. But the ancient gods have formed a syndicate: the worshippers of Venus have linked hands with Hygeia's devotees who, infected by the modern craze for speed, have borrowed Hermes' winged sandals in which to tread the wide fields of research! The future lies in the lap of Preventive Medicine. We no longer want to be cured of ills but to be immune from them, and the most prevalent of all diseases is old age—decay; youth (at its best) is invincible.

It is only too true that after "a certain age" activities, social, mental and physical, which during youth were not fatiguing are no longer supportable without a compensating allowance of rest. But what is that age? Nothing could be more uncertain. Time is relative in the computation of age (when it means decay), just as morality is largely a matter of geography. One man is young at sixty; we have active and even brilliant nonagenarians in our midst; another man is old and tired at forty. There is no criterion by which to judge when the machine will run down.

It has been said that a woman is as young as she looks; of many a modern woman it might be said that she is as young as her daughter looks. Another adage is that a man is as old as his arteries; it would be equally true to say he is as old as his muscles or, more fashionably, as his endocrine glands. The truth is that a man's or a woman's age is determined, physiologically, by the condition of every cell and atom of which they are composed.

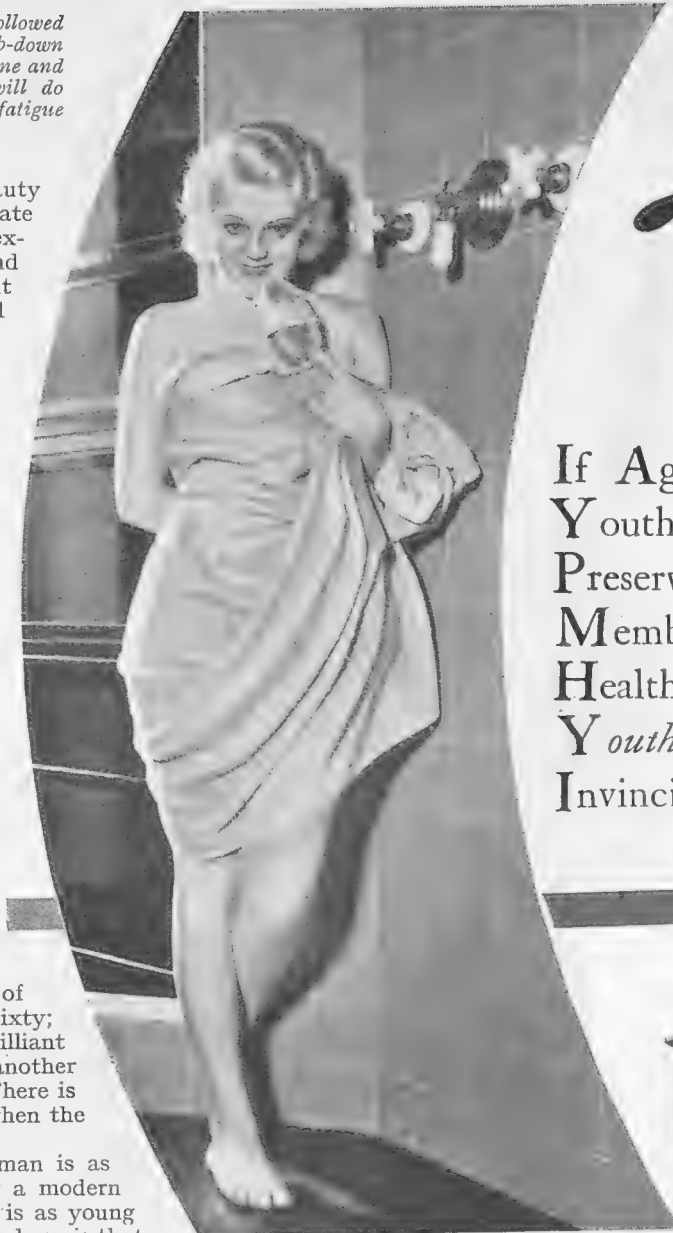
But the keys to the heterogeneous whole which we call man—the winding keys, which everyone can operate—are the muscles. There is not space to enter into the subject of metabolism or medical and scientific explanations of the reactions of heart and lungs, circulation, arteries and internal organs; it must be accepted that a body in which every muscle is in working order, lubricated, suavely obedient, is, generally speaking, a body in perfect condition and, whatever its age, is equal in resistance and enjoyment to a body in the full flush of youthful health and efficiency.

It is a duty, and it should be a pleasure, to keep the body in perfect health. Barring organic disease or dire conditions, there is no reason why the enjoyment of life, which means the preservation of youth in every member, should not be almost indefinite. Exaggeration of any sort results in some sort of strain. But whether we are speaking of physical or psychological matters, whether we are considering ethics or athletics, the keenest enjoyment is to be found in the complete but sane and moderate employment of every function. The pleasure to be derived from mental achievement is inestimable: the result of over-work is physical and mental collapse. The resuscitation of rest is nature's provision: sloth results in sluggishness and decay.

SINCE man's mental and nervous equipment is outside the scope of this article we will confine ourselves to the consideration of the exercise of his physical endowments. Naturally and inevitably we come back to that word—*exercise*. There are now hundreds of systems of "physical culture," many of them carefully and scientifically worked out. The day when the

Late v. HEALTH

If Age is Decay,
Youth is the
Preservation of every
Member in perfect
Health, and
Youth is
Invincible



THE photograph above is of Miss Janet Currie, while that on the right shows Miss Margaret Livingstone at her dressing-table

"strong man" was the ideal of puny, sedentary clerks is past, and the promise of nobbly muscles all over in return for the fee of a correspondence course tempts fewer enthusiasts. For the ordinary man and woman have become practitioners in the cult and athleticism, except for the specialists, is not so much an end in itself as a means to an end, and that end is health.

If your ordinary occupation keeps your head bent forward, your body rigid, your hand moving from left to right at some time you must practise movements which contradict these constrictions. Remember that your heart is a muscle, that there are muscles in your neck and your eyes and your abdomen as well as in your limbs and back. Everyone can evolve a perfect system of exercise for himself, to stretch and move the muscles (not necessarily to *develop* them) and to limber up every part of the body. To move each muscle once is better than to over-exercise any one group.

If this were understood and practised there would be less need of endocrine gland treatments, inoculations, tonics, rest cures and diets. Balance is the slogan. The very effort of evolving the perfect system will exercise the brain. And a sane mind and body is equal to any emergency—even to a series of Christmas parties.

Nights

v.

BEAUTY



looks upon her appearance as one of her assets—and what woman does not? If beauty is not exactly trustee security it is at least a sound investment.

We are agreed that perfect features and a Venus de Milo form do not necessarily or, at any rate, do not exclusively, constitute beauty? There is beauty in a clear, healthy skin, fresh colouring, bright, unlined eyes and "the lurking smile" which those sagging, fatigued lines about the mouth so ruthlessly destroy, and the general appearance of health, freshness and vitality. Every woman must at some time

"Chrysis" warns Venus that she may look "wisht" when she rises from the foam, or the soap-suds, the morning after the party, but suggests ways of combating the ravages of late nights

WE have heard so much about economics and economies of late that I hesitate to introduce so lugubrious a subject into an article on beauty culture, even figuratively, but the metaphor presents itself, and only the élite among writers have the hardihood to look a gift metaphor in the mouth and pronounce it "aged"! To over-draw one's account with the bank of vitality is a dangerous and uneconomic proceeding, especially for the woman who

make up these accounts and decide whether she can, with any confidence, look herself in the face in the glass in the morning.

The party season is upon us. In spite of politics and depressions over Iceland or the Bank of England and, perhaps, because we most of us work during the day, it is almost impossible to avoid a fair number of late nights during the "holidays" and they can be so dreadfully destructive of beauty, especially to those not quite in their first youth in whom enthusiasm and vitality are beginning to flag just a little.

To return for just a moment to my apologetic opening metaphor; if one is drawing heavily on one's reserves of energy one must "pay back" or a crash is inevitable.

If you have not had enough sleep to eliminate the toxins generated by fatigue, do not lie in bed and think how rotten you feel. Get up and have a warm bath impregnated with alkaline, oxygenated salts followed by a brisk friction with eau-de-Cologne and some breathing exercises by an open window; all the oxygen which you can absorb by your lungs or through the pores of the skin is pure gain—nature's restorative. During the morning drink at least a pint of water.

If your face feels dry and parched, a heavy nourishing and emollient skin food should be spread thickly over the skin and allowed to stay on for about fifteen minutes. During the bath is a good time for this, as the warm steaminess will relax the pores of your skin so that they absorb the cream. The skin food of one long-established beauty firm is useful in this connection, and the subsequent treatment is particularly refreshing to tired faces. Before removing the cream it should be gently massaged with the rotary and upward finger-tip movements advocated by the makers, into the skin. The residue is removed with their special complexion soap (a solvent of the grease and itself a cleansing beauty product) on a piece of cotton wool steeped in hot water. There follows a sluice in cold water to which a teaspoonful (to a pint of water) of their bracing camphor lotion has been added. This makes the water icy cold and is deliciously refreshing.

Tired eyes should be bathed with a good eye lotion and pads of cotton wool steeped in a soothing and slightly astringent lotion should be laid over the closed lids for a few minutes.

This morning treatment really does wonders to refresh and remove the jaded feeling and appearance. A special lotion as a base for powder gives an added freshness to the complexion and is, in many ways, preferable to creams, because it does not clog the pores or hold the dirt and dust.

Before the evening toilet the face should be gently cleansed with a complexion milk. There is also a balm, in the form of a soothing lotion, which can be used if the skin is parched or irritated by the vicissitudes of the social round, different temperatures or the rigours of the English climate. If these instructions are carried out there is no reason why parties should exhaust or "age" you; and the party spirit certainly goes with the party face!



MISS ANGELA JOYCE has returned from America and will shortly be seen in the talkie "Bill's Legacy"



LAMP SHADES add considerably to the appearance of a room and can make all the difference between a room and your room. They are not so difficult to make as you would imagine, and it is quite possible to tackle them at home, provided you follow the simple instructions which are given in this article.

The bottom photograph shows an unusual vase of bronze adapted for a table lamp. The line of the shade is very simple in order not to detract from the beauty of the vase.

This shade is extremely easy to make, and is carried out in ordinary stencil paper, which can be obtained from any artists' colourman, tinted down to give it the appearance of old parchment. The design is only faintly painted in order to give it a faded appearance in keeping with its suggestion of antiquity.

MAKE A PATTERN FIRST

Before attempting to make a shade it is always wise to cut a paper pattern to the shape and size of the frame you decide to cover. This will save you a great deal of time and disappointment.

If you cut out your paper pattern before buying your materials, you will know exactly how much you require.

The top photograph shows the wire frame before it has been covered and a piece of stiff brown paper from which a paper pattern is to be cut. Measure the depth of the frame and hold your paper perfectly straight to one of the supports of the frame. Fold it round, and pin pleats in it until it fits snugly round the wire frame.

Cut it to shape at top and bottom of the frame. At the side, where the join will come, allow about an inch to overlap.

Lay the brown paper flat on the table. You will find that, as you have pleated it, it will be a semi-circular shape. This will give you the pattern from which you can cut your parchment shade without any further shaping.

MATERIALS REQUIRED

To make a parchment shade you will require a large sheet of stencil paper, a wire frame the size and shape desired, some adhesive tape, a roll of gold passe-

First cut out in brown paper a pattern which fits exactly the shape of the wire frame selected

Holes punched with a punching tool facilitate the joining of the different sections

A transfer design on the wrong side and some clever tinting add considerably to the appearance of this shade

HOW LAMP SHADES ARE MADE

An attractive pastime for the Winter Evenings

partout, and bottles of waterproof ink in the colours required.

TO MAKE

Cut your stencil paper by your brown paper pattern.

To give the paper the appearance of old parchment, take a wad of cotton wool and dip it in a solution of cold strong tea, then rub it in long downward strokes on the side which is to be the *wrong* side of the shade. When this is quite dry, transfer a design in pencil on to the other side of the shade, and tint in with waterproof ink, using a fine paint brush. Large areas can be done with a wad of cotton wool. If so desired, the design can be outlined afterwards with a fine mapping pen, using black waterproof ink. Allow the painting to dry thoroughly before making up the shade. Join up neatly with gum, overlapping the one inch which

you allowed. Let this dry thoroughly, then place it over the frame, and join the shade to the frame at top and bottom with the adhesive tape. Again allow to dry, then neatly cover the top and bottom edges with gold passe-partout.

A square or octagonal parchment shade can be very effectively finished with leather thonging. At each seam punch holes with a punching tool to be obtained at any craft shop.

Thread the thonging over the wire and through the holes, keeping the "stitches" firm and of an even tension.

SILK SHADES

Most silk shades are made on the same principle as described for the parchment shade, that is, on a wire frame, but in this case the wire frame is first entirely bound with cross-way strips of material, in order to have something on which to sew the silk.

If the silk is to be stretched over the frame it is again a good idea to cut a paper pattern. A pretty shade can be made by putting the silk on plain to the bottom of the shade, and then gathering it in to the smaller circle at top, and finishing the edges with gold galon.

FOR a panelled silk shade, pin and sew the silk at the top of the frame first, then smooth each panel down separately before sewing the lower edges to the bound wire frame. Cover these edges with galon, sewing both top and bottom of the galon if necessary and trim away the surplus silk from underneath.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE

A pale shade of rose pink is first favourite for silk shades, as it is undoubtedly the most becoming colour to the complexion. Soft amber tints come next and are very popular, especially for bedrooms.

In dining-rooms furnished with oak, orange and flame colourings give a lovely warm glow in keeping with the mellowness of the wood. These shades are also effective in a lounge in which the main colour is green. If you are changing your colour scheme for the winter, bear in mind that orange shaded lights give a very warm appearance to a room and beware of blues and greens, as these have a cold tone.

PHYLLIS ANDREWS.

WITH ALL GOOD WISHES

A Selection of Gifts for the Nursery and its Occupants



THIS large and beautiful doll is made of felt, and wears a wide yellow hat and a flounced dress of green organdie, trimmed with roses and knots of black ribbon. Marshall and Snelgroves; 39/6

ALL small people love animals, especially when they are of plush and very soft. The engaging dog shown below on the right has a very friendly expression, and comes from Gorrings; 5/11



WARM wollies are an appropriate gift for those who are too young to appreciate toys. A matinée jacket and bonnet of pink wool, lined with silk, cost 27/9. Debenhams

A TRI-ANG truck for nursery transport would delight the heart of any young man under ten. The back tips up and the six packages are removable. From Woollands; 10/6

A PUSSY which can be guaranteed not to scratch is much to be recommended, particularly when it is made of soft blue wool and has pink ears. Harvey Nichols; 7/11

Peter North

TO WISH YOU ALL A



ALL men appreciate the gift of good cigarettes, and a hundred good smokes means a hundred grateful memories of the donor. Abdulla are always popular and can now be obtained in a handsome gold case, containing 100 mixed cigarettes, Virginian, Turkish, and Egyptian. Price 10/6

DIRECTLY above is a corner of the "Thuja" gift cabinet of polished and inlaid wood which contains 100 Craven "A" cigarettes; price 7/6. The familiar red tins of Craven "A" containing 150, 100, or 50 cigarettes cost 7/6, 5/-, or 2/6, and every packet is wrapped in moisture-proof cellophane

A GOOD whiskey is always a welcome present, and the justly famous Val 69 is a favourite in every home. Exquisitely blended and mellowed with age, this whiskey is presented in a most attractively shaped bottle, finished with a ribbon and a round wax seal, and costs 12/6

A FAVOURITE smoke is Player's medium navy cut cigarettes, and these, in their smart flat box, nautically blue and edged with gold, which is shown at the top of this photograph, cost 2/6 for 50 or 5/- for 100. This is a gift which will always be accorded a hearty welcome by young or old

A COLLAR box, tie case, and clothes brush, in mottled pink leather, would be an acceptable gift for the much-travelled man. The sponge bag to match, which has a zipper fastener, costs 10/6, the tie case, 18/6; the clothes brush, 10/6, and the collar bag, 10/6. From Austin Reed

Peter North

VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS



DUBARRY have brought out a most novel and attractive gift which consists of a combined perfume - diffuser and match box. The metal container, which can stand on the table or be hung on the wall, holds matches and also fulfils the purpose of a spice box. The complete outfit costs 7/6

THE use of Tangee toilet preparations guarantees a natural appearance. The day cream and the night cream, both illustrated above, cost 4/6 each—so does the face powder. The famous lipstick also costs 4/6; and an excellent cosmetic for the eyelashes may be had for the same price

ABOVE and slightly to the left is shown a bottle of Houbigant's newest perfume, "Etude." This is to be obtained in an unusually beautiful flacon, mounted on a chromium metal base and enclosed in an elaborate case of highly polished wood. This is an ideal gift for the fastidious woman

YARDLEY'S toilet accessories have become as well known and popular as their famous lavender water, and their great success of the moment is the perfume "Orchis." The golden case which contains this bottle is shown at the top of the photograph. The bottles cost 6/6, 10/6, or 19/6

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S Beauty Box, shown above, in pink enamel, is complete with everything a woman could desire and costs 37/6. Her liquid nail enamel comes in a black and silver striped octagonal box, price 10/6, Her water softener, contained in the large bottle shown above, costs 12/6

FORE-RUNNERS OF GOODWILL

Some suggestions for the Store Cupboard which will facilitate the Housewife's task during the Holiday Season

EVERY housewife likes to have in her store cupboard extra delicacies which are ready for any emergency and the unexpected guest. A bottle of whisky is essential and Buchanan's Black and White is a popular brand, price 12/6

GRANT'S Cherry Brandy is a really extra-special addition to Christmas fare. Its excellence is indisputable, and it can now be obtained in attractive green and white hampers which make it a particularly easy present to despatch



Peter North

A TIN of delicious biscuits is always a great stand-by, and the wise housewife knows how much Peek Frean's are appreciated. A Joybells tin containing a good selection of fancy biscuits may be obtained for 2/6

SWEETS are essential to every successful Christmas feast, and the purity and excellence of Mackintosh's make them a popular favourite in every home. A round 4 lb. tin of "Carnival" assorted toffees costs 8/-

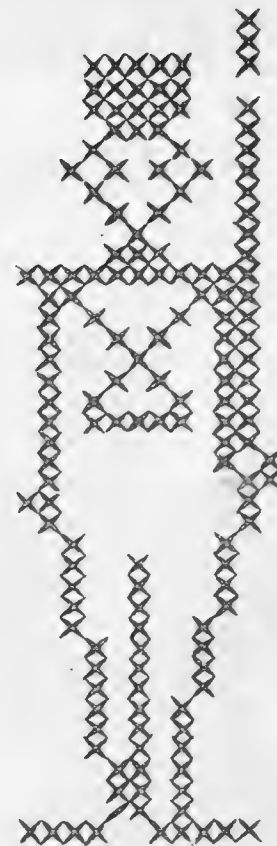
ABOVE is a tablet of Barker and Dobson's new dessert chocolate, 1/- for a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tablet; an assortment of their fancy chocolates costs from 5/- a box. The Lombard casket is an attractive gift and costs only 6/-

THIS blue-bird of happiness would look charming embroidered in an appropriate blue on a pink or white ground

Cross-stitch

A BUNNY-RABBIT, worked in browns and green, would adorn a bib or a romper to the great delight of its small owner

How to work Simple Designs in Cross-stitch Embroidery



A WOODEN soldier, worked in scarlet and blue, would add considerably to the appearance of a holland overall. It would make an attractive frieze for curtains if worked in wools

THE popularity of cross-stitch embroidery undoubtedly depends upon its simplicity and the ease with which effective designs can be worked. There is something quaint and charming about it which makes it very suitable for adorning nursery garments.

There is nothing difficult about this kind of embroidery. As the word suggests, the designs are made up with various stitches, each of which is formed like a $\times$ in a regular way. Groups of crosses make up the designs.

The work is quickly done to the line of a thread, so linen and materials of this kind are the best to use.

Simple Designs are best

The designs given here were chosen because they are simple to work and can be adapted so well for little frocks, rompers, children's bibs, nursery curtains, pockets, etc.

The flower basket design would also be very effective as a note of colour on a white breakfast cloth or tray cloth.

How to transfer the design

You will need a piece of white tissue paper and a sharp pencil. Lay the paper over the designs given on this page (full size) and, keeping it quite still, go over the lines of the design carefully, using the point of the pencil.

Place your pencilled design on the material in the required position, tack the paper to the material and the design is ready to be worked.

Clark's Anchor stranded cottons and coloured lines were used for the originals of these attractive designs. Use all six strands of the cotton and a large-eyed needle. Some workers prefer to make each cross separately, but you can work a row of stitches all going the same way, and then put in the top row of stitches going the other way, afterwards. To get a neat result work from the base of the design upwards, and keep to a definite thread if

possible. Tear away the paper when the design is worked.

Colours to choose

In the original the smart little soldier lad was worked in a bright shade of blue on yellow linen, but he would also look very dashing in red and blue on white linen. In this case, use red for the coat and cap, and blue for the rest of his tunic and also for his gun.

The rabbit design was worked in shades of brown with a row of green cross-stitches



A BASKET of flowers, the basket and handle of brown, the foliage (shown by thin crosses) green, and the flowers multi-coloured, would make an inexpensive tray-cloth or face-towel into an unusual gift

for grass. He would look charming on the yoke of a little girl's dress, or "two of a kind" could be worked facing each other on the hem of a small boy's coat.

Baskets of flowers are popular for trimming a number of things. Work the basket in brown with flowers in shades of pink, mauve, blue, yellow, etc., with a few green stitches for leaves here and there.

The blue bird motif was quite naturally

worked in a pretty shade of blue. This would make a charming border design on white nursery curtains—repeated at regular intervals, or in small groups in the corners.

Blue-birds, too, would look very effective on a baby's cot or pram cover. In this case work two or three in a little group at the top of the cover. Do not overdo trimming of this kind. A little touch is all that is necessary. Keep the design simple, the colours bright, and choose good quality materials to work on.

Ready-made hemstitched linen tablecloths can be bought at most large drapery stores, and can be given a touch of individuality by a simple cross-stitch design.

How much material to allow

This is a question asked by every needlewoman at some time or another, but which is easily answered when using Clark's Anchor stranded cottons. They are most economical to choose,

being only a penny a skein. You will, of course, need a skein of each colour you intend to use in your design, but you will find that it goes a long way, and one skein is sufficient for small designs like those shown here. Allow more if you are repeating the design several times on a tablecloth or curtains. The strands can be split up if you find six strands too thick for the material you are working on.

FESTIVE FROCKS that can be MADE at HOME



295. This frock is in white muslin with pink spots. The waist may be either gathered or smocked, and the narrow frilling around the hem could be picot-edged. $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36" material are required to make both knickers and frock. Ages 2-4. Price 1s.



296. The graceful cowl neck and unusual sleeve line are interesting features of this afternoon gown, which would look charming in black and white crêpe Courgette. It has a draped waistline, and the skirt is moderately flared. $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of the black and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the white material are required. Price 1s. 6d.



297. Either crêpe de Chine or washing silk could be used for this charming party frock. The skirt is gathered and the bodice is finished with a velvet bow. $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36" material are required and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lighter material for the collar. Ages 6-8. Price 1s.



by THE AMATEUR DRESSMAKER

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2



298



299



300

298. Dark blue Jaska—a light British woolen material, 54" wide, is the medium chosen for this schoolgirl's frock. It is double-breasted and has four box-pleats in the skirt. The revers and cuffs are of piqué. Two and a half yards are required. Ages 12-14. Price 1s.



299. This frock may be made with long or short sleeves; if long, then the tiny sleeves become epaulets. The machine pleated and picot stitched edging makes a charming finish, whilst the draped waist, ending in a sash, gives a youthful waistline. Three and a half yards of 36" material required. Price 1s. 6d.



300. The coatee and skirt above are quite separate and are made of Jaska. The blouse is carried out in a striped washing silk. Two and a quarter yards of Jaska are required for the coatee and skirt, and two and a quarter yards of 38" material for the blouse. The ensemble, price 1s. 6d.

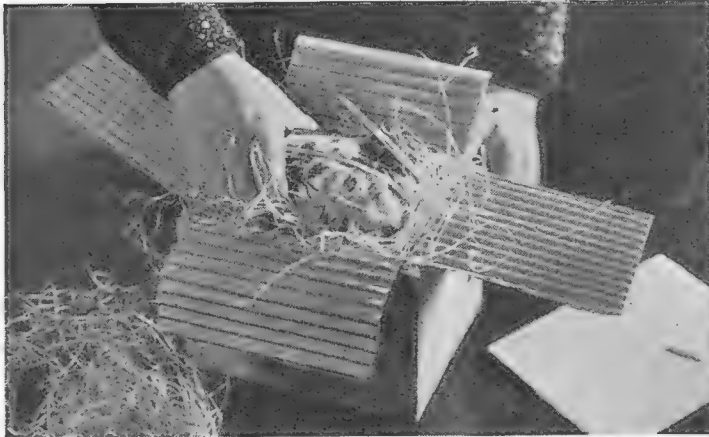


How to Pack your Christmas Gifts

I-3: PACKING FOR POST

THE presentation of your Christmas presents is almost as important as their choice. However small the gift, for personal presentation it should be daintily wrapped, and carefully packed if it has to be sent by post.

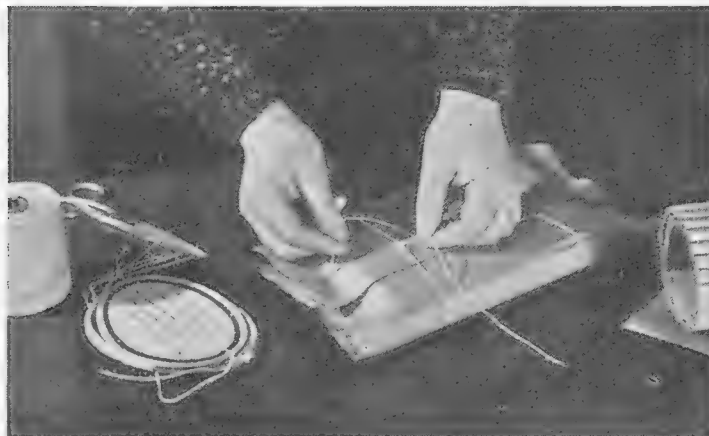
4-5: PACKING FOR PERSONAL PRESENTATION



1. This photograph shows how china, glass or any fragile article should be packed if it is to arrive safely. A strong wooden box should be lined with corrugated cardboard, then a bed of wood shavings should be made in which to put your gift. Put a good layer of the shavings on the top before covering with the corrugated cardboard and nailing on the lid



2. Each gift should have a box to fit it. If you cannot find one which is the right size it is easy to make one from a larger box. Here a long, narrow box was needed, so a dress box was cut down in the following way. Both the top and bottom were cut in two and the halves fitted together and fastened in position with strong gummed paper at the corners



3. First wrap a book in tissue paper, then in corrugated cardboard. The brown paper on the outside should be left open at both ends as shown. At each end, make a hole through the paper—which should be about an inch and a half longer than the book—and thread the string through this. You must not put a letter in when the ends are left open



Dennison Manufacturing Co.

4. There is quite an art in making your gifts for personal presentation look gay. Here is an excellent treatment for a box of chocolates. First of all wrap the box in watered gold paper, then put a narrow scarlet corded ribbon round the box and finally decorate with scarlet paper flowers. The label should be attached to the ribbon under the centre flower



5. Though more simple, this parcel looks just as attractive as the one illustrated above. In this case a modern paper in black, scarlet, gold and white has been used. Gold paper tape is being used for fastening the parcel—it also helps the decorative scheme. These fancy papers are a change from the holly papers and will give pleasing variety to your parcels



6. Make each gift look as attractive as possible. It is a good idea to tie your present in position with ribbon. In this case the ash-tray and matchbox have been put in a bed of cotton wool, and a scarlet ribbon is being tied lightly across both. The ribbon was threaded through the bottom of the box before the cotton wool and the presents were put in



"Ovaltine' has helped me"
Anne Croft

Miss Anne Croft, the talented and charming actress, writes :—

"I cannot tell you how much I want to sing the praises of 'Ovaltine.' I have taken it during a 20 weeks' tour and the run of the 'Maid of the Mountains' at the Hippodrome. I have slept better and feel so refreshed. I can never express my gratitude, for 'Ovaltine' has helped me to face the strain of very heavy work."

This letter from Miss Anne Croft is still another tribute to the invigorating and sustaining properties of delicious 'Ovaltine.'

OVALTINE
 Tonic Food Beverage

Reduced prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.723.



Gay Times
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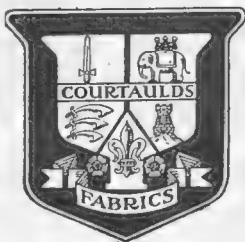
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Pantomime *Continued from page 59)*

little men used to go along at Christmas to gaze on them, for those were the days when men used to wait round stage doors, hoping to "pick up" someone in the chorus. The touring revue, with its bare legs, killed the Christmas excitement of gazing at limbs in tights.

In many touring shows, in those days, being "picked up" was a necessary part of the business of the stage. Often chorus girls were not paid enough to live on decently, and stories are still told by responsible men of the theatre that the manager would say, sometimes, "You know what to do."

Thank heaven, that sort of thing has nearly disappeared to-day. The stage is as clean a place as anything else—much cleaner than some businesses I know. Stage door loafing has disappeared. The silly masher type now goes to the cocktail party and mixes chiefly with inanity of the same sex.

Pantomime had to go, of course, when the mechanical age pushed on one side out-of-date individualism. Even a silent picture like "The Thief of Bagdad" made ridiculous the Stage's attempts at showing Oriental magic, and even that picture is old-fashioned to-day, Douglas Fairbanks notwithstanding.

IN Birmingham, as official figures prove—and I merely quote Birmingham because, there, a careful analysis has been taken—children are known to go to the pictures four, and even five, times a week, and to see for a few pence, of course, greater marvels than the pantomime stage ever dreamed of.

Now, if children go to the pictures like this and see a talkie like "Daddy Longlegs," how can they be content with "Cinderella," about which they all know, and of which they will be heartily sick until, as very old people with long white whiskers, they get very sentimental, and want to pretend that they enjoyed their childhood?

I don't believe that one child out of ten enjoys being young. I never did. I escaped from it as soon as I could—all its dreary, narrow grind, its silly little ideas, its bossdom by everybody who was over eighteen.

Fortunately, I was the eldest child. So I could bully the rest. Eldest children have all the fun. They wear the thickest boots.

Yes, and Sir James Barrie, with "Peter Pan," has killed the pantomime.

I remember, the first time I saw "Peter Pan," sitting in the last row but one of a terrible gallery at the Duke of York's, being rather bored by it. That was its first year, or its second.

Since then, I have seen it, at least in parts, six or seven times, and I know that it possesses that quality which marks the classic. The more you see of it, the better it becomes. It survives every test of criticism. Little bits that, at first, struck you as merely childish, prove that they contain symbols of eternal truth.

Then "The Windmill Man" goes on surviving year after year, and "Where the Rainbow Ends." Both of these have qualities which no pantomime ever possessed.

"Alice in Wonderland" I could never abide.

The hope of modern childhood is that, in modern entertainment, those whom the gods love die young. They make a picture or two. The picture is forgotten. The picture goes on tour once, and that is the end of it.

The star actress forgets to be divorced one year, and so she is forgotten, or she omits to get mixed up in some drug scandal, or dress-smuggling case, or she learns wisdom or gets Christian Science, and so has to retire.

And so, it is different every month, and, as the French ought to have said, "The more things change the less they remain the same."

Children of to-day—I envy you. You are not allowed to remember anything. Besides, you live in a blissful period when we know that nothing is really true.

There never were any fairies—were there?

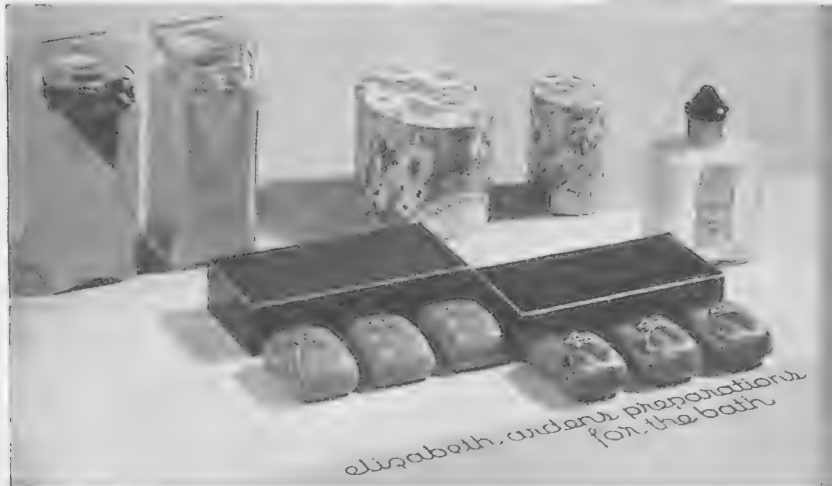
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...a Beautiful Gesture

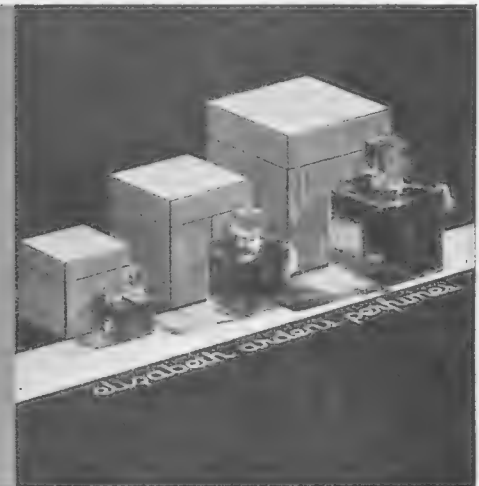
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stopped by the notorious robber you call Beau Silence with his jockey in attendance—I knew them both from the descriptions on all the walls as we came along. They made off, sir, with my jewels and my travelling moneys, so that I must be debtor to the landlord here for my supper and my bed, if he will so far trust me?"

"Oh! Madam," murmured Mr. Tapping. "As if your ladyship's name were not pledge enough all over England. 'Sdeath our Sussex roads seem alive with the quality to-night!"

"A furious look from Milvern's hazel eyes at last checked his garrulity. The young officer was swiftly running over in his mind what he knew of Lady Betty Wollasey. It was not a little; for her follies were the talk of fashionable London and had even by way of lampoons and broadsheets penetrated into Fleet Street taverns and City alehouses. The orphan of a squire of Beaconsfield, who had left her a tiny, embarrassed estate and a small house in Brook Street, she lived under the nominal chaperonage of her Aunt, old Lady Lennett. But the chaperonage was nominal indeed, and Lady Betty's flirtations, her *toilettes* at the play, her gaming, her racehorses were the daily bread of town gossip. An odd tale of a Gretna elopement that had left the lover a laughing-stock; another of a marriage cut short at the very altar of St. George's, Hanover Square, had contributed to make the madcap girl the most scandalous member of her sex in London. So Hugh Milvern remembered as he scrutinized again the cold blue eyes, the curving mouth set between wide, rouged cheeks, the curls that clustered round the brim of the bold travelling hat.

"I marvel, madam," he said at length, "that your servants—four or five methinks I saw round the doorway yonder—could not protect you against two assailants. But will you describe to me the place where you were stopped?"

Lady Betty reflected and mentioned various landmarks, to which Mr. Tapping promptly gave their names.

"And the Beau galloped off in the direction of London, Mr. Milvern," concluded the lady. "He spoke no word from first to last. Oh! why can he not speak? Can you tell me that?" she demanded with eager curiosity. "I would he had asked me to step a gavotte with him like Duval in the tale! For he is a proper man with a well-formed leg for a jackboot, let me tell you, Mr. Officer, and I would have danced these shoes to pieces on the stones of the heath rather than lose my pearl pendants. . . . Oh! Mr. Milvern, I implore you, ride, ride fast, before the villain carries my pearl pendants back to St. Giles!"

"Ay, man, to horse!" chimed in the irrepressible Tapping. "What though the Beau hath an hour or two's start of you? Your Bully Hector is a mount to swallow the miles like chaff. Meseemeth," he added with a prodigious wink, "your business here hath become a business the London side of Hayward's Heath."

Milvern hesitated a moment; then bowed to Lady Betty. "I will be about my business straightway," he told her. "By morning—you will sleep here? 'tis well—I may chance to bring back news of your ladyship's pendants."

STRAIGHTWAY he sought the stable and his horse, and rode with a grim lip down the hill, his face towards London. As he went he cursed the loquacity of Mr. Tapping. "He has spilled every drop of the King's secret. By now doubtless Lady Betty knows everything of Mr. Secretary Varley's journey and our Bow Street device; she will tell that screeching maid I heard in the hall; the maid will gossip to the drawer . . . and what odds that within the hour the Beau hears . . . well," Mr. Milvern chuckled, "he will hear that the Riding Officer from Bow Street passed hell-for-

leather towards London in chase of him. A pretty song indeed! As if Beau Silence would abandon the great prize of the night to carry a pair of pearl pendants to the London Jews before daybreak. Her jewels . . . her purse! Precious thinly lined, that purse, if all they say of her straits and her aunt's be true. Come Hector, bully. Here we swing about!"

Hugh Milvern was used to night riding and his sense of direction was keen. He wound his way back towards the coast across fields, through copses, by stretches of faintly discernible bridle track that covered Hector's feet with black slush. The sky cleared and the moon mounted out of the fleeing wrack of storm clouds; and at last far away to the right the leaden spire of Ditchling church glistened in its rays, while, beyond the flat of the common, rose the long, dim shadow of the Downs. Milvern made straight to cross the Common—his time was getting short—but at the mouth of a sunken lane on his left was checked by Hector's shying at a lantern light. He whipped out a pistol as the horse veered sidelong, and pointed it at a dark group of figures clustered round the tip-tilted bulk of a great coach. Nobody opposed him as he rode into the middle of the gathering, and with a start he recognised Lady Betty Wollasey's servants.

"What does this mean, my lads?" he demanded. "Methought you and your lady were snugly abed at the Bald-Faced Stag."

"'Tis plain then, sir, you never served a woman," answered the fat coachman, huddled in his capes upon the slanting box. "You had scarce left—we believed for London, but that is your affair—when she bade the horses to be put to again, vowing that in spite of all she would make Battle to-night. 'I have no more to be robbed of!' she cried—and here is the end of her journey, a broken axle in a mire of thorn bushes!"

"But where is Lady Betty?" The coachman's teeth gleamed in the moonshine. "Off again!" he grinned. "She bids me unharness our two leaders; mounts Patrick, as the smallest man among us, upon one, buckles a trace into a stirrup on the other and cocks her leg over his back like a jockey. I heard her skirt tear, and how she squealed at the sound! but off she galloped with Patrick to find help at a farmhouse, the driving reins looped round her waist." He gave another wheezy chuckle. "There's my Lady Madcap for you, Mr. Officer!" Milvern turned and rode away muttering angrily. "There are too many of us playing Blind Man's Buff about the Common to-night, and God knows who will stumble upon who. Lady Betty may prove the spoil-sport after all."

HE crossed the Common with ears pricked and pistols cocked, but heard nothing save the drum of his Hector's hoofs. He swung to the east to avoid Ditchling, and as he came out upon the Lewes Road, tumbled from his saddle on all fours like a hunting dog to study the tracks upon its yielding, grassy surface.

It was as he had been fearing for the last hour. His compulsory delays had made him late, and the fresh cuts of coachwheels showed plainly to his trained sense that Mr. Under-Secretary Varley had already passed the junction going towards Lewes. In a moment he was up again and pressing anxiously forward. If he were too late after all, and the Beau had already lightened Mr. Varley of guineas and despatches, Mr. Milvern was a ruined thief-taker. These reflections buzzed stingingly about him as he hurried on, bending forward and straining his impatient gaze beyond the black horse's ears. And sweet, indescribably sweet to him at last, as he approached a dip of the road dividing a tiny copse, was the sound of torrential swearing in a lusty, port-wine fed voice. His heels were against Hector

on the instant; he bounded to the crest of the declivity; and there saw at last the scene he had been picturing all the evening.

Sharply outlined in the moonbeams, the Under-Secretary's light travelling coach with its two horses stood, pulled half across the road. The coachman had his hands in air; one footman cringed at the horses' heads in obedience to orders; the other lay on his face upon the chalky road. A short, masked man, humped upon a grey nag, pointed a horse pistol in at a broken window, from which the stream of curses continued to float out upon the night, and a few paces in front of the coach horses a taller figure on foot busily packed a valise upon an exquisite, white-stockinged, black mare.

As Hector came with a thunder of galloping hoofs over the rise, the picture woke to violent life. The jockey on the grey reined back to pluck his pistol from the broken pane; the coachman twisted round on the box with a scream of delight; and the Beau in front, flashing his masked face for a second behind him, swung easily into his saddle, pulling tight, as he mounted, the last strap on the stolen portmanteau. The vociferations from within the coach broke off short.

The next instant two shots roared together in the hollow roadway, and the grey nag collapsed, rolling over the jockey, who still flourished his fruitlessly smoking pistol. Hector, without swerve, leapt over the struggling heap; and Milvern, cursing himself for hitting the horse and not the man, was careering down the road after the black mare and her rider.

He had never before set eyes on the famous highwayman, and he peered eagerly now at the tall, slim form in the gold-laced horseman's coat, with the black periwig dancing on its shoulders. The Beau rode with perfection, gathered forward now on to the mare's withers to aid her speed; and, as she gained pace, Milvern began to doubt Hector's power to overtake her. He raised his pistol again, but let it sink. He felt sick at the idea of killing another horse with an erring shot, and such a creature, too! His police instinct, moreover, was all for taking his man alive to stand the question. Lastly, he saw that the Beau, who was lashing his mare on with a light riding switch, bore no arms in his hand, nor carried, it seemed, any pistol holsters; Milvern had no stomach for shooting at an unarmed adversary. So they raced round the zig-zags of sleeping Westmeston, while the black buttress of the hills, crowned with pale stars, loomed suddenly close on their right hand.

Hector, tired with his heavy day's work, was panting as they passed the Half Moon alehouse by Plumpton among its trees, and Milvern remorsefully was compelled to drive in the spurs. Suddenly the Beau vanished into a thicket off the road, to reappear on the mounting ground behind a copse, cantering freely and easily up a long chalk track towards the ridge of the Downs. Milvern swore as he buffeted the weary Hector through the thorny growths of the wood, till, with scratched cheeks, he found the issue on to the white ribbon uncoiling upwards. But he had lost ground badly amid the thickets, and the Beau seemed maddeningly diminished by distance as he turned with insolent grace to wave his hat in farewell to his pursuer.

"Shoot! Shoot!" Milvern snarled at himself; but he could not send a bullet into the tall form that exposed itself so gallantly with only a switch in its hand. He could but lean forward and bully the gasping, stumbling Hector up the steep chalk.

Then, as they approached a triangular wood of beeches pointing down from the crest of the ridge, the black mare swerved to the left, away from the trees, and began to rock over grassy hummocks towards a platform coroneted with bushes and young saplings. The broken ground checked her speed, and Hector, a cat for climbing, took the grass at a lower *(Continued on page 107.)*

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point and scrambled upwards to cut across her path.

They reached the summit only some twenty yards apart, and a wild hope flared up in Milvern's bosom that he might yet lay hand on the flying highwayman's bridle.

He was stretching out clutching fingers into the void, when the mare set her foot in the inky smudge of a rabbit hole, and plunged forward nearly striking the turf with her forehead. By the shock her rider was flung half out of the saddle, and his white-gloved hands flew out on the arch of her neck. Hat, wig and mask fell in a streaming tatter upon the grey-dewed turf, leaving the Beau's head bare.

The mare did not fall. She recovered with a frantic lurch, while her rider slid lithely back into the saddle; then, lifted her hurt foot and set it tenderly tiptoe upon the grass. Hector, completely foundered by the chase, stood still, blowing blasts from his drooping nostrils, while Milvern glared at the lamed mare's rider. The brilliant moonlight shone upon the slim neck and floating hair of a girl, a girl, turned sideways in the saddle, one heavy, spurred jackboot thrust impudently forward, while her gauntleted hand held out a small silver-chased pistol.

"Do not come a step nearer, Mr. Milvern!" cried the voice of Lady Betty Wollasey, clear and hard.

Beau Silence had spoken at last.

"By God!" cried the officer, letting his heavy pistol fall nervelessly across his pommel. "By God! No wonder you have mazed us these three years!" He swore shamelessly. "And to think I did not guess, even when I found your conveniently crippled coach in the lane!"

"You should have gone to London, as I told you, Mr. Thief-taker!" menaced Lady Betty. "You had then, perchance, lived many years to adorn your calling. Now, I fear," she went on, squinting down the barrel of her pistol, "that I shall kill you, for I shall certainly fire before you heave your antique piece of artillery off your saddle. What ailed you, fool, not to shoot me when Kitty so nearly unshipped me at that damned rabbit hole?"

"I thought you unarmed!" growled Milvern.

"Untimely scruple!" she sneered. "For now it will be shot for shot!"

Milvern uttered a last, resounding oath. "I'll never exchange shots with a girl!"

he shouted, sliding off his horse and running clumsily in his heavy boots over the tussocks towards her. "Chivalrous Thief-taker!" he heard her call. "For that I'll try to spare you."

A red flash came from the tiny circle of her barrel. Milvern felt a searing agony in his shoulder, and the rim of the Downs with its clump of short trees heaved violently over his head. He heard with inexpressible fury a cold laugh as he fell beneath the black curtain.

WHEN he came to himself, at once chilled and burning, a bitter dawn was sending ragged mantles of black cloud across the curve of sky; the trees, the bushes and the rank grass of the Downs looked dishevelled and forlorn. Around him was the tinkle of sheep bells and the movement of sullied grey fleeces, and an aged shepherd's wrinkled face was peering into his. A few yards away Hector, his broken reins trailing, cropped peacefully.

Milvern found that the blood had soaked his shirt, clotting and plastering it down upon the wound, so as to quench the flow. After a drink from the shepherd's stone bottle he was able to clamber into the saddle and be led down the steep chalk path to the Half Moon Inn.

As he dismounted painfully before the door, a gentleman in lavender satin with a ruddy face, handsome and hard as a statue's, strode out to meet him, followed by the white-aproned host.

"It is the Thief-taker!" cried Mr. Under-Secretary Varley. "What fortune, officer? That damned jockey slipped through our fingers; hurts and all." His hard face shadowed. "'Oons, I can see for myself from your hang-dog face how you have sped meanwhile. So goes the last hope of my guineas and my papers."

"You are right, sir," confessed Hugh, leaning on his horse's shoulder. "I pursued the Beau up to the clump yonder; but Hector foundered, and the Beau winged me as you see."

"Why the foul fiend didn't you shoot first then?" raged the man of state. "What do you carry pistols for? I begin to think," he growled, "that the Beau has friends in Bow Street. Look ye, landlord, here is this stool-pigeon come creeping back without once burning the priming of his weapons, I'll be sworn." With contemptuous anger, Mr. Varley plunged his lace-ruffled hand

Beau Silence

into Milvern's bulging holster. Then he gave a yell.

"My guineas!" he roared, dragging out bag after bag that clinked royally. "My guineas!" he gloated, running round to the other holster on the far side of the saddle. "And my papers!" came his cry. "Everything is here!" he ran back to Hugh and seized him roughly. "Officer, what the devil mean you by this masquerade?"

The landlord of the Half Moon touched him deferentially on the elbow.

"The man is sick, sir," he pleaded. "Little wonder if his memory halts after his wound and a night of drenching in the dew of the Downs."

"Ay, ay," said the politician with a touch of shamefacedness.

"We must have him looked to. Little wonder if he cannot explain his doings. My uncle ever told the wildest tales of the combat of Ramillies, where he was wounded. I have my property again, that is the principal of the matter."

He stared curiously at Milvern, who gaped as he sought vainly in his aching and burning head to comprehend the motive of the "Beau's" strange clemency, which had thus saved his reputation. "Get you to bed, sir!" the Under-Secretary advised him at length. "You shall explain all when you have seen a surgeon. Or, better still," he laughed hoarsely, "explain nothing! For if you tell such tales as my Uncle Ned was wont to spin of Ramillies there is no soul on earth will give you credit."

A rumble of wheels echoed cavernously in Milvern's head. Through a mist he saw Lady Betty in skirt and cloak stepping daintily out of her carriage, its new axle shining.

"Why! If it is not Officer Milvern!" she exclaimed at sight of him. "What has befallen you, sir, since we met last at the Bald-Faced Stag? Whom have you encountered?"

Milvern raised his fainting lids to look stonily at her.

"Beau Silence, ma'am," he whispered.

"And then?" asked she with a pretty eagerness.

"Silence!" said he, and his head fell on his chest.

"What a boor!" cried Lady Elizabeth Wollasey.

END

The Christopher Pearls (Continued from page 75)

explanation of who or why, and Gordon asked none. For he knew that he wouldn't be told the truth if he did, and he had means of his own of amplifying the story if needs be.

He listened to the end, then announced: "That's right. But it'll cost you a couple o' 'undred, Jerry. Dahn, mark you."

Garth lifted his waistcoat and felt for a pocket, unpickable, skilfully devised at the top of his trousers. He produced a wad of notes.

"That's right," said Gordon presently, when he had counted his "couple o' 'undred" carefully. "That's 'ow I like to do business. I will say it for you, Jerry, you're straight. I'll get the old bus tuned up all right to-night."

Jerry Garth shaved his beard that night.

THE "old bus" was an inconspicuous-looking thing—a biggish saloon, apparently of ancient model. But under her bonnet she hid a deceptive engine. The "old bus" could do her seventy easily.

She stood in a side street near the Christophers' flat from ten o'clock the next morning, and the casual passer-by put her down as a commercial traveller's car, for she was filled with luggage at the back, and a dreary-looking man sitting in the driver's seat reading a paper, had all the air of one used to long waiting.

Across the road from the flat Jerry Garth lounged by at frequent intervals.

He saw Lady Christopher and her maid

depart with much fuss and ceremony, and eyed the shabby jewel case that Sir Henry himself handed into the car, with a confident smile in his blue eyes. And he saw, too, a modest two-seater drive up a few minutes later, and he noted its shape and number with interest.

But even more carefully he observed the soldierly-looking man who emerged from it—a smartly dressed fellow in light tweeds and baggy "plus fours." Not a bit like a detective.

A few minutes later a maid appeared on the balcony of the flat and flicked the iron rails in a casual manner with a duster she happened to be carrying.

Garth knew then that the soldierly man was Craven—Pringles' detective.

Presently the maid appeared again for a moment and rubbed her hands, as though she felt the cold. Then Jerry Garth moved quickly to that side street where the dreary man still sat reading at the wheel of an inconspicuous-looking saloon, and murmured "Get on with it, Gordon," as he jumped up beside him.

Mr. Craven was then climbing into his two-seater and starting off for Marsh Wickham Rectory.

He took no heed of an inconspicuous saloon that passed him some ten miles from his destination. He never knew it existed until he was forced to slow a quarter of an hour later, because a shabby-looking dark grey car was right ahead of him, broken down

apparently, by a corner on the lonely narrow road that runs for three miles across open heath before you reach Marsh Wickham. A dejected-looking chauffeur who was tinkering with it called to him, "Sorry, guv'nor. Won't keep you a minute. But she's a bit 'ard to shift," as he climbed into the driver's seat.

Mr. Craven stopped, feeling he ought to get down and help the man. Then suddenly he was aware of someone who emerged, as it seemed, from the earth itself, and was pointing an ugly blue-black automatic straight at him and saying in a soft, menacing voice: "Put 'em up, sonny. Put 'em up. And no tricks! You haven't got an earthly. Take your medicine like a good boy now."

Mr. Craven had no option. His hands went up. He did not even protest.

The other car moved on and turned the corner, then the chauffeur appeared. He came towards him and ran his hands over his pockets deftly, and Craven said bitterly: "Don't worry. I haven't got a gun." The chauffeur nodded agreement.

"Get out, then," Jerry Garth ordered.

Craven got out, and they marched him to the waiting grey car. They stripped him of his coat and waistcoat and bade him get in among the piled luggage at the back of the car, always with that ominous blue-black muzzle only a few inches from him. Then Garth said sharply:

"Sonny, you're going to have a nice little nap," and Gordon (Continued on page 108)

suddenly seized on his arm and ripped his shirt sleeve to the shoulder.

Craven knew what was coming even before he saw the hypodermic syringe that the man he had thought to be a chauffeur produced. They were going to drug him.

He asked in a queer hollow voice: "What's the idea?"

"Just that," Garth answered, and Craven jumped as the needle entered his arm. "Just a little soothing syrup, sonny. It won't hurt you."

Garth passed his pistol over to Gordon and went back to Craven's two-seater. Craven sat glaring helplessly at his guard. Already the opiate in his blood was beginning to work. He was feeling drowsy and limp. Presently his eyes closed and he began to doze. He heard Garth's voice, coming, as it seemed, from an immense distance, saying: "He'll be right off in a few minutes now, Gordon. You know where to dump him. Then come back and follow me. I'll show you where to wait. . . ."

It was tea time at Marsh Wickham Rectory when Mr. Craven's two-seater drew up at the front door.

Jerry Garth, at the wheel, lingered for a few moments before he got down, bracing himself for the ordeal ahead, rehearsing in his mind, carefully, the essential details he must remember, and searching through the dusk, with keen eyes, the long low front of the building that there might be no mistakes if he had to run for it in the course of the next hour.

His luck had held fine up to date. If it would only hold just for that other hour!

It ought to. Craven was now resting unconscious amid a thick clump of whins on a side road off Wickham Heath. He wouldn't wake up till long after dark.

Nobody in the Rectory knew Craven, so Kitty had assured him, and if there were any doubts—well, the telephone wouldn't help the old parson. Jerry had seen the lead of his wire when he had been staying at the "Crown," and that was cut, out on the Heath.

Inside an hour, unless he was unlucky, he'd have those pearls safely in his pocket and be driving hell for leather for Harwich and the night boat for the Hook.

Very deliberately he descended from the car and knocked at the door.

When he asked for Mr. Christopher a maid-servant showed him into the study; and the Reverend Gregory came to him a couple of moments later, a little ill at ease, but giving him a smiling welcome.

"Now, Mr. Craven," he said, "my brother, Sir Henry, has explained it all to me, and I put myself entirely in your hands."

Garth forced a brisk note into his voice as he answered: "Thank you, sir, thank you. I'll try not to be too much of a nuisance."

"I'm sure you won't be that," the old man replied in a kindly way. "But first of all I'll have your luggage taken in, and I'll get some tea brought to you here. You'd

prefer that, I expect. Then you can tell me exactly what you want and we'll do our best to see that you get it. If you will excuse me."

He went out, and Garth, gliding noiselessly to the door, heard him issuing instructions to a servant to tell Wade to drive the car round to the garage and take the luggage up to the Blue Room. The Reverend Gregory proceeded across the hall, and Jerry moved silently away.

His keen eyes fixed on the safe.

God! If only he were sure that the old man wouldn't return at once, he'd try it now. He fingered a key in his pocket, a key made from that squeeze of wax he had taken weeks ago. The odds were the pearls were there already. He could almost see that shabby jewel case Sir Henry had handed into the car a few hours ago through the safe's green door. A minute would do it—if he could get the minute.

Jerry Garth's face had grown very hard and old. Queer unsuspected lines appeared about his mouth, and he was frowning.

Outside he heard the car being driven off, and he slid across to the window. Heavy stuff curtains covered it, and his arm went skilfully behind them to encounter a blind, and behind it the catch of a French window. Better have that open anyhow, he thought, and in a moment he had lifted it.

The next moment, still moving in his quick, noiseless way, he was back at the door listening.

There was no one in the hall. Somewhere beyond he could hear the sound of chatter and women's voices raised in laughter.

Somebody cried: "It's no good, Gregory, you can't fool us like that," and the old parson responded: "But I assure you—"

Jerry took his chance. He drew on a pair of silk gloves.

He was at the safe in an instant. The key turned, the handle clicked and the cumbersome door swung back.

Perched precariously on a heap of papers, Jerry saw that shabby jewel case for which he had worked so long.

He gave a strange sound, like a harsh sigh, as his hand went greedily to it.

It was too clumsy to secrete easily, and he would rather have forced it and taken the pearls from it than bother about the other stuff that might be there, but there was no time to choose then.

He glanced over his shoulder as he swung the safe door to. No need to lock it again. Just get the key out in case that had finger prints on it, and leave them to discover the rest. His luck was in all right. The safe closed with hardly a sound, and Jerry slid over to the window.

It wasn't as dark as he'd have liked, but it ought to be all right if he kept close to the house till he came to the path. Not for nothing had Jerry Garth soaked himself in the geography of the Rectory garden when he was staying at the "Crown."

He hid the jewel case under his coat, and crouched as he moved. He crossed a narrow

The Christopher Pearls

gravelled path like the flicker of a shadow, then pushed quickly through the shrubbery beyond. That brought him to the churchyard wall. Follow that and in the lane at the end Gordon would be waiting.

The car was there, and Jerry was into it almost before Gordon saw him.

"All right?" the man asked huskily.

"O.K., Gordon," Jerry laughed softly. "Now drive like hell. I've got what I want."

The car moved off quietly—it was a good car—and Jerry Garth, amid the luggage at the back, sought a knife, and began to prise open the jewel case.

It was the contents he wanted. The sooner the box went out of the window the better. Less chance of tracing his route.

The lock gave. Jerry crouched down and turned on an electric torch, eager to feast his eyes for a moment on those flawless pearls.

There was the flat faded leather case in the middle of the box, opulent-looking even in its shabbiness. He pushed back the catch with a sense of elation.

Then Gordon, at the wheel, heard a sudden rip of blasphemous invective.

He slowed and called over his shoulder:

"What's up, Jerry?"

"Get on," Garth answered savagely. "Nothing."

But he was peering at an empty case, save for a hastily scribbled note that lay on the velvet where the pearls should have been.

"Molly, dear, don't be alarmed," it read.

"I thought it better to send the necklace down in charge of a detective whom I have employed to look after it while we are at Gregory's. Gregory will tell you all about it as soon as the detective comes—he should arrive very soon after you and is bringing the pearls in his car. I write this lest you should chance to look for them before you were told. One can't be too careful.—Henry."

* * *

Two miles away, under a clump of furze bushes, Paul Craven was beginning to stir in the first moments of returning consciousness. In a dazed way his hand went to the knee of his baggy knickerbockers. There was a package there. His fingers found it, and he dropped back to sleep again for a time, but with a faint smile of satisfaction upon his pale face.

A car passed by at that moment bearing Sir Henry Christopher from the station; Sir Henry hoping to goodness that Molly wouldn't be absurd when she heard about his ruse.

And at Marsh Wickham Rectory the Reverend Gregory Christopher was growing furious before a telephone that seemed absolutely dumb, attempting in the intervals of yelling "Hallo! Hallo!" to calm his sister-in-law, who stared at the open safe, white and terrified, murmuring: "What will Henry say?"

What Jerry Garth was saying at the moment isn't printable.

END

The Murder of the Duc d'Enghien (Continued from page 49.)

citadel of Strasbourg. There the young Duke was separated from his friends with the exception of one aide-de-camp, the Baron St. Jacques.

He was not told why he had been arrested, nor was any explanation offered in regard to the violation of the neutrality of the Grand Duchy of Baden. He was kept in a lonely cell for three days, and at midnight of the 18th he was brusquely summoned by the sergeant of the guard and told to prepare for a long journey. He asked if he might have the services of his own *valet de chambre*, but was refused. He had to do his own packing, and was warned that he need take only two shirts. Even at that dread moment it must have been evident to everyone except the unfortunate Duke himself that his fate had been decided.

He was escorted across France and reached Paris on the twentieth of the month. He

was lodged for an hour or two in the old palace of the Temple, the dismal building which had witnessed the final imprisonment of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. He was then taken to the castle of Vincennes, a stronghold which had been allowed to fall into considerable decay, but which still served the dual purpose of a prison and a barracks.

The Duke, oppressed by this time with uncertainty and fear, and exhausted by his long journey, involuntarily fell asleep in a chair. He was not allowed to rest for more than a minute or two, for presently he was roused and told to prepare himself for examination. His judges had hastily assembled and, although weary in body and spirit, the young prince conducted himself with such dignity that several of them were inclined to temporise, and two or three suggested a direct appeal to the First Consul in Paris.

That in itself was an heroic attitude, for

the First Consul was formidable and all-powerful, and the judges had had their orders to find the Duc d'Enghien guilty of conspiracy. The young prince admitted that just after the revolution he had played a leading part in the activities of the aristocratic *émigrés* beyond the frontier of France. But he emphatically denied all knowledge of the plot of Cadoudal and Pichegru. When the evidence had been taken down he turned to the tribunal of magistrates and military officers and said in a quiet but firm voice: "I request a personal audience with the First Consul. My name, my rank, my sentiments, and the peculiar distress of my situation lead me to hope that this request will not be refused."

He was allowed to retire to a rough bedroom which had been hastily prepared for his reception, and he lay down (Continued on page 110)

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hoping he would not be disturbed again until the morning. But at midnight his gaolers awakened him and ordered him to prepare to face a military tribunal. The Duc d'Enghien protested, but realised it was best to accept the inevitable and go willingly.

The officers of the tribunal rose as the young man came into their presence. They were in the elaborate uniforms which were becoming popular under the picturesque but bloody rule of the First Consul. Each one had the rank of Colonel, and they had been specially commissioned for their task by General Murat, the swashbuckling young Basque cavalry officer who had married Caroline Bonaparte, the First Consul's sister.

MURAT was then Governor of Paris, and full of ambition. He was one day to wear, rather precariously, the crown of the kingdom of Naples, and there is some irony in the fact that he himself was one day to suffer the penalty of death by a firing squad after almost as summary a trial as that which was extended in the night hours to the young Duc d'Enghien in the cold and sequestered château of Vincennes.

The president of the commission was General Hullin, a kindly man by nature, but whose sense of discipline warned him that a display of mercy would be an offence against the First Consul, and therefore against the Republic.

In the brief hours which separated his first examination and the final trial, Bonaparte had been made aware of the fact that the Duke most certainly had no connection with the Cadoudal plot. Even so, he adhered with the obstinacy of a spoiled child to his original intention. He determined to strike fear into the hearts of his Bourbon enemies, and he was prepared to offer them the dead body of the last of the great house of Condé. Josephine went on her knees to persuade her husband to show mercy. Usually Napoleon wilted whenever Josephine wept or made an impassioned request. But on this night he was both adamant and perverse. He refused to be turned from his fixed idea, and informed Murat that the Duke was to be tried on the charge of having borne arms against France and of having plotted against the further existence of the Republic.

General Hullin received these new instructions from a galloper who had rushed breathlessly from Paris to the château of Vincennes. In a voice of considerable emotion he read over the charges to the young Duke. He produced no considerable evidence to support

the accusations. There was the declaration of a spy who had watched over the castle of Ettenheim, where the Duke had lived in exile, and where he was so summarily arrested. It was proved that the accused had frequently entertained former French noblemen in his house, and that on various occasions he had absented himself from the castle. No one knew where he had gone. The Duke d'Enghien expressed amazement at the flimsy character of the charges made against him. He pointed out that it was common knowledge he had joined forces with the *émigrés* during the early revolutionary wars, but added that since the signing of the Treaty of Lunéville he had lived the life of an ordinary noble gentleman in exile. He had taken no part in politics. He had lived peacefully and happily with his wife. His absences from his home had been on the occasions of expeditions to the hunting regions of the Black Forest. He swore that he spoke the truth, and again asked for a personal audience with the First Consul.

His eloquence and courage reduced the tribunal to despair. Several of the colonels on the commission listened at the end with tears glistening in their eyes. Throats became parched and hands nervously twitched. Someone pointed out that this commission before which he was appearing was a summary court. They could condemn him to death if necessary. The Duc d'Enghien did not flinch from his attitude. He simply remarked: "I am aware of the facts, gentlemen. I know the grave danger which I am incurring. But all I have done in the past is to maintain the honour of my house. You would not expect me to act otherwise. I again request an interview with the First Consul."

THERE is no doubt that the tribunal would have adjourned the inquiry until the morning and attempted to obtain an interview between the Duke and Napoleon. But at that moment Savary, the Minister of Police, the man the Emperor subsequently ennobled as the Duke of Rovigo, came into the court. He took his place behind the chair of General Hullin and, when there was a moment of hesitation, whispered: "It would be most inopportune to attempt to arrange an interview of this kind."

The words were electrical. It was murmured round the table that the members had no option but to find this brave young man guilty of treason and of the capital offence of having intrigued against the Republic. The verdict was made known and the Duc d'Enghien removed from the court,

The Murder of the Duc d'Enghien

while word was sent to Napoleon in Paris. General Hullin respectfully awaited the good (or evil) pleasure of the First Consul. They had not long to wait. The messenger came back with General Hullin's letter on which the First Consul had scrawled the words, "Condemned to death."

The Duc d'Enghien was informed of the decision of the commission. He heard the dreadful sentence with the utmost calm. He asked if he might see a father confessor, and an atheist officer, with incredible brutality, answered: "Why do you want to die like a monk and not like a soldier?" The Duke bowed his head and knelt on the floor in silent prayer for a few minutes. Presently he rose to his feet and, turning to the guard, said: "Let us go."

The guard motioned him to descend a dark and narrow staircase. The Duke was alarmed for the only occasion during the dreadful days which had passed since his first arrest at Ettenheim. He fancied he was to be incarcerated in a dungeon—an oubliette—where he would be forgotten and where he would die of madness. He shrank from such a fate, but was reassured by one of the guards: "Monsieur need have no fear," said the soldier.

Indeed, he need have no fear that he was to be despatched in so horrible a fashion. At least his murderers had prepared a swift death for him.

The torches of the soldiery supplied the only light as the procession made its way to the moat of the castle. Once they were in the open the Duke could see the first signs of the coming dawn. It was approaching six o'clock, and towards the east the dark clouds were breaking into grey. The last of the house of Condé realised that he was to face a firing squad. He could see the weapons of the soldiers gleaming over against the wall. But he showed no sign of fear or panic. When someone offered to bandage his eyes he waved him on one side. Then with a steady tread he stood in front of the raised muskets. There was a sharp crack, and the Duke d'Enghien lay dead.

They buried him in a hastily-prepared grave, and he was forgotten during the remaining years of the Napoleonic régime. But in 1816, at the time of the Restoration, the bones of the last of the Condés were exhumed and granted Christian burial in the chapel of the castle where he had been murdered.

END

The Ouled Nails (Continued from page 85.)

Very low were the flutes, until the spectators grew impatient, and then the musician added another section to his instrument and reached a falsetto crescendo. The beat of the drums was merciless.

The little girl—she was only thirteen and making her début—did her best, but, literally, she had no stomach for the dance. She was politely applauded, but not encored.

That made no difference to her. She flopped from the platform and took her chance before a finer artist should appear, dodging among the spectators for her rewards—coins, centimes or francs, which the patrons wet with spittle and stuck to her face and forehead. When, and only when, she had fished for her last sou, she returned to a patron whose eye she had pleased, caded a cigarette and sat at his feet, contentedly smoking until he should wish to go.

It was her initiation. She did not seem to mind.

Her place on the stage was taken by a thoroughly well-upholstered, but not uncomely, dancer possessed of the full technique demanded by connoisseurs of the art. Her undraped waist was occasionally visible. She ended the dance with a spasm as though someone had given her a violent blow in the small of the back, and was greeted with rapturous applause. She and her musicians made a tour and a collection.

El Howie began to awake to his amusement. When the dancer approached he clutched her by the loose fold of flesh that was her waistband and whispered with some urgency, displaying evidence of means.

She nodded, but did not return till she had finished her collection. Then, with a friend and her musicians, she led us through the streets.

There was much chatter among El Howie's caravanners as we approached a low-built house and climbed a wooden staircase, so worn that the knots stood out like pebbles in the treads.

Up to a squat room, candle-lit and carpeted, where chairs were arranged round the wall.

The musicians took up their places outside the room. The drummer tapped and the flautists wailed. The girls danced with a little more abandon.

El Howie whispered a command, which was received with mock astonishment, but when all the Arabs had pretended to cover their eyes with their hands (but were obviously looking between their fingers), the girls threw off their clothes, retaining only their jewellery, and danced for a minute or two, to be checked by El Howie, who went outside for a moment.

The caravanners were entranced and greatly excited, mumbling among themselves.

Money, not of great value, but sounding a lot, was thrown at the feet of the girls.

Mint tea and a little conversation ensued.

El Howie returned, whispering, "I have bought a negro?"

There was a wholehearted round of applause. El Howie was *en prince*. His eyes sparkled, his face was lit by a smile.

True enough! Before we had so much as tasted our mint tea the door was flung open and a gigantic negro, with a face black as coal and the physique of a prizefighter, entered, grinning tremendously.

The flutes were such as played for a holy war; the drums were tortured. El Howie's negro began to tear off his clothes, and the girls, after a small commercial transaction, began again to dance.

For a few minutes there were three dancers, the negro and the Ouled Nails.

As for the rest, I saw El Howie late the next afternoon. He was beaming with contentment.

"Paradise," he said, "may be better. Meanwhile, I am a little poorer but a little more at peace with the world. But you should have stayed!"

The strange thing about these frankly unmoral dancers who form part of Africa's civilisation is that their life does not, generally, cut them off from final marriage. They are an accepted (Continued on page 112)

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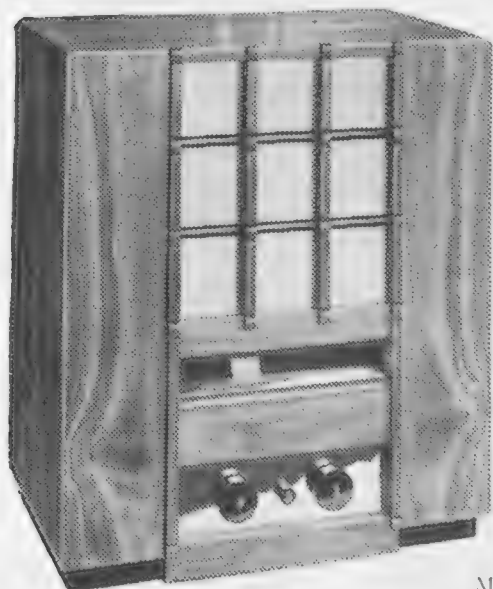
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The Ouled Nails

element in the life of the continent and
amass quite a considerable little fortune.

WELL down into the Sahara I saw one
girl of twenty-five who carried on her
person jewellery to the intrinsic value of at
least a thousand pounds. She was dressed
in dirty purple velvet, with white cotton
stockings and dilapidated Parisian shoes,
but from wrist to shoulder her arms were
encased in gold bracelets at least an eighth of
an inch thick. Her anklets were of the same
material and thickness, but four inches wide.
In addition she wore a belt of silver that
fitted her like a corset.

She was about twelve stone in weight,
evenly distributed, and reputed to be the
richest of her tribe. I could well believe it.

Her face was mottled with tattoo marks,
the drip of henna from her hair and streaks
of kohl from her eyes. In addition, she
carried a massive bruise which she had
received as a mark of affection from the
man she was to marry when she had col-
lected the amount fixed as her goal.

Pitiful and sordid as they may be, from
the European point of view, the Ouled
Nails are not essentially despised. They are
devoted to their profession from the day of
their birth, and if they are occasionally
to be pitied, they are equally envied by other
native women sometimes, for they have
freedom. No man rules them. They mix
with the world in a fashion denied to their
orthodox sisters.

Generally they laugh, but not always.
Sometimes they die.

Down in the Sahara they still tell the tale
of one Saiya, who died when she was twenty,
of all lovely women the loveliest.

Brought up by her mother, and as usual
ignorant of her father, she followed her
mother's profession, finding favour in the eyes
of rich travellers, but there was one camel-
driver, Hassan, who saw her face, and fell in
love with her, and she with him.

Hassan was of a desert tribe, a nomad, and
poor.

The Arabs accept life as it is. Saiya con-
tinued in her profession, working always to
the day when she would be rich enough to go
to Hassan with a little fortune, to take her
place at the head of his household.

For four years she prospered in a town on
the caravan routes, where the great camel
trains converged, and then she retired, laden
with gold and silver.

Meanwhile, Hassan had also grown a little
in wealth. He had a scanty flock of sheep
and goats, two wives and five children.

Saiya, seeking him, went as far as she
could by train, and then, in a storm of wind
and rain, rode to Hassan's tents, forty miles
by camel into the desert.

Arriving, she found him at his ease, in a
dry tent which his wives had made.

The storm continued. The two women were
out in it, while Hassan directed them from
the shelter of the tent, telling them where to
dig so that the water might be trenched off.

It was a time of stress, perhaps, but Saiya
found little warmth in Hassan's greetings,
less in his command. He gave her also a little
native spade, and sent her to join his other
wives, to dig yet another trench, and that was
revelation.

With all her bracelets jangling, and her
velvets drenched by the storm, Saiya tried to
dig.

She wearied, and with weariness perhaps
recalled freedom and independence. Her
camel was still saddled. She mounted and
rode away.

They found her body in the dunes, long
after. Hassan had moved on. There was
nothing to prove that it was his knife that
had slipped between her ribs. Nothing,
save a greater prosperity in his household.

Still the Ouled Nails perform in the cafés,
for the amusement of the tourists and the
pleasure of the Arabs. They are women
without hope of paradise, beyond the comfort
of religion, but even in that, not much
worse off than any Arab woman.

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"Don't they mean anything to you, my dear?" She drew back from him with a sudden gesture half from fright and amusement.

"John, don't be obsolete!" she said.

"Obsolete?" he repeated. "The fact that you made those vows in church before your Maker is obsolete?"

"Please!" she interrupted him. "Don't let's drag religion into it!"

"Janice, have you forgotten your first gift to me?" he asked softly. "That little Bible?"

"I used to be horribly provincial about a lot of other things too!" she answered, with a twisted little smile. "However, one outgrows that! Of course I think that religion, especially over here, has its picturesque aspects. Iago is delightfully superstitious. He wanted me to get a *crèche* for Christmas—one of those miniature scenes of the Nativity you find in the shops. He said French people always have one instead of a tree, and take it very seriously. They even pray before them. But please don't expect me to be sentimental about marriage vows. They were a necessary social form."

"So that wretched little dancing puppet is religious, in addition to his other virtues!" shouted March. "He doesn't seem to make much practical application of it, judging from his behaviour toward us. I suppose he's coming here to-night?"

"Unfortunately, yes!" said Janice.

"By God, I won't have it!" cried John March. At that instant he noticed voices in the hall. Gay voices. The loud one would be that Russian woman, the Countess Ordeloff, the husky voice was certainly Billy de Vallier of nowhere and everywhere, who spent his South American millions as freely as he had gained them mysteriously. In another second they were in the room, de Vallier red-faced and professionally genial, the lean Countess clutching his arm, and in their wake Jean Iago!

"Darlings!" screamed the Countess. "We are dying of thirst! The Rendez-vous bar was so packed we couldn't get near it. And Billy has the most wonderful new story! Billy, angel! Tell them!"

"Olga, you're tight!" said Janice pleasantly. "Hello, Billy. Hello, Jean! John, ring for cocktails will you?"

March was glad of the excuse to cross the hall instead of ringing. For the life of him he could not have spoken a greeting at that moment, any more than he could have made a scene before these exotic guests, the wagging of whose malicious tongues he had laughed at before now, himself. But the attempt at escape was useless, for in the hall other guests had just arrived. Sir Hugh and Lady Tweenham, shabbily refined, good enough souls, and harmless villa people; Maude Woods, newly released by a Paris divorce from a fabulously rich and indulgent American husband, and with her Roffe Canari, the famous Italian tenor, out of training and spending a vacation under the drop lights of the baccarat rooms. Perforce, March stopped to receive them, swamped by their chatter, their ironical Christmas greetings. They bore him back to the drawing-room, where the phonograph was now blaring a cover for the thin quality of the talk. More guests arrived, among them a famous English *comédienne* with an escort in a purple dinner-coat; a married pair of Chicagoans, spending an expensive vacation abroad, slightly bewildered, but anxious to go the crowd one better rather than be thought unsophisticated. There was also an Albanian Prince and a friend of his—a voluptuous Frenchwoman, sleek as a black cat, who spoke no English. Among the crowd the French servants moved serving drinks with that faintly contemptuous tolerance which service in the American colony is apt to engender, while March, like a man in a nightmare, played the host automatically, faint with the thought that this thing must go on for hours to come. Then, standing alone for a moment by a table banked high with flowers, he saw Jean Iago on the

adjoining sofa, seated next to Janice. The dancer leaned behind her, ostensibly to secure an olive from a little tray of hors d'œuvre, and March could hear his whisper quite clearly.

"I must see you alone," the boy said swiftly. "At a quarter to twelve I will go out to the old stables by the gate. You come there." Then he was back in his seat, parrying the thrusts the Russian woman began making at him with a spray of mimosa. The room went black for a second as March steadied himself against the table. Then someone pulled at his arm; a woman. He could not think of her name, but she smiled up at him confidently and tugged at his elbow.

"Dinner!" she cried gaily. "For the lord's sake let's eat before I have to be carried out! You're my partner, Janice says!"

They were at table. Paper caps for everybody. Snowballs of cotton to throw at one another, champagne, confetti. Food that was changed, untasted. Sammy and Tommy from Maxims at Juan-les-Pins came in and took possession of the piano, which had been wheeled to the head of the dining-room, where they sang their questionable songs and the dinner company shouted the choruses. It was a good party, the Woods woman kept telling everybody at the top of her voice. To John March it seemed curiously detached, like a nightmare of whose unreality he was conscious, but from which he struggled in vain to awake. Then came dancing in the *salon*. The tables were dotted with bright little liqueur glasses like Christmas tree ornaments. The staid Sir Hugh Tweenham was dancing with the Frenchwoman brought by the Albanian prince. The lady from Chicago was trying to organise a game of Post Office, and persisted in spite of receiving no encouragement. Sammy and Tommy had been given a bucket of champagne and were redoubling their efforts, but having run the gamut of new tunes, had fallen back on old favourites which received enthusiastic encores. Suddenly across the room John March saw his wife give a quick backward look across her shoulder and slip out between the curtains which screened one of the long windows. March looked at the clock and then scanned the guests rapidly. As he had thought, Iago was already missing. With a murmured excuse to his partner, March handed her over to Billy de Vallier, crossed the crowded floor with difficulty, and reached the window through which Janice had vanished.

OUTSIDE, the night was full of stars, deeply brilliant in the velvet sky, but there was no moon and the garden lay in utter darkness. The *sirocco*, the warm wind from Africa, was still blowing, making a weird lashing sound in the palm trees, but otherwise the silence was broken only by the revelry inside the house. At first March's eyes, dazzled by the smoke and glare of the room he had left, could make out only the troubled forms of the trees, but as he became accustomed to the soft star glow, he saw a dark figure fluttering ahead of him. It disappeared into the blackness of a group of cedars, and then he saw it again, momentarily outlined against a bank of white flowers. It was moving rapidly along the path to the old stables by the road. John March released the handle of the window to which he had been clinging and followed.

Somehow he could not shout to her to stop. Words came into his mind, but his lips refused to move. It was all so confused, so unreal, somehow. Yet he instinctively avoided the gravelled path and stumbling over wet turf and through impeding flowerbeds, reached a point of vantage behind an ancient palmetto before Janice joined the waiting figure in the shadow of the stables. The building itself loomed dark and silent as though burdened with the weight of its great age, and when Janice reached it, her

breath coming in little hysterical gasps, it seemed as if the shadow which emerged to greet her had actually detached itself from the old masonry.

"My beautiful!" said the man's voice in a low tone. "I had to see you."

"Jean!" said Janice. "I am so miserable! Are you sure this isn't wrong?" The man laughed a soft, confident musical laugh.

"Wrong?" he said. "But not at all! It is only natural. If it were wrong, my lovely, we would have had a sign from Heaven!"

"Let's go inside," said Janice nervously. "I don't feel safe out here."

"Of course!" said Iago. Then the couple moved closer to the stables. The darkness of the overhanging roof swallowed them completely, but March could hear the man fumbling with the heavy latch, cursing gently at its stubbornness.

But at length there was a grating sound as the latch yielded, and slowly the great double doors swung open. To March's astonishment there was a faint light inside! Passing his hand across his eyes, he looked a second time and then leaned forward against the sheltering tree, trembling, scarcely able to believe what lay revealed, for in the centre of the straw-strewn floor stood a rough manger, in which lay a new-born child, a halo about its head cast by the light of an old lantern which swung from a rafter above, the little body swaddled in an old blue shawl. In a corner on a bed of straw lay the mother, with the kneeling figure of a man beside her. There was not a sound to be heard except the soft breathing of the cows and horses and the munching of a little donkey which stood patiently near by. Feeling the intrusion, the kneeling man turned his head, and March recognised the peasant to whom he had that afternoon given permission to take shelter here. Then suddenly from the distant town came a clamour of glad bells ringing in *Noël*. March, struggling to regain control of himself, was about to speak when he caught sight of Iago. The *gigolo* had fallen to his knees and was praying fervently, his face smitten with a strange light as though some unexpected depth in the man had been touched unbearably. Beside him Janice stood for a fleeting second, touching his shoulder and beckoning, but the boy motioned her away with a look of horror, and resumed his rhapsody of prayer. Iago had received his sign from Heaven. Turning without further protest, Janice ran toward the house.

In another moment March had followed her, leaving the old-world picture in the stable behind him as swiftly as though it had been nothing more than an inspirational thought. Janice reached the house ahead of him and vanished up the stairs, but her husband knew where to find her. In the nursery little Peter was asleep, one baby hand thrown over the edge of his bed, and Janice's face was buried in the coverlet beside it as she knelt there sobbing. John March drew her away gently and she clung to him, wordless. There was no need for speech now, he thought gladly, holding her closer. Then she raised her tear-stained face and kissed him. From below came a clamour of noisy voices.

"Oh, Janice!" called the Russian woman. "Where are you? Come out of hiding!"

"Yes, snap out of it!" called Billy de Vallier. "Hurry up, it's time to go on to the Ambassadors!"

Janice pulled herself away from March, and for a moment fear was upon him again, at the call of that other world below-stairs. Janice went out into the hall and through the open door he could see her as she leaned over the banister.

"I can't come with you!" she called down. "You'll have to excuse me. I have to pack, because we're sailing for home to-morrow!"

END

Gifts



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AND WEARS
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The Christmas Spirit



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LONDON & GLASGOW

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD.

A Boom in English Ghosts

(Continued from page 23)

her jailors and ran down the gallery, where the King was again at mass. Just as she reached the door of the chapel the soldiers caught her and dragged her, screaming, down the long gallery back to her prison. So every November her despairing wraith returns to the scene of her agony and goes wailing along the old gallery, its flimsy white garments fluttering in the night air.

DESCENDING to spooks of the lower social strata, we may note that the restless spirit of Jean Donbleau is walking again this year. Jean is the French sailor who was murdered by south coast smugglers in the days of George III. He is an erratic visitant and, until this visit, had been quiet for fifteen years. News of his walking brought a crowd of villagers, fishermen and curious visitors from Portsmouth to the sinister copse, a mile out, where he had been seen the night before. Reporters were present.

At this spot, scene of a bloody murder, there is a gap in the line of road lamps for a quarter of a mile, and the road is so gloomy that timid people give it a wide berth on a moonless night. On this particular night, after a couple of hours had passed, a dog suddenly yelped. "Look!" gasped its frightened mistress. Everyone stared hard. There, in the centre of the dark path of unlighted road, rose the tall, vague figure. Some of those who saw it described it as like "a pillar of fog."

At that instant a car hummed up the road. Its headlights seemed to throw the ghost into high relief. But evidently the driver saw nothing, for he drove right through the spectre, and when the dazzled watchers looked again there was nothing there.

With two exceptions no really alarming ghosts have walked in London so far this season. Odd, this, when you recollect that the capital is sprinkled with very sinister old buildings, such as the ancient Tower, murmurous with the sighs of the condemned passing under Traitors' Gate, the groans of prisoners in the west dungeons, the last gasps of noblemen and queens expiring under the headsman's axe; and when you recall that many of the palatial new blocks stand on the site of old public gallows or are built on the obliterated ruins of the wattle huts of Boadicea's charioteers, the villas of armourers who sweated over repairs to the armour of King Arthur's knights, the torture chambers used by old kings and robber barons in the process of avenging themselves on enemies or extracting loans from Jews.

THE most recent apparition in the capital is the Temple ghost, a white dame who hovers uneasily over the graves of the Templar knights outside the old Temple Church in the inclosed legal quarter opposite the Law Courts in the Strand (they were sworn to chastity, those knights). The old gnome in brown who peers from a quaint gallery in Chelsea at passers-by (very badly lit, Chelsea) has also made his expected appearance on several occasions of late. Both, fortunately, are harmless.

The exceptions are the tube ghost I have mentioned at the Tower of London and a mysterious visitant in sedate Bloomsbury. The Bloomsbury ghost announced his advent by rapping loudly on a landlady's bedroom door. On his next visit he tore down a bookcase and threw it on the floor, and suddenly appeared in the vacant wall space, flourishing ghastly bandaged arms and moaning. He was ashen grey and all head and shoulders.

The old lady thus rudely intruded upon skidded into the street in her nightgown calling

for the police. She has since had a nervous collapse. A professional ghost hunter has spent a night in the room in the hope of seeing the ghost again, and no doubt giving him a piece of his mind. But to date nothing more fearful has happened than strange sounds and odd currents of chill air.

CHURCHES have been among the best haunted places in the island.

A host of witnesses testify to having seen in the little Holy Cross Priory, in Leicester, the ghost of a dead priest, the Rev. Norbert Wylie, who was a former prior of the Roman Catholic community and died three years ago in early middle life.

The ghost figure of the prior, it is said, has been recognised and has spoken. According to witnesses, he has been seen kneeling by the high altar; he has been seen kneeling in the confessional box in which he used to hear his parishioners; he has visited the cloisters of the priory adjoining the old church, and has flitted across the grass quadrangle which lies between his old study and the church entrance. The most remarkable part of the visitation is the fact that all the apparitions, with the exception of one, have taken place in full daylight.

Father Fabian Dix, the present prior, saw the apparition for himself. He was at the high altar when the figure of a priest in the black and white vestments of the Dominican order came from the sacristy and stood by his side. It was Father Norbert Wylie, three years in his grave. The dead priest looked straight at the prior and said, "Pray for me. I need your prayers and the prayers of my people."

The prior thereupon, from the pulpit of Holy Cross, begged the prayers of the congregation in the following terms: "In consequence of certain unexpected happenings that have taken place in Holy Cross Priory during the last three weeks, and which came to a climax this morning a quarter of an hour before mass, I ask you to pray for the soul of a priest who has passed over and who is greatly in need of your prayers."

The ghost of Minsden Church has been back for some weeks. Intermittent reports of his appearance kept coming in. He is a famous and old-established spectre, over whom much controversy has raged. Mediums and psychics have gone to his old ruin by midnight, moonlight and starlight, to surprise him, and sceptical chemists have hidden in clumps of alder and waved warning green magnesium lights to bamboozle the spiritualists.

The ghost is supposed to be that of a priest who used his church for the satisfaction of carnal lusts—to be blunt, as a love nest. Thereafter the place was accursed, and the Church finally abandoned it, by order of the

Bishop of Lincoln, in 1750, after a great block of masonry had fallen from the roof and dashed the book out of the hands of a curate who was just starting a marriage service.

AN intriguing ghost couple appear to have settled in the ruins of the monastery of St. Helena, at the Thames-side village of Datchet. At night they sing in the dimly monastery garden, and a black monk and a white lady have been seen to disappear through the old stone wall.

According to local descriptions, the man is tall and attired in black from head to foot. He is hooded, and no one can say what horrible sight that hood veils. The lady is tall, too, and dressed in dazzling white. She doesn't wear a hood; she is hatless. They say in Datchet that the phantom pair have appeared since part of the ancient monastery was burned down some two years ago. But whether they were lovers in life long ago, or what mysterious tragedy they enacted in their earthly existence no one can surmise.

From a Devonshire house built in Good Queen Bess's time comes the tale of "door handles turned when none was at the door, and bolted doors that opened of themselves." A local resident and her so slept there. Late at night the mother was awakened by heavy footsteps that hurried along the corridor and went downstairs. She sat up in bed listening.

Again came the rushing footsteps, making the old stairs creak. The lady, a Mrs. Sanders, called her son and, receiving no reply, went into his room and found him asleep. Next morning the son told his mother that he had awakened three times to find his door open, though he got up and shut it each time.

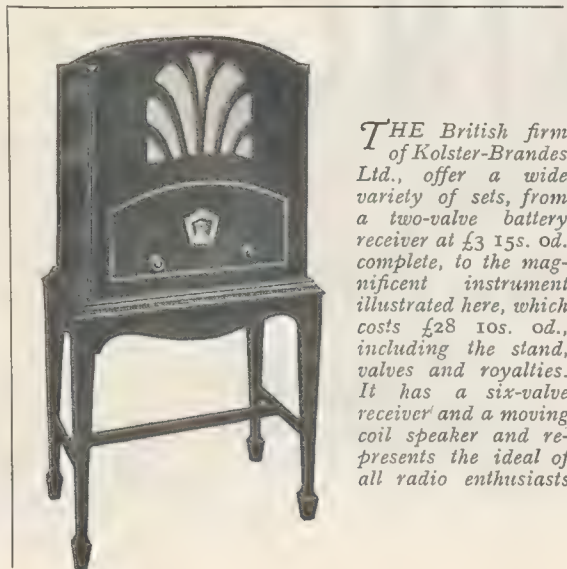
Investigation of the house records disclosed the legend of a man who had walled up a living nun in one of the rooms, after chasing her at night through the corridors. Were the rushing footsteps and was the intruder into the son's room the unquiet spirit of this wicked man living his ghastly deed over again?

From the fox-hunting districts come, besides some anticipated annual visitors, several new ghosts, among them a phantom horse, careering over the countryside around Wartnaby, a quiet Leicestershire village. This night rider is thought to be the ghost of a wild squire who, a hundred years ago, was one of a madcap band of followers of the Quorn. The first person to see the rider and his spectral steed had the disturbing experience of having them both walk through him! Another hunting country spook which has caused considerable general interest and local uneasiness is an Eye of Doom as big as an automobile head-light, which glows in the brow of a vague vast shape that has been seen hovering over the tombstones in an old churchyard. I may also mention a glimmering hand—a white, beautifully shaped feminine hand—which has taken to drifting about a hunting squire's house (built on the site of an old gallows), and has sent a well-known hunting woman into hysterics. What it thinks it is up to, no one can guess.

A good instance of the aimlessness of many of the ghosts reported this Christmas is the brown monk of the Seaforth clan of Scotland. He was definitely reported in November's first week as seen by villagers near the stream which turns muddy when a Seaforth is about to die.

It was by this haunted stream that—according to the family legend—Alexander III, King of Scotland, went hunting one day and was attacked by a mighty stag. But a youth suddenly leaped between, and struck the stag's head from its shoulders at one blow. The family crest, a stag's head, perpetuates the legend. They were mighty men in those days.

The king gave his saviour a grant of land. Up went Brahan Castle, and the Seaforths—then the Mackensies; (Continued on page 120)



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(27)

See the Belling Fire advertisement on page 16.

A Boom in English Ghosts

the Seaforth title came later—were launched in the *haut monde* of the time. Unluckily, one of them fell foul of the Church and got cursed. The brown monk who laid the curse said that there should come a deaf head of the clan, and, contemporary with him, four great lairds with marked physical defects—and that when this happened the gift land of the family would be lost and the line become extinct.

Centuries passed. The curse was forgotten. Then the twenty-first chief of the Mackensies, who had been created Lord Seaforth after a term as Governor of Barbados, lost his four sons, and, falling into debt owing to speculation, got his estate hopelessly involved. It was then abruptly realised that the curse was coming literally true. For Lord Seaforth was deaf, and four of his contemporaries bore marked physical defects. There were Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch, who was buck-toothed; Chisholm of Chisholm, who was hair-lipped; Grant of Grant, who was half-witted; and Macleod of Ramsay, who stammered. Sir Walter Scott dug up the curse and authenticated it at the time.

The line is now extinct. It therefore is a question what the apparition of the brown monk portends, since the curse was worked out before this century began, and the last Lord Seaforth, known for his affection for a tame cockatoo which he carried about on his shoulder, died in 1923. One can only surmise that the monk has been haunting so long that he has fallen a victim to a habit complex, or else that the news service of the spirit world is defective.

END

Christmas Menus

(Continued from page 87)

Plum Pudding Suzette

Cut the cold plum pudding into slices and make them hot in the following manner. Take six lumps of sugar, rub them all over against an orange, until all the outer peel is on the sugar. Crush this sugar and mash it with an equal quantity of butter. Put this in a pan, and when the butter is melted put in the pieces of plum pudding. When it is thoroughly hot add soft sugar and the juice of orange. Let this heat again and serve with whipped cream, very cold, and flavoured with orange.

Cakes and Candies

(Continued from page 88)

Little Ginger Cakes

Cream 4 oz. of butter and 4 oz. of sugar together, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of ground ginger and a few drops of ginger essence, and 1 oz. of lemon peel chopped finely. Sift in 4 oz. of flour, add two eggs well beaten, and beat until the mixture is light and frothy. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder. Half fill small greased patty pans and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

Fudge

Put two breakfast cups of Demerara sugar and not quite a cupful of milk and cream mixed into a saucepan. Stir until it begins to boil. Boil until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from the fire and beat until it thickens, adding shelled walnuts as you beat. Pour on a buttered dish and cut in squares when cold.

Chocolate Fudge

Put $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of grated chocolate, a breakfast cup of white sugar, 1 oz. of butter and a tea-cupful of milk into a saucepan and stir until well mixed. Boil gently until it becomes thick and forms a soft ball in cold water (about 20–30 minutes). Remove from the fire and beat thoroughly, adding walnuts if liked. Pour on a buttered dish and cut into squares when cold.

Home-made Xmas Fare



Christmas Pudding.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants.
 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied
 Peel. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonsful Baking
 Powder. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Flour. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds.
 Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs.
 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg.
 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to
 make right consistency. $\frac{1}{4}$ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

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These famous recipes are from the 'Atora' book of 100 tested recipes. Send postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants.
 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar.
 1 lb. chopped Raisins. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Citron Peel.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon.
 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg, grated.
 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.



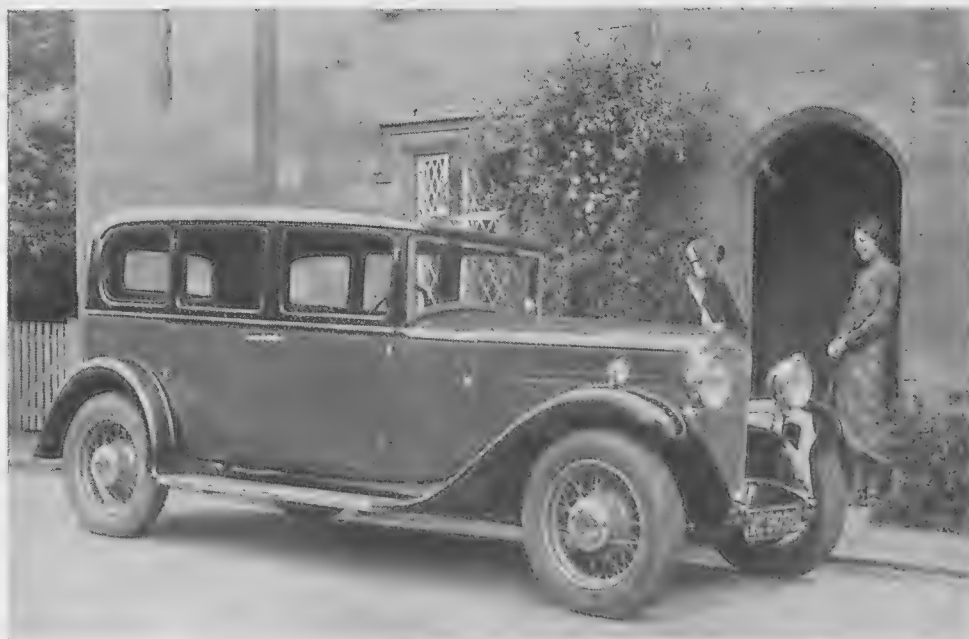
TOme, it is always a pleasant experience to drive one of the modern range of Humber cars. The makers, since the days when I first took an interest in motoring, have completely revolutionised their business, and the Humber car of 1932 bears little resemblance either in appearance or performance to that of a few years ago. Only one factor has remained the same—surviving every alteration of design and management—namely, the “quality” characteristic of a thoroughbred machine.

To take a high-class motor car, to give it the performance demanded by the owner-driver of 1932, to sell it at a price which that impoverished individual can afford to pay, and to avoid “cheapening” its general quality or offending the more discriminating type of purchaser—this is an achievement at which many firms have aimed, and in which very few have succeeded. Humber cars to-day are inexpensive, but they have never been “cheap.”

An admirable example is the “Snipe” model Saloon, the latest edition of which was recently lent to me for trial. This is a large car, having a 24 h.p. engine and a top speed of some 75 m.p.h., in spite of which it is sold at the extremely reasonable price of £465. It would scarcely be surprising if some detail refinements had been skimped in order to provide such a combination, but my most critical examination failed to disclose anything of the sort.

On the contrary, the engine, in addition to developing a fine degree of power and acceleration, is also remarkably quiet and smooth. It does its work at fairly high “revs,” but there is no suggestion of “fussiness” or period of vibration. A strong cross-wind deterred me from testing its maximum speed, but on several occasions I covered a mile at a steady 60 m.p.h.—a pace which the “Snipe” seemed positively to enjoy. On Brooklands track the previous day, this same car (which, incidentally, is fitted with a speedometer of admirable honesty) had been timed to do 74.5 m.p.h. “all out.”

THE gearbox is an admirable combination of efficiency and ease of operation. “Straight through” changes can be made at any low or medium speed into the well-designed third gear—a ratio which is ideal for obtaining a quick get-away in traffic or on hills, besides being entirely silent. The lazy driver, however, will find



The New Humber “Snipe”

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This Month's Motoring Hint

When the Engine is Cold

JUDGING by the sounds which one hears when cars leave their garages on a frosty morning, many drivers have great difficulty in changing gear before the oil in the engine and gear box has had time to warm up. The controls are heavy and the gears are mysteriously obstinate in accepting the simplest of changes.

The great thing to remember is that every change “up,” under these circumstances, is many times more rapid than would be normally the case. A very quick single-clutching change will generally be needed where, later in the day, a slow double-clutching change will be the usual procedure. Changes through the “gate” will probably require double-clutching, with the foot kept lightly on the accelerator pedal. It is essential to make these allowances for the first five or ten minutes.

no cause for complaint in the flexibility and power obtainable in top gear alone.

The steering is irreproachable, being very light, completely definite, and provided with just the right degree of castor action. The latter item I consider most important in a relatively fast car, for I have found it almost dangerous to leave the crown of the road at high speed with a steering gear not of the self-centring type. The springing is scarcely less efficient, and I deliberately drove fast over bad sections of road without experiencing any discomfort.

Road-holding, in consequence, is excellent, and under no circumstances does the driver feel the unpleasant necessity of “hang-

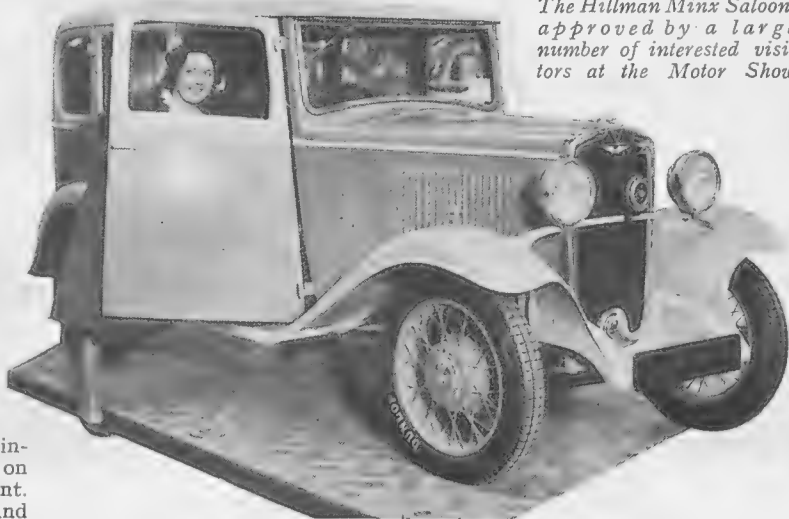
ing on” to the wheel. The brakes are of exceptional power, and, although I drove through several miles of traffic, I never had occasion to use them to their full extent. Indeed, I should imagine that, if applied with vigour, their action would be almost too drastic to be agreeable.

AS for the coachwork of this saloon model, it deserves, I think, a special mention. Apart from the comfort of the seating and the “lines” of the exterior, I am afraid that I am not always as susceptible as an all-round critic should be to the niceties of the coachbuilder's art. In this case, however, I was distinctly struck by the way in which every conceivable item of convenience had been included without either a “de luxe” increase in price—this was actually the least expensive closed car on the list—or any suggestion of unnecessary “frills.”

From the driver's point of view, I noted the dual windscreen wiper, the quick-action front window raising and lowering device, the handy cigar lighter, the big cubby holes, the pulley for operating the rear blind, and the instantly adjustable interior sun visors. From the back seat one appreciated the foot-rests which folded neatly out of sight, the hinged quarter lights which ensured draughtless ventilation, and the arm-rests which did not reduce the width of seating space.

Chassis and coachwork, in fact, are alike in their quiet efficiency and lack of ostentation.

The aim of the designers has clearly been to produce a thoroughly workmanlike combination, while omitting nothing which could add to the practical comfort of the owner. They have succeeded, in my opinion, quite exceptionally well, and the “Snipe” of 1932 should more than hold its own in public estimation.



The Hillman Minx Saloon,
approved by a large
number of interested visi-
tors at the Motor Show

The Season of Skids:

This Year let us lay the Bogey

I FEEL that I should perhaps begin this article with an apology, since I am now proposing, for the first time in two and a half years' connection with these columns, deliberately to repeat myself. On the other hand, there is, I fear, no doubt that almost as many motorists will kill themselves this year as a direct result of skidding as in the year 1929 when I last attempted to give some advice upon this subject. The crime of repetition, therefore, finds me largely unrepentant.

Why is it that the ordinary skid, in spite of everything that has been said and done and written to reduce its toll of lives, still continues to claim its yearly quota of well-intentioned victims? It is chiefly, I think, because it still continues to be regarded as a terrifying bogey, rather than as a perfectly ordinary and clearly understood phenomenon.

"What could I have done?" wails the unhappy motorist as he extricates himself disconsolately from the wreckage. The answer is, "If you had devoted to your motoring one-tenth of the forethought which you devote to your putting or your tee shots, no accident would ever have occurred." Let us face and overcome this skidding bogey like reasonable men and women.

Let us, for once, take a leaf out of the book of the aeroplane pilot (who, by the way, is not always such a hare-brained individual as is popularly imagined). His bogey is, or used to be, the spinning nose-dive, at one time regarded as the certain prelude to a crash. How has he overcome what used to be the greatest terror of the air?

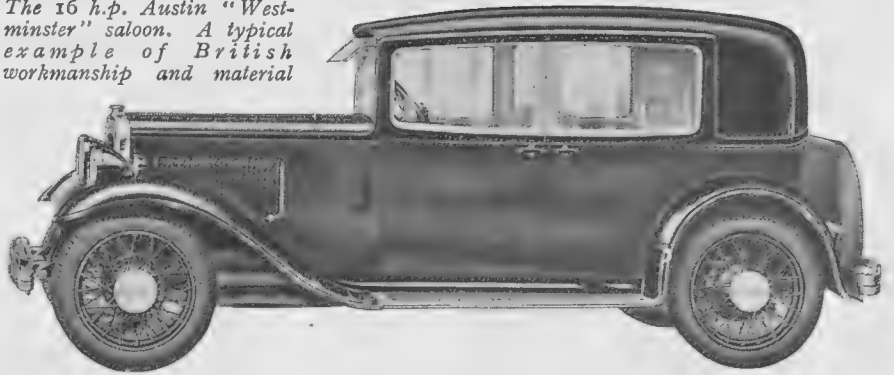
He has overcome it by familiarity, which has bred, in this case, not contempt, but reasonable understanding. Every young pilot, no matter how limited his experience, has been taught just how and why an aeroplane will spin. He has also been taught exactly how to extricate himself from this manoeuvre. I am in no way exaggerating when I say that this is part of the ordinary A B C of flying instruction.

Is it not a little strange that skidding, which is the equivalent motoring phenomenon, should be regarded rather as the Advanced Greek Iambics of the motorist's education?

Imagine for one moment a motoring instructor taking out a woman pupil for her third or fourth lesson on to a wide and greasy road. "Now," he says, "show me a gentle skid to the left. . . . Thank you, that will do. Now a skid to the right. . . . Thank you, that was quite good, but you are still tending slightly to over-correct."

You laugh at the very idea? That is just where the tragedy lies. The pilot, who, at worst, will only kill himself and/or some too-confiding friend, is forced by law to have some comprehensive elementary training. The motorist, who may kill any number of entirely innocent parties, is forced neither by

The 16 h.p. Austin "Westminster" saloon. A typical example of British workmanship and material



law nor, apparently, by conscience to perfect himself in the elementary points of driving.

All this, however, is a digression from our object, which is to study the cause and the remedy of the common skid. It will be simpler to leave out of our calculations the more complicated front-wheel skid, since this, with the modern car, is of very rare occurrence and demands a relatively high degree of skill for its correction. The cause

The first step, therefore, in recovering from a skid is to remove the original cause. If the brakes have been fiercely applied, it is necessary to release them. If the acceleration has been too vigorous, it must be relaxed. If the front wheels have been turned too quickly, they must momentarily be centred.

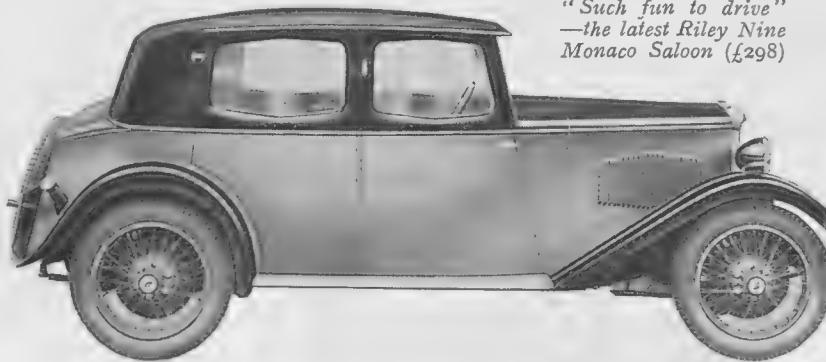
Many cars will recover instantly from a skid the moment the cause of it has been removed. In some cases, however, a little assistance from the driver will be called for. The usual advice given in this connection is, "Steer in the direction of the skid," but I think that I can put this in a much clearer form. After all, on those distressing occasions when a car makes a determined effort to "turn round and look at you," there is not a great deal of time in which to decide the actual direction of the skid.

I should much prefer to say, "Keep the front wheels pointing straight down the centre of the road." There can be no mistake about this, and, if it is literally carried out, there can be no risk of the beginner's usual error, which is to over-correct and thereby to provoke

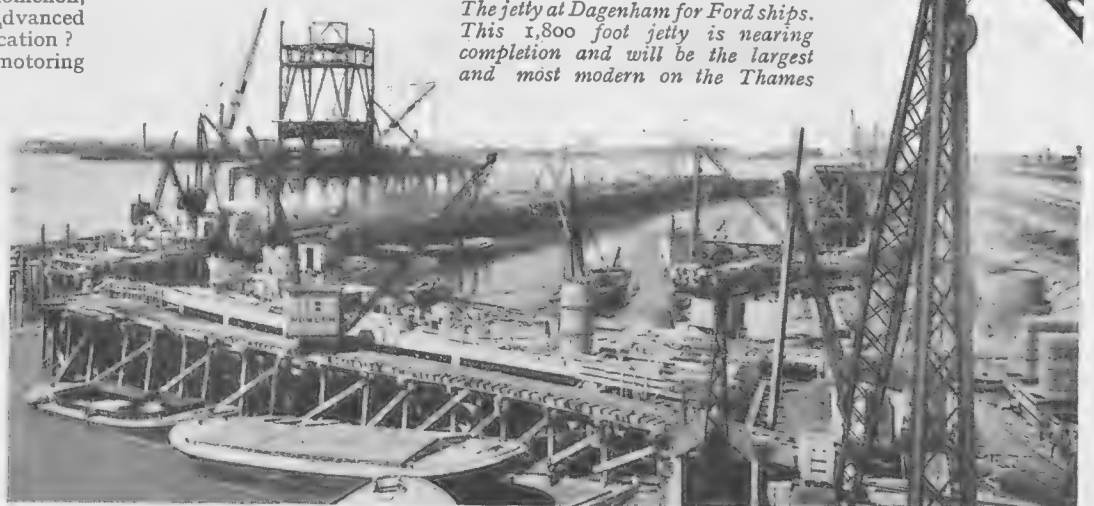
a second skid in the opposite direction. The back wheels, relieved of whatever forces had been causing them to skid, will assuredly follow the front ones into their ordinary running position.

of all skids is a sudden, violent alteration of the steady motion of a car coinciding with a slippery surface. It may be that the course of the car has been suddenly altered; it may be that the speed of the car has been suddenly increased or decreased, or it may be a combination of the two. In either case, the result is that the car resents the too-violent use of the controls, and endeavours to pursue its own way by skidding in defiance of the driver.

"Such fun to drive"—the latest Riley Nine Monaco Saloon (£298)



The jetty at Dagenham for Ford ships. This 1,800 foot jetty is nearing completion and will be the largest and most modern on the Thames



The "ELMA" is the BEST Home Hair Waver

—for perfect natural waving it was awarded first Prize and Diploma at the Paris Hairdressing Exhibition

See the Beautiful Natural wave formation the "ELMA" must make



"See how these beautiful waves were made."

"Just damp the hair, place the cap in position and gently close . . ."



"Now see how the combs have formed the hair into perfect natural waves, backwards and forwards. It's so comfortable too . . ."



"With this result within an hour. Compare with photo above to see how the combs make it impossible to fail."



PROOF

It is worthy of note that of every 100 ladies who have seen the Elma Hair Waver demonstrated, 99 have purchased and been delighted with the results attained.

Obtainable from

ELMA MANUFACTORY

(Dept. 60), 231, Oxford Street, London, W.I.

(3 doors from Oxford Circus Tube Station).

And from Messrs. Boots, Taylors and all high-class Chemists and Stores.

DO NOT CONFUSE WITH ORDINARY "CRIMPED" WAVES

The Elma Hair Waver is so cleverly yet so simply designed that when it is placed upon the hair and gently closed, each of its combs plays its selected part in forming and setting the hair automatically into glorious natural waves. A glance at the photographs (which are absolutely genuine and depict waves really made with the Elma Waver) will show you just why and how this happens, one comb moving forward and the next one back, carrying the hair gently but firmly into the desired position.

The Elma combs (non-metallic) are pliable and can be adjusted to the shape of the head, yet they will not break. It is feather light, is washable, and will last a lifetime. It cannot harm the head or hair in any way.

THE "ELMA" HAIR WAYER IS ABSOLUTELY COMFORTABLE IN USE AND IS SUITABLE FOR EVERY STYLE OF HAIRDRESSING

The new improved

Elma

HAIR WAYER

makes waves with unfailing certainty all over the head, which are exactly like natural waves, or waves made by the most skilled hairdresser.

One Elma Waver waves the whole head. You are assured of years of perfect home hairdressing—the money, time and trouble saved is incalculable. GET YOURS NOW!

The "ELMA"

makes waves regular or irregular, deep or shallow as required. Simple instructions enclosed. There are four models—right-hand, centre, left-hand parting, or for hair combed straight back.

State which model you require when ordering.

Price - - 7s. 6d.

The "ELMA" Hair Waver is patented and may be seen at our showrooms.

The Woman in Blue

(Continued from page 25)

all over the world, first under Miss Damer Dawson and now under Mary Allen. Egypt Greece, Turkey, Poland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, France—among others—have felt the British influence; there is an Aerial Woman Police Inspector in the States who rejoices in the magnificent name of Mrs. Ulysses Grant McQueen and who has served under Lord Allenby in Palestine; and very recently South America has taken, in parts, to the new idea! After a visit of Commandant Allen to Uruguay—actually two days after a speech by the Englishwoman—the Government authorised the establishment of an embryo force of Women Police, which will make life even more difficult than it is for the White Slave Traders and "allied interests." . . .

HUNDREDS of women of all ranks and types have passed this rigorous training; not all of it is either exciting or romantic! De-lousing is a science that it is useful to know; routine of searching is not always pleasant in practice . . . crowd-control might panic the boldest. And—they have had their private personal adventures, these "ordinary women" who joined up. For instance, Mrs. Gardiner, an ex-florist, developed a real genius for detective work; she was "lent" to an expert engaged on special intelligence work for the Navy—she was able to get vital evidence on Drug Traffic, and finally was the only woman who understood certain anti-aircraft machinery and was on the Staff of the Metropolitan Observations Service. . . .

Meet a certain woman Inspector on duty (in the war) and called in to dislodge a particularly tough case, a bold bad woman firmly ensconced in a fried fish shop, from which all else had fled! The crowd waited happily for the "lady cop" to do a conjuring trick with a bundle of feminine violence and vituperation. Which she did; she went straight up, quietly, to the virago and leaned down to WHISPER something to her:—what she said was: "Now you know I would never stay where I was not wanted. . . ." Put like that, of course, it was different. The tough case arose and withdrew in the wake of the Law. . . .

IT was, so Commandant Allen says in her book, to her organisation that the Irish officials applied for "fifty trained and fearless women" for service in the worst times of Ireland's troubles.

Murder was a commonplace; routine duties included dangerous expeditions in armoured cars, searching suspects in homes that were hostile and literally bristled with arms,—ambushes and sudden attacks . . . revolvers in beds, in bathrooms, up chimneys and searchings to be made in the face of resistance.

It was a certain constable, a Mrs. O'Neill on duty in plain clothes in Dublin, who secured the arrest of a romantically minded drug trafficker; a man with the usual "piercing eyes" who (in that meanest and foulest of trades) was planting his wares with success chiefly with young women. Mrs. O'Neill got acquainted and met him by arrangement; she was to wear a white flower if the coast was clear. By another arrangement she was to drop her handkerchief when the lurking detectives could converge and effect an arrest. Decked with her flower, she waited; he arrived and the transaction was being made when she dropped her handkerchief. Instantly the drug-seller cried: "Don't pick it up—that will mean a disappointment for you and an introduction for me. . . ."

She did. But the subsequent startling introduction was no disappointment to Mrs. O'Neill!

ANOTHER and quite unique type of woman police . . . a kindly hand of the law in the town that has no slums—Amsterdam. Imagine a pleasant sleepy looking house on the quiet paved canal bank; no name to distinguish it, (Continued on page 126)



Beauty in the Home begins with the Floors

The floor is to-day acknowledged as one of the most important items in a scheme for the decoration of any room. To ensure beauty to your floors, and make them a worthy basis for your decorative schemes use "Mansion"—the polish which imparts a lasting brilliance, and enriches the colour and grain of all wood floors. It also gives a hard wear-resisting film which protects the surface and lengthens the life of Linoleum. For Dark woods use Dark Mansion.

MANSSION POLISH

In Tins 6d., 10½d., and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2 lbs., nett 3/-

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, W.4.

merely a number that is well known to most citizens. Inside I could find only one individual in uniform, and he merely acted as doorkeeper and took me to the genial presence of a very famous police officer—the creator of one of the most modern and effective police forces in the world . . . the *Children's Police of Amsterdam*.

Police Commissary G. E. G. Hogendyk is no sentimentalist and has established his amazing little police force on lines of the sternest efficiency. He relies upon woman for a great deal of his most delicate work, well paid, hard worked and highly trained young women—4 inspectors and 8 constables. With no "ordinary" duties to distract them, these women concentrate upon every means of prevention of child crime and misfortune known; tireless vigilance and enlistment of all the helps that modern science can give for the protection of unfortunate and the cure of delinquent children.

SURELY the policewomen of the world would take off their hats, helmets, wide-awakes, képis and headgear generally to that intrepid Frenchwoman whom some of us have seen at Le Touquet? The famous Madame Gobison drafted to Paris-Plage for special duty had no sinecure. Better battle, murder, and even sudden death, than a beach swarming with a polyglot crowd of bathers—mothers and children (most of the latter spoilt)—and that slender line of demarcation between sunbathing and birthday suit . . . always in peril. Madame Gobison dealing with the dreadful parent of some misbehaving spoilt infant without having to call the fire brigade and quell a riot as sequel, surely deserves well of the Republic.

But—the shadowing Unobtrusive Women—who are they and how are they trained? Who employs them on their unofficial jobs in support of law and order and the sanctity of private property—whether that be merchandise or straying spouses?

Go up some rather dingy stairs in Baker Street of Sherlockian fame and, at the top, find Charles Kersey, burly trainer of lady detectives and the only trainer in the United Kingdom. A class is in progress:—"If he seizes you by the throat," says Mr. Kersey, mildly, "DO THIS." And, with a blood-curdling gesture, he indicates the best way of breaking the little finger and the death-grip . . . Obediently Mr. Kersey's young

ladies go through the murderous pantomime. "If he will not go quietly," murmurs the six-foot ex-police officer reminiscently, "then—DO THIS." And his young ladies then take turns in rendering themselves completely helpless in the approved manner, swiftly, with a famous grip.

This amazing training, with its visits to police courts, its practice in evidence giving, and its detailed instruction on law and in "worldly wisdom," is taken by all sorts of women of the age to which it is best suited, from 25 onwards. Romantic young ladies definitely are not wanted; the work is hard and needs hard swift brains "packed in ice," mature judgment and illimitable patience of a high order. You may find all types of women: shop assistants seeking the promotion that may come through additional qualification; private secretaries seeking the obvious advantages of the training; reception clerks, company clerks, women who run "little shops" and women who manage hotels and restaurants. Women of leisure and wealth and title, too; for the worldly wisdom and for the experience the work gives.

A noted woman hotel proprietor trained as a full blown sleuth, quite soon she rewarded herself for her hard work since she apprehended a valet of some 12 years' service getting away with £175 worth of jewellery within five weeks of her qualification . . . and stopped a systematic robber.

They must never make a false charge; and in six years and in 642 cases of shop-lifting—they never have. But they cover other things as well, at a few hours' notice; for instance, four apparent holiday makers leave by the boat train for a French resort; jolly young things you'd think them if you travelled with them . . . you might make friends, too, just as one does . . . meet them again at an hotel and make greater friends . . . just as the man and woman whom they are shadowing will. Only a certain firm of solicitors in London and Mr. Kersey himself know the names and the hotels, until the necessary evidence is obtained . . . papers served in such a way that no possible doubt or mistake can ruin the result of five or six weeks' patient watching and waiting and a cost of four or five hundred pounds.

This sounds glamorous, exciting. Ask Maud West, the famous woman detective. She has no illusions; hard worked and un-

The Woman in Blue

emotional, she will herself point out the grim routine of shadowing. "Eyes glued to a doorway for hours on a stretch, never a blink through rain and cold lest in an instant of relaxation the quarry slip past."

Maud West has had, and still will have, adventures; but there is one, among many other cases, in which she scored a notable success. A certain Embassy called for help—could the detective find a missing girl? Maud West disappeared from her office and only after a month's absence did she one day return—with the information. She had assumed the disguise and the personality of a district nurse and lived the life in the depths of the East End . . . patiently following clues, threading mazes of rumour, she had at last combed out the under-world for her quarry and found her with a Chinaman. The news was immediately brought to a distracted family.

Sitting quietly in the head office . . . a sudden telephone call . . . rapid change of clothes, a new personality . . . and the detective is off on a job; waitress, skivvy—secretary, charming girl friend—even male impersonation; in at the front door goes somebody's unobtrusive secretary, and out at another comes a young man just off for an evening's stroll . . . while half an hour later a well-dressed business woman enters a smart restaurant. *The same young woman!*

And, ask Mr. Kersey about the Spring Crop of Erring Husbands. His young ladies have a hard time then tracking them down for infuriated wives . . . and occasionally, of course, vice versa. . . .

Children's police, un-uniformed but efficient, in Amsterdam, our own Robertas gradually better dressed and more humane in aspect, in London; a certain provincial woman constable on a motor bike—and the followers of English Mary Allen in Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Buenos Ayres, Poland and Germany—the stern Teutonic woman "schupos" of Cologne and gallant Frenchwoman at Le Touquet, debonair and shrewd Fraulein Ernst in Berne . . . the world (and especially the world of women and children for whom they especially work) will soon be encircled by the gentle unrelenting grip of that Hand in a Velvet Glove!

END

Twenty-four Hours: Days That Have Made History (Continued from page 45)

and Serbia is not a pleasant country in which to conduct a military campaign. Little flag waving here!

The bent and stumbling figure of the Emperor Franz Joseph puts his signature to a parchment document. "I set out," declares this manifesto, "with a supreme conscience, on the path to which my duty points. I trust in the Almighty to give victory to my arms."

The leaves on the lime trees in the Hofgarten seem to be withering very early this year. . . .

11.30 a.m. London

Mr. Asquith's Cabinet meets for its daily session. The Prime Minister reveals the text of the ultimatum which Sir Edward Grey has sent. Mr. John Burns and Lord Morley decide to resign from the Cabinet.

"I propose to ask for a vote of credit of £100,000,000," says Mr. Asquith.

Down at Falmouth, the liner "Kronprinzessin Cecilie" has just put in on her homeward voyage to discharge passengers. There is £2,000,000 in bullion in her holds. It is destined for the German war chest that lies under the moat at Spandau Castle.

The life of "the City" is dead; the Bank Rate stands at 10 per cent.; the Stock Exchange is closed.

12 noon, Berlin

Sir Edward Goschen has delivered the ultimatum to the Wilhelmstrasse. The city is in a fever of excitement; marching regiments and blaring bands hold up the ambassador's car. Outside the stucco walls of

the French Embassy in the Pariser Platz a hooting crowd passes to and fro, through the Brandenburg Tor and back again. War between France and Germany is already in operation.

Berlin is drunk: with patriotism, and pride—and lager beer.

In his palace at the far end of the Unter den Linden the Kaiser pens these words: "Envious peoples are compelling us to our just defence."

3.30 p.m. London

While the world holds its breath, Mr. Asquith tells the Commons of the ultimatum to Germany. Crowds surge along the Mall, around the Palace and down Birdcage Walk to Westminster.

The King has just signed the order calling up the Army reserves and Territorials. Vice-Admiral Sir John Jellicoe has been given the command of the Fleet. His Majesty pens these words to his Senior Service: "You will revive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in the hour of trial."

And so the anxious afternoon wears on. At the Oval, Jack Hobbs has already made 226 in the first innings against Notts. . . .

6 p.m. Brussels

News comes that the great German Army has crossed the border at all points, and is converging upon Liège. Five great nations are at war; and how many more?

The King of Belgium has just made a speech: "A country which defends itself," he

says, "gains the respect of all. God will be with us in our just cause."

10 o'clock, London

Ten thousand people surround Buckingham Palace, shouting and singing. Three days before, the House of Hanover had celebrated its third tercentenary; its British representatives now come out upon the balcony to acknowledge the cheers of their subjects.

Is it really war at last?

The tragedy of the thought is drowned in this fluttering, shrill-voiced sea of patriotism. Alone, perhaps, in all this concourse—certainly alone in the Courts and chancelleries of Europe—is one man who is sad.

His Majesty, King George the Fifth of Great Britain and Ireland, the British Dominions, and Emperor of India.

He has but recently written these words: "Some grave misunderstanding has produced this deadlock. I will do everything in my power to assist in reopening the interrupted conversations between the Powers."

11.30 p.m. London

Is it too late?

The crowds surge restlessly from Palace to Parliament. But in Downing Street sit four men who know the truth. Britain is already at war with Germany. . . .

At 12.15 a.m. the official Foreign Office declaration will tell the world the great news.

Germany has evaded the terms of the ultimatum; the time limit is up; war is declared, as from 11 p.m., August 4th, 1914.

END



Gifts



NO little gift is so sure of appreciation as the charming Yardley Lavender, cherished by the leaders of taste and fashion for many generations.

The Perfume, with its delightful clean fresh fragrance, jars of Bath Salts, Face Creams and Powders, and delectable Gift Cases of Lavender articles are ever the best loved of Xmas Gifts.

OF ALL
CHEMISTS
COIFFEURS
AND STORES



Lavender, Stopped Bottles in Presentation cases, 6/3 to 70/4, Sprinkler Bottles, 2/6 to 16/6. Lavender Soap (THE LUXURY SOAP OF THE WORLD), 2/6 a box of 3 tablets, Powder (Seven Tints) 1/9, English Complexion Cream 3/4, Bath Salts: Jars 5/6, Bottles 2/6, etc. etc. Also Gift Cases from 2/6 to 21/6.

33 OLD BOND STREET

LONDON W.1

ABDULLA BALLADS



JAMILA'S TENT SONG

The palm-trees in the moonlight gleam like silver by the singing stream,
And from the sleeping gardens rise a hundred scents of Paradise.
Farewell, my father's Palace halls—white balconies and turquoise walls !
No clinging veil or gilded bars conceal me from the wind and stars.

Our tent is pitched on alien land and hung with rugs of Samarkand.
Oh, Master, who hath set me free, I dedicate my life to thee !
E'en as Abdulla's Smoke, unfurled, moves lightly through an airy world,
With laughing hearts we two shall ride towards the dawn, by paths untried.

F. R. HOLMES.

113,000 pieces have to be renewed in the course of twelve months of Atlantic voyaging. In the same period the cost of replacements of china, earthenware, and glassware is £30,000, 380,000 pieces having to be replaced.

There are many curious costs in liner-running of which the passenger (usually careless about such things) would never dream. Vessels on the Australian trade have to pay Australian customs duty on all the stores they consume while in Australian waters.

CONSIDER the case of the Mattson cruising steamer *Malolo*. On a world cruise she had to pay, simply for a few days' passage between ports on the Australian coast, £173 customs duty on the stores consumed aboard. She earned nothing in Australia, having cargo neither to discharge nor load. She brought people who were spending money in Australia. She was in Sydney two days, which cost £52 7s. 7d. in customs for the stores used aboard—that is, the ship's own stores which she brought to Australia. I don't know what the odd sevenpence was for, but I have a slight idea why world-cruise ships (and there are surprisingly many) avoid Australia.

Another heavy item is light dues. Merely to touch at one Australian port means the payment of heavy dues to cover the whole coast for a period of three months. The rate is ninepence per registered ton.

How can liners pay, then? The answer simply is this: if their expenses are colossal, their earning capacity is colossal, too. But they must be full ships. Now they are not full ships—neither liners nor cargo steamers. And so the ports of Europe are literally full of laid-up tonnage, not only freighters, tankers, and tramps of all kinds, but great liners as well. Even to lay a liner up costs tens of thousands monthly. The insurance on these vessels is so great that it is split up into varying amounts all over the world, and when a big liner is lost the wailing of the underwriters re-echoes from London to Buenos Aires, and from Stockholm to Hong Kong.

Coming down the Clyde the other day I counted fifty-two laid up steamers. In one sheltered nook I saw five great liners.

Cruising pays well, if a ship is popular. Quick turn-round, absence of cargo-handling costs and troubles, the selection of ports which, while interesting, have the greater advantage of low harbour dues—these are factors which assist towards a favourable balance-sheet. But the cruising market is becoming crowded with ships, and the numbers of idle rich who can afford the really expensive cruises is sadly on the decline.

In a big liner one of the main sources of profit is the bar. Every voyage the *Empress of Britain* restocks her cellars with something like this (these are the actual figures for one voyage):—

- 500 bottles of champagne
- 500 bottles of red wines
- 400 bottles of white wines
- 600 bottles whisky
- 500 bottles gin
- 150 bottles rum and brandy
- 11,500 bottles beer
- 350 bottles liqueurs
- 5,200 bottles mineral waters.

Or take the *Majestic*. Here are the official figures, supplied by the White Star Line, giving the particulars of wines and spirits required for one average round voyage:—

- 80,000 bottles ale and stout
- 1000 quarts champagne
- 1600 pints champagne
- 1000 quarts of other wines
- 1300 pints of other wines
- 4000 bottles of whisky, brandy and gin
- 300 bottles of liqueurs.

Now these liquors are out o

bond. I admit that I have never studied the subject closely, but I have failed to notice that the advantage of this favourable purchase is passed on to the consumers. I showed these figures to the secretary of my club—an expert on the profits to be made from the sale of liquor—and he raised his eyebrows in surprise.

On a conservative estimate, he guessed that there ought to be £2,000 a voyage in it.

But even though a good ship may be conducive to good drinking, and the profits may be high, I should not care to be responsible for the financing of a great liner.

THE outlook for steamers dependent solely upon freights for their earnings is pretty black. Ten per cent. of the world's cargo tonnage is laid up at the moment; some bright spirit in the Baltic somewhere has put forward the ingenious suggestion that if all the ships still trading carried ten per cent. below their capacities—well, there wouldn't be any need for any ships to remain laid-up.

But this is only theory, like the gold standard. It is an impossible idea, for the simple reason that, even as full ships, many steamers are running at a loss. I cannot see owners gleefully accepting an idea to increase that loss by a further ten per cent., even if it might mean putting more of their ships into employment.

There are so many ships on offer to the break-up yards now that scrap prices, like all other prices, have declined severely—so much now that it is scarcely worth while even selling a ship for scrap. No matter how heavily depreciation might have been written down year by year, the actual market value of ships has fallen away so severely that proper allowance for this factor alone would throw all the shipping balance-sheets in England into the fire. A steamer which cost £70,000 fifteen years ago was sold this week for £6,000. This was no isolated instance. Nobody wants ships, except the Russians, who want them on credit in order that they may dump cargoes here for cash. Good business, that—for them.

In a time of such acute difficulty, when paying freights are almost impossible to get, and ship after ship is paid off and sent to lie-up, the only way that builders may obtain work is by the production of a ship which is so economical that shipowners, to stay in business at all, are simply forced to order it. And that they have done. They have, in this time of crisis, produced a marvel of maritime economy which steams nine knots on a consumption of sixteen tons of coal a day, or ten knots on twenty-two tons. This is less than half the consumption of many steamers only ten or fifteen years old, which are therefore automatically obsolete.

Even a very slight ray of hope on the freight markets should send shipowners hurrying to the builders to order these new ships; but at the moment their hair (all

that is left of it) grows daily greyer and they hang to what they have in grim silence.

But there are ships which still pay.

Curiously enough, they are sailing ships, which are popularly supposed to be obsolete, hopelessly uneconomic, and extremely unprofitable. Obsolete they are, but uneconomic and unprofitable? Not in Finnish hands!

The last line of sailing ships in the world is the Erikson Line, of Mariehamn, Åland. Åland is under the Finnish flag, but the people are Swedes. They know how to run ships. Captain Gustaf Erikson, leading citizen of Mariehamn, owns twenty big deep-sea sailing ships. This year he had twelve of them in the Australian grain trade, bringing cargoes of wheat from Australia to England. Their average rate of freight was about 30s. They are mostly four-masted barques, big carriers. They earned about £6,000 each, and their average expense was £5,000.

That leaves a profit of £1,000 each. That is clear enough.

How have they been able to show this very satisfactory profit in times of such depression? Simply because of these factors:

The ships are not insured.

The crews are either not paid at all, or receive very little.

There is no depreciation.

The freight is paid in pounds sterling here in London, and the greater part of the ship's disbursements is in depleted Australian currency.

This last is the greatest factor; but we shall look into the others first. The ships are not insured, not even against total loss or river risks, because if they were it would be impossible to run them at a profit. They are not worth much; better, if they are lost, that all should go rather than that their entire value should be paid away in insurance premiums every six or seven years. The ships are old and the rates would be high. The line is a one-man show; it is run by one man's capital, and what happens is one man's risk. Captain Erikson keeps his own insurance fund in his own books, from which he can meet the charges of accidents.

There is no depreciation, because the capital on which the ships are run represents, just about, their scrap value. This they are always worth; and unless they are lost, they cannot become of less actual cash value.

The crews are not paid (or are paid very little), because there are so many boys—British, Americans, Estonians, Latvians, Poles, French, Swedes, and Australians, as well as Finns—who wish to get experience in sail that they are prepared to pay premiums to go. Captain Erikson charges foreign apprentices forty guineas to work in his ships, and it is worth their while. His terms of apprenticeship are better than many used to be under the British flag. First year apprentices are paid a few shillings a month, and second and third year boys are paid as ordinary seamen—that is, at £1 a month. The few able seamen who are carried (and these, two, are generally boys) receive about £2 a month. A second mate gets £3, a chief mate perhaps £5, and the master of great Cape Horn ships such as the *Archibald Russell* and the *Grace Harwar* receives £12 a month! Cooks are hard to get, and these receive about £6—more, often, than the chief mate. Times are so bad now that certificated officers are prepared to go back before the mast for a few Finn marks a month, which scarcely pay their slop chest.

I have sailed, as able seaman, in three of the Erikson sailing-ships. In the four-masted barque *Lawhill* I received 35s. a month, in the school-ship *Herzogin Cecilie* £5, and in the ship *Grace Harwar* £4 10s. In each case (through some oversight) I was the highest paid able seaman in the ship. In the *Lawhill*, under the British flag, the crew was 34. I sailed in her, with the Finns, with a crew of 16. She is one of the biggest sailing ships in the world. The *Herzogin Cecilie*, with the Germans, carried 90 boys. With the



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Finns she carries 19. The *Grace Harwar*, under the British flag, carried 30 hands. We did a two-years round voyage in her under the Finn flag, with 13.

And the Finns are masters of economy. It costs $\frac{1}{3}$ a day to feed a Finnish sailor. I do not know what the British figure is, but it is probably higher than that. The total expenses of food and wages (disregarding ship's stores, canvas, and so on) in even a giant of a four-masted barque like the *Herzogin Cecilie* amounts to about £2 12s. a day.

Looking more closely into this apparent paradox, whereby almost the only ships left to pay are those most obsolete, a rough balance-sheet for one of these grain traders makes interesting reading. Take, for example, a ship such as the *Herzogin Cecilie* for a round voyage to Australia, out in ballast and home with wheat:

FREIGHT (4,800 tons at 28s.) ..	£	6,700
EXPENSES:		
Australian loading costs, including port dues, light dues, pilotage, butcher, etc.		2,200
Less Australian exchange at 30 per cent.		660
Leaving		1,540
Round voyage costs		1,000
Discharging costs and European port expenses		3,000
TOTAL FREIGHT	£	6,700
TOTAL EXPENSES		5,540
Profit	£	1,160

These figures are approximate, but they represent the true position. It is at once apparent how important it is that the English pound should be retained at gold parity, and the Australian 30 per cent. beneath it. If this factor no longer holds, it would probably mean the end of sailing ships at present rates of freight.

I allowed the freight at only 28s., instead of 30s. In Australia costs are low because the ships load at small outports where there are no tugs and where the crew can discharge the ballast. The £3,000 allowed for expenses at port of discharge includes brokerage. There is no overhead at head office, because the head office is Captain Erikson.

I think Captain Erikson did badly if he did not make £10,000 out of his square-rigged ships in the Australian trade this year. He would probably deny it. . . .

The *Herzogin Cecilie* cost Captain Erikson £4,250 ten years ago. She has paid for herself four times over since. Now he wants £20,000 for her. She is a good ship, but she isn't worth that much.

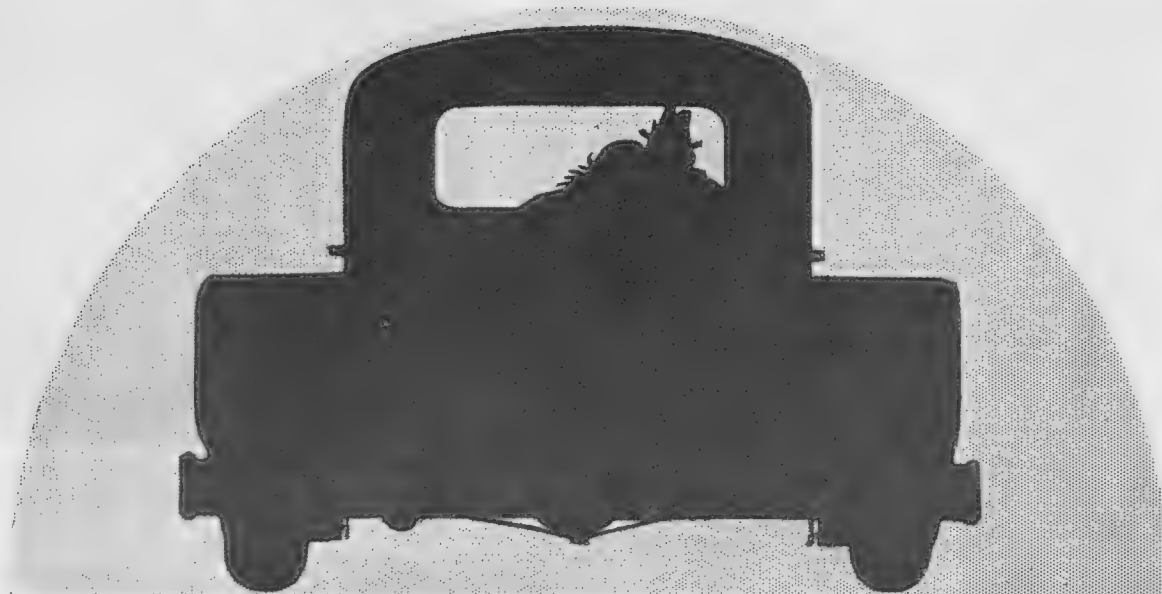
It must not be imagined that running big sailing-ships is easily done. The figure I have given for the round-voyage expenses—£1,000—demands the utmost rigorous economy. But in that regard any Erikson master could give Mr. Snowden many lessons.

There are worries, of course. The balance-sheet makes no allowance for accidents; in any year, usually at least four of the ships have accidents. The barque *Killoran*, for example, was heavily damaged in a storm running for Cape Horn this year, and lost some life; the four-masted barque *Pommern* was rescued by a German tug when dragging ashore in a gale at Queenstown, and now has a salvage claim against her; the four-masted barques *Olivebank* and *Hougomont* have had more than their share of woes; the four-masted barque *Ponape* was badly holed in collision in the Baltic the other day.

Captain Erikson is not a philanthropist, but he is a courageous man. He is sending out his entire fleet to Australia for grain once again, though as yet none has been chartered. Last year he did not know that Australian currency would depreciate so much in his favour; this year he did not know, when he recommissioned his ships, that Britain was abandoning the gold standard.

I had felt almost inclined to buy a sailing-ship—I know where there is a big four-masted barque going cheap—to run her under the Finnish flag. But now I do not think I shall.

END



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"BRITANNIA and EVE'S" AUTUMN FOURSOMES at



THE prize-winners at Ranelagh. Back row: Miss M. A. Raworth, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, Mrs. Walter Payne. Front row: Mrs. Peter Gold, Miss Nan Baird, Miss Marjorie White and Mrs. E. A. Bott



ON the way to the first green. Miss I. Skinner and Lady Eddis with Miss A. Ramsden and Mrs. Hugh Satchell, whom they beat 1 up in the 1st round at Ranelagh

IF the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton were suddenly to become something quite different from what they have always been, golfers would feel it an unpleasant shock. We could not bear it if every shrubbery and bandstand and pond were to vanish from the face of Ranelagh, or every elm tree were hewn down at Roehampton, or the gay flower border by the 18th ceased to attract well-meaning but badly hit shots up to the



MRS. GARON and her partner, Frau Zahn, with Miss Gladys Bastin and Miss G. E. C. Rudgard



Victory of Miss Nan White at Ranelagh: Hardie win an exciting

green. But a touch of novelty here and there is always delightful, and Ranelagh in 1931 had two innovations to celebrate the 10th year of Autumn Foursomes as organised by BRITANNIA AND EVE. First of all we had a German player competing, and then we had a Scottish name to inscribe upon the cups. The German visitor was Frau Zahn, who is a very pretty player and will before long be a very good

A FAMILY pair. Miss Rieben and her mother, Mrs. Rieben, at Ranelagh

"BRITANNIA and EVE'S" Results of the OCTOBER Monthly Medal Competition Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with the L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division; 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. B. Whitley Jones	Gerrards Cross	85	18	69	76	7 below
Miss K. Blackwell	Hesketh	81	12	69	76	7 "
Miss B. Nicklin	Formby	81	14	67	73	6 "
Miss Baynes	Shirley Park	86	18	71	77	6 "
Miss D. Boaler	Radcliffe-on-Trent	88	18	70	76	6 "
Miss W. Dale	Sale	87	18	69	75	5 "
Miss R. Little	Ferndown	88	17	71	76	5 "
Mrs. H. W. Gill	Gooden Beach	88	17	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Sayers	Chevin	80	12	68	73	5 "
Miss Nan Duncan	Timperley	82	11	71	76	5 "
Miss Barnes	Wearside	90	17	73	78	5 "
Miss N. Hardstaff	Seacroft	86	14	72	76	4 "
Mrs. F. W. Brooks	Little Aston	86	13	73	77	4 "
Miss G. Bennett	Cavendish	82	11	71	75	4 "
Miss Wooding	Northampton	88	15	73	77	4 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Miss A. Somerville	Leek	90	82	75	17 below
Miss E. Rushbrooke	Ashford Manor	96	85	61	76
Miss B. A. Blaker	Eltham Warren	96	86	60	74
Mrs. Manning	Littlehampton	95	85	60	74
Mrs. Smythe	Roehampton	98	84	62	75
Miss V. Hope	Lilley Brook	98	86	62	74
Mrs. H. S. Alexander	Gt. Yarmouth and Calster	82	29	63	74
Miss V. Brown	Whitlington Barracks	89	29	67	78
Miss E. Edmonds	Gt. Yarmouth and Calster	100	86	64	74
Miss Whaley	Lowestoft	93	28	65	75
Mrs. H. S. Howarth	Timperley	95	29	66	76
Mrs. F. Plackett	Radcliffe-on-Trent	92	25	67	76
Mrs. V. Allen	Grimsby	101	35	66	75
Mrs. Truett	Shirley Park	104	36	68	77
Miss Pimblott	Sandway	101	35	66	75

SHOIS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

BRITANNIA AND EVE has much pleasure in congratulating the following players on holing in one:—			
Mrs. E. M. McGrath	6th at Coudson Court.	Mrs. F. W. Brooks	5th at Aston Wood.
Mrs. Bance	5th at Newbury.	Mrs. Meyer	5th at Brockenhurst Manor.
Miss Margaret Byder	16th at Long Aston.		
Mrs. Willis	3rd at Brandwood House	Mrs. E. R. Turner	2nd at Mosley.
Miss J. Parker	13th at Kingsthorpe	Mrs. E. Little	9th at Yelverton.
Mrs. Ethel Edmondson	3rd at South Bradford.	Miss Iris Appleton	2nd at Huntercombe.
Mrs. J. G. Noake	11th at South Staffordshire.	Miss Etta Woodslal	8th at Greenisland



VICTORS and vanquished. Miss M. A. Raworth and Mme. H. Monier (left), who beat Miss D. Adams and Miss F. W. Eagle 5 and 3 at Ranelagh in the fifth round

RANELAGH and ROEHAMPTON: By Eleanor E. Helme



MRS. SIEVEKING with Miss B. H. Green awaiting their turn at Roehampton



MRS. URSULA VAUGHAN, Miss E. McGregor Fraser and Miss S. Forbes at Roehampton



THE finalists and semi-finalists at Roehampton. (Left to right, sitting) Mrs. Elliott Batt, Miss D. M. Hardie, Mrs. C. H. Parry and Miss I. Dove. (Standing, left to right) Mrs. Oldershaw, Mrs. Waldron Rose, Mrs. E. M. Parnall and Miss E. B. Parnall

Baird and Miss Marjorie Mrs. Parry and Miss final at Roehampton

one, and she and Mrs. Percy Garon were looked on for quite a long time as highly probable winners. Miss Nap Baird was the Scottish name to decorate the cups, for she and Miss Margery White, of Roehampton, a chance combination arrived at because both had entered partnerless, played as good golf as perhaps any couple have ever done in winning at Ranelagh.

The entry lacked some of the

MRS. VICK with her partner, Mrs. Edward Gordon, at Roehampton



A WELCOME rest. Mrs. Foster with Miss K. M. McGrath at Roehampton

most famous names. The most distinguished British as well as French players were busy practising at Oxhey for the great International match, and so forbore to enter, and that match eventually robbed Ranelagh of a highly interesting semi-final round, for Mme. Monier, having reached the semi-final with Miss Raworth, felt that duty called her to Oxhey, so that the couple had to scratch to Mrs. Peter Gold and (Continued on page 156)

GOLF COMPETITIONS

The "EVE" Club Competition Leading Results for October

Club.	Member-ship.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.	Club.	Member-ship.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.
Thonock ..	80	97	121.24	Bowdon ..	46	1	2.17
Ryde ..	64	71	110.93	Aston Wood..	50	1	2.00
Cowes ..	42	22	52.38	Trentham ..	100	2	2.00
Langholm ..	68	27	39.75	Fairhaven ..	200	4	2.00
Kingshorpe ..	87	3	3.44	Timperley ..	107	2	1.85
Northampton ..	144	5	3.40	Macclesfield ..	63	1	1.58
Bournemouth (Meyrick Park) ..	98	3	3.06	Lowestoft ..	70	1	1.43
Tamworth, Ltd. ..	70	2	2.85	Gerrards Cross ..	70	1	1.43
Salisbury ..	150	4	2.68	Rushcliffe ..	172	2	1.10
Hockley ..	80	2	2.50	Leek ..	95	1	1.05
Whittingham Barracks ..	82	2	2.44	Leigh ..	96	1	1.04
Gt. Yarmouth and Caister ..	84	2	2.24	Southport and Ainsdale ..	98	1	1.02
Radcliffe-on-Trent ..	135	3	2.22	Ashford Manor ..	98	1	1.02
				Hazel Grove ..	100	1	1.00
				West Bowling ..	100	1	1.00

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club.	Percentage.	Club.	Percentage.
Ryde ..	61.92	Cowes ..	32.07
Langholm ..	57.94	Trentham ..	4.60
Thonock ..	45.83		

All entries for Eve's Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of BRITANNIA and EVE for the current month. Coupons must be attached to the Cards and addressed to the Golf Editor of BRITANNIA and EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2. The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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Miss

Address

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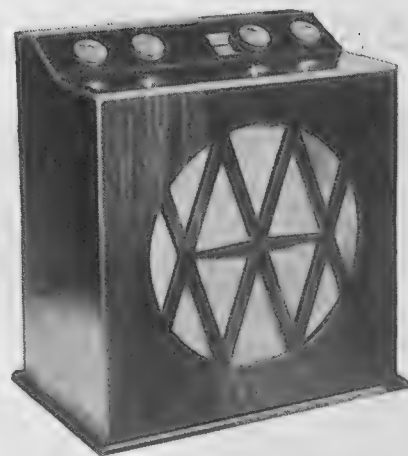
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Probably I am one of the last people in England to possess a wireless; certainly I held out against it for as long as I could, always feeling afraid to tackle a set, since my mind is entirely unscientific.

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The book is written by Frank Murphy, of the Murphy Radio, Ltd., and by means of limpidly clear explanations and childish simple diagrams and illustrations, even I was able to grasp the essentials whereby one can make a wireless programme an enjoyment and not a purgatory.

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In the Darkness of the Night

(Continued from page 43)

table bound hand and foot. There was a gag in my mouth. A masked woman was beside me, and by the light of a torch I could see two other masked women there, and a couple of men, lackeys I think." He paused and drew a long breath. "The woman was holding something in a lighted taper. Then she spoke to me; it was a list more or less accurate of some of the men I had killed. She hated me, she said. Fool! What can a woman know of the mind of a man like me? I killed them fairly enough." He made an extraordinary sound in his throat, half-groan and half-curse.

"Do you guess the rest?" he said. "She pierced the pupils of my two eyes with a red hot needle, and as she did it she cursed me. 'Murderous pig!' she said, 'you will fight no more!'"

He broke off, and there was a silence while René stared horror-stricken at the blind man.

"Fool as well as harlot!" exclaimed the Count. "After I had been down here for a few months, I began to see that life still held some interest for me. I had a room arranged for the new kind of duel to which I was compelled to turn. And there, yes there," his voice rose higher, "I have had some splendid fights—in a darkness which is fair for both—magnificent battles of the sword—far better because longer than my fights in the light of day—contests that need more strategy, more endurance, yes! and more finesse and excitement than the paltry meetings of the court duellists! But why?" he broke off, "why do I tell you all this? You shall judge for yourself, Monsieur, and at once, unless you are a coward and wish to try the comfort of my château for a few days!"

René gazed at him with a new curiosity. He was tall and big, but to René, who was young, he looked old. His face was lined, ill-kempt, and brutal. The beard was very roughly trimmed, and huge bushy eyebrows seemed to shade two sunken eyes. Was he mad? He would have seemed so except for his voice, which, most of the time, was quiet and restrained. But his laugh was horrible!

"Come!" said the Count, and he suddenly took his whip and slashed the table with it. "You may be a little downhearted to-night, but the prospect will seem no better to-morrow. You will have to face it sooner or later. I need a fight. I thirst for it like some men do for a woman. I am tired of waiting for a guest who is not a coward!"

"Very well!" cried René. "Let it be to-night, and at once. And may God help me to kill you!"

The Count's answer was a peal of sardonic laughter.

"Others before you have uttered that prayer: and little did it help them!"

He rose to his feet and drew his sword from its sheath.

"Have you your Toledo blade ready?" he said. "Good! Now, Thibaust, lead the way! Monsieur will follow, then Jacques, and I will bring up the rear."

And in this order they went through a room and along a stone passage, and then down a few steps; and a door which was flung open by Thibaust disclosed an oblong room with stone walls and floor and shuttered windows. It was entirely empty of any kind of furniture and the huge grate at the further end was boarded over. But René had no more than a glimpse of the room by the flickering light of the torch, for the door was suddenly slammed to and darkness fell upon him like a blow. He was conscious of being alone with Saint Didier. A glimmer of light under the crack of the door disappeared as the footsteps of Thibaust and Jacques were heard departing: and then pitch darkness and a damp smell. He leapt towards the middle of the room, moving his rapier rapidly from right to left in guard against a sudden attack. St. Didier chuckled.

"They all do that," he said. "They all think I shall run them through before the fight begins. And they are all fools, as you

are. And they all die, as you will—in my own time!"

He paused for a moment, and René heard in the darkness the sudden turning of a key in the door.

"I always lock the door," said the Count, "because in one of my early duels here, my opponent managed to get a position with his back to the door and suddenly opened it and fled. Of course, he couldn't get out of the château, and my men caught him and brought him back. But it was a very unpleasant incident, and I had to kill him like a pig in the end, for he had no fight left. . . . The key is here fastened to my belt and you may take it when you've killed me, but not before. Ha! ha! You will be my twelfth, I think."

"Murderer!" exclaimed René.

"Fool!" replied the Count. "If I only wanted your death, it would have been easy to kill you in a dozen ways before coming down here. I have plenty of men ready enough to do it, and I could have strangled you myself at dinner if I had wished to. There might have been some interest in feeling your throat under my fingers. But I want a fair duel, and the honourable play of the sword, before one of us dies. Some like the chase of the deer or the boar. For myself, I always thought it was an over-rated amusement. Give me the naked rapier and an opponent worthy of my skill, and I want no more for the time, blind as I am! Blind? By the Virgin, it helps the excitement of combat. Come, Monsieur, if you are a brave man, admit it—this is the best moment of your life, even if it be nearly your last!"

RENÉ stood in the darkness, thinking hard. The man was mad; but that did not help. He was more dangerous than a mad dog and must be killed like one, if René could contrive it. But how? What was the use of his skill in these strange conditions? A fencer is taught to watch the eyes of his adversary, and to forestall his every movement. Is not the most practised swordsman helpless when he cannot see? Are not all men equal under such conditions? But are they? Saint Didier said he had killed eleven men since he became blind! Heaven above! He had studied the blind art and had learnt the secrets of fencing in the dark! He heard again the man's hateful chuckle.

"You begin to see the charms of this encounter. You have your rapier in guard, of course. I know it. I shall find it and engage: and then we shall fight. Each ought to know where his adversary's body is by the touch of his steel. I shall know, and I hope you will, since you fancy yourself as a swordsman." And then in a fiercer tone—"Come, you boastful young fool, with your Spanish lessons and your Toledo blade, let's see what you can do!"

René felt his blade touched by another. He kept his hand steady, not knowing what else to do. The other's blade seemed to caress his with a velvety touch, first on one side and then on the other. It was withdrawn suddenly, and with marvellous rapidity he felt a *battement*, a sharp repeated tap on the blade, and as he felt it, he sprang back. To his horror he felt his left foot against the wall, he could retreat no more; but he instinctively edged towards his right. He extended his arm rapidly, but the rapier encountered no more than the air.

"You need more lessons, my young friend. You have a fair wrist, but not yet the touch of the true master. If we both could see, and it were a daylight encounter, I fancy my rapier would be through you in six passes. Who was it you say taught you?"

René thought to himself, whilst he talks I know where he is. Whatever he says, I must be silent, silent as the dead. He shivered, and the voice proceeded.

"You sulky fool! Silence won't help you. I heard you shiver then. I can hear you breathe. I can smell the scent on your kerchief. Fop! Ha! Ha! The fashions of the Court may hasten your end. What a

calamity! I wear no scent, never did. And some of the courtiers called me a swine. But never twice in my hearing. No, no! The swine ripped them up too completely, with something sharper than a tusk! They sneered no more at my lack of scent!"

René had a biting insult on the tip of his tongue; but kept it back. He had suddenly noticed that he could indeed smell the Count, who probably believed no more in the virtue of water than in that of perfume. The precise direction of the smell was vague; but he could at least tell whether his adversary was before him or behind him.

He moved rapidly to the right, keeping his left foot close to the wall. Unfortunately he could not move silently, for his shoes made a shuffling sound, whilst try as he would, he could not hear the movements of the Count.

"I know exactly where you are," continued the voice. "You make a noise like an elephant. A fencer should learn to move more like a cat. Thus—"

René felt his blade touched lightly in *carte* and then with a violent twist it was nearly wrenched out of his hand. Luckily he held on and returned to the position of guard. But he heard no movement—merely a disturbance of the air.

"I could have pricked you then, but I am in no hurry. And I don't intend to run the risk of breaking my point against the wall. Timid people like you *will* fence close to the four walls, and a good lunge passes through you, but hits the stones, a very annoying thing; for I have a Ferrara blade which I value as much as yours from Spain. I remember one fine duellist, I think he was my third opponent here, who lost his temper and attacked, cursing all the time. He was a master, too, in the Italian school. He wounded me twice; for I hadn't then learnt the art of blind fighting and he was very impetuous. Well, just as I thought he might get me, he made a furious lunge and broke his rapier blade in two. Even after that it wasn't very easy to finish him."

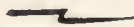
René felt his rapier lightly engaged and had the sensation of a lunge at his forearm which tore his sleeve and scratched his skin. He moved his left foot again, but, horror! he found he was in one of the corners. Saint Didier had manoeuvred him there and could wound him at his leisure. For a moment, René felt he was doomed. He was saved by an inspiration. With his left hand he took the scented pocket-handkerchief from his breast and threw it in front of him. He heard a startled exclamation, and dropping close to the ground he moved rapidly to the right. He heard a curse; and then silence, and then a chuckle; but he determined now, not only to be silent, but to keep close to the wall with his sword-arm half extended, and to do his very utmost to avoid a corner.

There was always, he thought, a chance that luck would favour him or that the mad-man would impale himself.

But the monologue went on, sometimes in a tone of contempt or anger, sometimes, when René had made a skilful guard, in a patronising or even a friendly tone. The Count seemed to know exactly where he was in the room, and precisely what movements René had made. It was almost as if the blind man could see! And as the minutes, perhaps the hours, went on (for who could tell?), René was conscious of a deadly fatigue. He had had a long day walking along the Valley, and at times he thought he was again walking along the gloomy track, and that the huge rocks on each side were threatening to fall and crush him. He was finding it almost impossible to keep his sword in guard, for his arm was very tired; he supported his elbow at times with his left hand and waited silently against the wall. And then the sense of smell would tell him that Saint Didier was approaching, his blade would be engaged again and the strange fight would be renewed. He was once again nearly forced into a corner; but he had learnt the trick of (Continued on page 139)



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ROWNTREE'S

moving towards the left now and then instead of to the right, and of extending his left hand after every attack by the Count, and if the tips of his fingers touched the side wall, he rapidly moved to the right.

"You are not skilful as a fencer," said the Count, "but you fight with some intelligence. It is lucky, I must admit, for otherwise the sport would be over. But your sword-play is dull, dull, dull. Come! try a pass or two!"

But René felt that his first vigorous move would be his last with such an opponent. The feel of his blade was not enough to tell where the body might be, for after years of practice, the blind man might have learnt to fence holding his rapier in some quite unusual position, or while his body was held close to the ground. So he kept his tongue silent and his sword in guard; and when Saint Didier was fencing with him, he kept avoiding a sudden stress or a violent beat whilst striving to keep his point straight so as to threaten his opponent if he came too near.

MOST of the time the Count continued to talk and jeer. He had apparently given up expecting any answer. He would engage, and perhaps make a few short thrusts, and would then give an account of some of his previous fights in the dark. The nerve of some of the men had given out and they had cried for mercy; but as the Count explained, it was impossible to let them go and babble to the world of his unusual amusements. So they were quietly run through. One had rushed at him like a bull entering the ring and had nearly killed him after the Count's rapier had actually pierced him through the body. One or two had approached him crawling on the ground and lunging upwards; but he had heard from the sounds they made and their noisy breathing what they were up to. The majority were finally manoeuvred into a corner and killed when they had ceased to show fight. And after each account, the Count gave his hateful laugh, and would ask René if he had any choice as to his own end.

Hours seemed to go by. Would the night never end?

René was exhausted, and at times he feared he was becoming light-headed. But he set his teeth and swore that he would not speak, nor move from the wall, nor do anything with his rapier but hold it straight in front of him till he dropped!

And Saint Didier's mocking voice went on.

At last a moment came when René thought he could stand up no more, for his legs were giving way. He prayed to the Virgin silently for strength; but he felt his time was coming. He would make one effort; and then. . . . Involuntarily he thought of his mother and of a girl he had known at Fontainebleau. . . . But Saint Didier spoke again.

"I'm sick of you, you sulky fool, and I'm getting tired of your silence and your lack of play. One might as well be duelling with a dummy! Ha!"

He gave a shout, almost a yell, and as René instinctively shrank a couple of inches, he felt the tip of his blade diverted by an irresistible pressure, and as quick as lightning, he felt a thrust right through his sword-arm. He could not altogether keep back an exclamation; and the Count uttered a laugh. "So much for your Spanish lessons!" he said. "Now go to Hell, and if you meet Pachecho or Carranza or Narvaez, or any other of your cursed Spanish masters, tell them I sent you there."

But as he was speaking, René had shifted his rapier to his left hand, for his right arm was useless. He had an instant during which he mentally thanked old Pachecho for insisting on teaching him to fence with either hand. His body was now to the right of his sword arm, instead of being to the left. As this thought flashed through him, his blade was engaged again; again he felt it enveloped and diverted, and then he felt a lunge pass on the outside through the sleeve of his left arm. As it passed, he straightened the arm and in spite of himself he felt he was making a violent lunge with his left foot.

His point encountered something and passed through it. There was a choking cry as he withdrew his sword. The violent effort, together with the wound in his arm, exhausted his remaining strength. He fell in the darkness on to the stone floor and consciousness left him.

He lay senseless a long time. When he opened his eyes and encountered complete darkness, he was unable at first to remember where he was and what had happened. But there was a close and foul smell and the reek of blood, and his sword was still in his left hand. Had he killed or merely wounded the Count? Was the crafty devil only waiting till he moved to finish him?

His right arm had stopped bleeding, but it was useless, and he felt very weak. He lay still, listening. He held his breath, and could hear nothing but the beating of his own heart. With an effort he raised himself from the ground and in a stooping position moved about the floor, making short stabbing movements with his sword. It was difficult and terrible, and the floor was sticky with blood. At last his sword met something soft, perhaps a body, and since it did not make a sound, René concluded that the man was dead. But he could take no risks and he pierced it again several times. He forced himself, notwithstanding his horror, to go closer to the corpse in order to find and to remove the key. He had to put his sword on the ground and to feel with his left hand, which fell on a face. His hand moved down-

In the Darkness of the Night

ward instinctively to a terrible wound in the throat, and then down to the waist, where he found, and with difficulty detached, the key. He crawled round the room by the wall, till he reached the door. He very slowly drew himself upright against it and listened. He could hear nothing, but he wished to take no chances, and it was some minutes before he could summon the courage to put the key into the lock, holding, the while, his sword in his mouth. . . .

He was beginning to feel stronger as he opened the door. There was a passage beyond the steps just made visible by a faint glimmer coming from beneath the arras at the far end. Taking his rapier in his left hand, he walked on, raised the arras and found that a man was there, with a light, seated on a step, listening. He jumped to his feet and stared at René as if he could not believe his eyes. It was Jacques, the man who had been beaten.

He raised his lamp and silently gazed again. René stood with his rapier, which was covered with blood, in his left hand. The man looked at it, then pointed to René's right arm; and René raised it and showed that it was wounded. At last the man spoke in a whisper.

"Have you killed him?"

René nodded.

"Are you certain?"

"I am certain."

But the man was evidently doubtful. In a stealthy manner he lit a torch and went along the passage to the door of the room. He peered into it and then went in.

After what seemed a long time, he returned to René wiping a dagger.

"I think the bloody monster is safely in Hell, and God be praised for it!"

He crossed himself. He seemed to reflect and then said: "I don't know what Thibaust will do. However, come with me."

He led René along dark and narrow passages and down many stairs and finally opened a small door in a cellar, and they emerged into a ravine.

The fresh air of the night was upon them; and René drew three long breaths, for the air of the room had become poisonous as well as deadly.

Jacques showed him the way and then added, "I thank you again. But, for the love of God, go quickly if you value your life!"

René went rapidly down the hill towards the river and the road. The dawn was breaking with faint orange tints over the mountains to the east. In the valley the mists were rising. And suddenly he heard the singing of innumerable birds.

END

Are you Lonely? (Continued from page 33)

some of them: Here is the rich man who has risen by his own efforts; he often thinks: "Who is my real friend now? I have no friends." He looks about him at his widening circle of acquaintances, and back at the vanishing figures of old comrades, and in the heart of nearly every such man is a sincere wish for the old comrades. He would like to step back, his day's work done, and be among those who once wanted his friendship for its own sake.

But there is the day's successful work between them.

It is not cynicism, but truth, to say that the successful man must look for his friends among his own peers. On his own level he will find his friends.

They are among his current associates, and perhaps among his antagonists. But they are no longer among the humanly envious ones he left behind.



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These old friends love him no more.

He must bear this stoically.

The successful rich man, in looking back, as sentiment bids him do, searches the wrong place for the companionship which will cheer his old age.

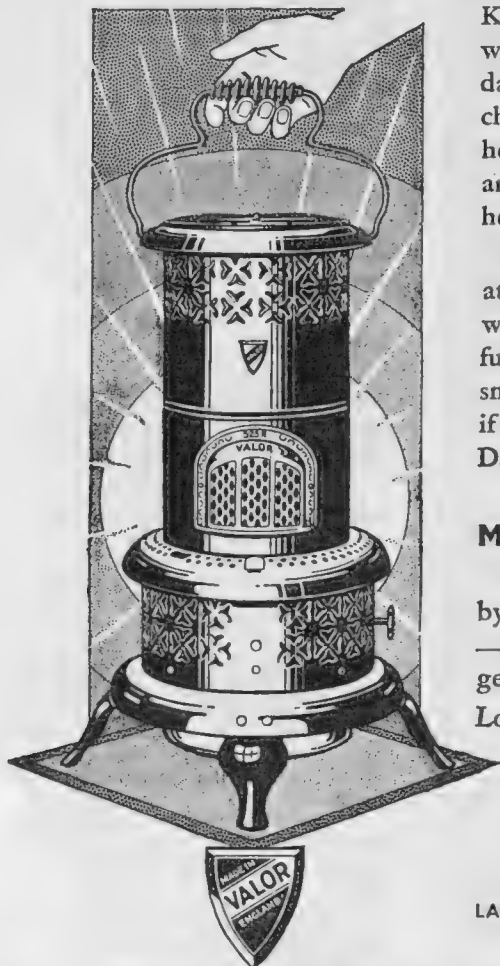
THERE is another common pitfall for this rich man. This pitfall is women. Often his wife has not moved with him; she remains the same woman with the same qualities for which he married her. He is almost inevitably lured aside here and there. In middle age he is apt to fall into wonderful delusions about the love of women. And, strangely, he is willing to buy that for which once he courted a girl long and tenderly. In his heart there is, no doubt, the boyish wish, the hopeless hope, that the generous flowers of youth will bloom again. All the time he is wrong, and he knows it; if he buys a dozen women they will be worth their money and no more. He is a lonely old man at the finish. But he makes his own loneliness; he could avoid his dilemmas had he been as strong and clear and truthful about the business of life as he is about the business of money. (Continued on page 140)

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Are you Lonely?

Yet in spite of the moralists who deny—stupidly—the value of wealth, the loneliness of extreme and solitary poverty is more acute than the loneliness of the rich.

Life drafts a young man or a young woman to a strange big city to earn a living. To live in one bed-sitting-room, to walk in streets where they do not know a soul, to suffer the inevitably inferior feeling of sharp poverty—that is loneliness that would be far worse had youth not always the lovely company of its transcendent dreams walking with it elbow to elbow down the strange bewildering ways. This young person should find the future so populous with expectations that his solitary cheap room is to him just a room in any hotel that he has taken for a night only, while travelling.

So, shall we take the loneliness of the normal young as a grave affair? No; it is circumstantial; temporary; almost certainly remediable by the mere passage of time and events.

Again contradicting the easy thinking school of moralists, marriage is not an infallible cure for loneliness; nor is parenthood. The right kind of marriage and the happiest sort of parenthood are a prevention and a cure, but not fifty per cent. of married men and women achieve them.

Success is no perfect panacea; poverty is no safeguard. The rich man is often heard envying the poor man the apparently true, if humble, loves of his life; the poor man envies the rich man his power to create attractions. The childless envy the parents; and sometimes, sorrowfully, the parents envy the childless—for the parents of growing children are very apprehensive of loneliness, crying: "When they have gone, what shall we do?"

The way to combat this loneliness which will attack us all is to learn how to be alone—not how to be lonely, not how to be friendless, for let us repeat that friends must be sought and cared for and kept as precious jewels; but *how to be alone*.

It is no easy accomplishment. It means the using of faculties which many people allow to sleep all their lives: open minds open ears, open eyes, open heart—even if your house door stays closed for what to purely gregarious people seems an unconscionable time, you need these and more. And aloneness has its dangers, too. There is a danger lest one makes it a refuge, a hermitage for the soul to live in instead of merely a retreat; in short, a funk hole.

Most hermitages are funk holes.

In learning how to be alone—but not lonely—all the senses need to be bright and poised. The pleasures should be cultivated most reverently. I say and have said this over and over again: cultivate your pleasures, do not fear them; seek and test and learn them. There are still thousands upon thousands of people who fear pleasure.

These live in darkish hermitages; whereas the kind of building you want in which to practise this "aloneness" is a summer house open to the sun and the four winds, from which to behold and to admire the earth and the heavens.

The pageant is such that the question of loneliness will hardly arise.

Our rich man obsessed with an ever present consciousness of being assessed for his wealth only, our poor man railing at the constrictions of his poverty, the married who have darkened the house of married life so that there are no loopholes left from which to look and it has become a jail, the parents crying against the natural flight of their children—none of these have even begun to learn the art and strength of aloneness. They are all apprehensive of a loneliness which they are allowing to gather about them like fog in which they lose themselves, their personalities, their pride, their joy, their whole perspective.

We come, perhaps, simply, to this: that a man must find his own company; and if, for a part of life's way, that company is himself, at least let him learn to make the companionship a happy one.

END



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THE DELICIOUS WHITE LIQUEUR
IN THE SQUARE AMBER BOTTLE



Married Women

(Continued from page 83)

Women are fools, dear, and I am not sure but that the sooner one assimilates that piece of information the better it is. . . . One has to be sorry for poor May, of course. . . . But if she had known what a fool she was a bit sooner, how much she would have been spared, don't you think?"

Barbara sat knitting, but now and again she looked up at Pam and her nice young man, at Ida King and Colonel Jock Chance. It was the affair of the season. It had gone on for so long that people almost accepted it.

Ida was little and fair and fluffy. She was nothing out of the way to look at, but she was awfully gay. Bubbling over with fun, Ida was, in a rather dreary world of disillusionment and over-production, with the stock markets going down on every hand. It was her inconsequential ways and her gaiety that got you. She was like a young round puppy — not perhaps pedigree stock — but infinitely alluring because of its youth and its fun, so that you forgave it all.

Captain Cherry King, on leave and most unwillingly paying a visit to his Aunt Lucy in Clapham because she was his godmother and his people thought he ought to, saw Ida in church, instilling gaiety even into Hymns Ancient and Modern, and instantly his feelings about Clapham quite changed, and he made his aunt quite anxious about his health, the way he insisted on going to the Parish Bazaar and Mission Concert.

It wrecked his aunt's prestige in the best street irrevocably, for Ida wasn't anybody, even in Clapham. Her people kept a nice boarding house (liberal table), and they could not believe their eyes when they saw Captain King, and until the very last moment it never for a second dawned on Ida's mother that his intentions were honourable.

They were married from Cherry's aunt's double-fronted house in the best street, and upon the social see-saw, in Clapham, how Cherry's aunt went down, how Ida's mother went up!

Cherry was a nice little man, rather round-about, and always beloved by men who were prepared to go to all lengths and even lend him money. He was the sort of person who had not one, but half a dozen nicknames, and he stuck to Cherry as being less offensive than Bonzo, Tiddles or Gubbub.

Cherry had always hoped to marry one day and settle down, and drink less, and have babies. He thought himself the luckiest fellow on earth when he met Ida, who fulfilled in every detail the girl of his boyhood's dreams. For two months they were deliriously happy. He had never laughed as much as he did on the journey East, watching the effect of the tropics on Ida, and the funny things she thought of. Everything in the garden was absolutely wonderful, until a jolly old buffer called Grey gave a dinner party to which they were both bidden, and at the dinner party Ida found herself sitting next to Colonel Chance.

Colonel Chance was Rangoon's most popular doctor, and he spent his life, so they said, cutting you up and doing running repairs on your inside. He attracted Ida at once, because he looked rather forlorn and lonesome.

Ida set herself out to amuse him, piecing together the oddments of rumours she had heard. He had a very gay wife, who did not come East, who had once had a wonderful flirtation at some time or other with Huey Grey, the man who was giving that party. With the cruel candour of youth, Ida regarded Huey wide-eyed and wondered was it possible anyone would want to have a flirtation with anything so large, so fat and red, so obviously rather alcoholic. Jock was a hundred times nicer and he had, she noticed, the most beautiful hands.

He had been a quiet man for years, not given to poodle-faking in any of its forms, until he met Ida. She swept him off his feet. He had been lonely and disillusioned and here at the last minute was a little fun, a little gaiety and (Continued on page 144)

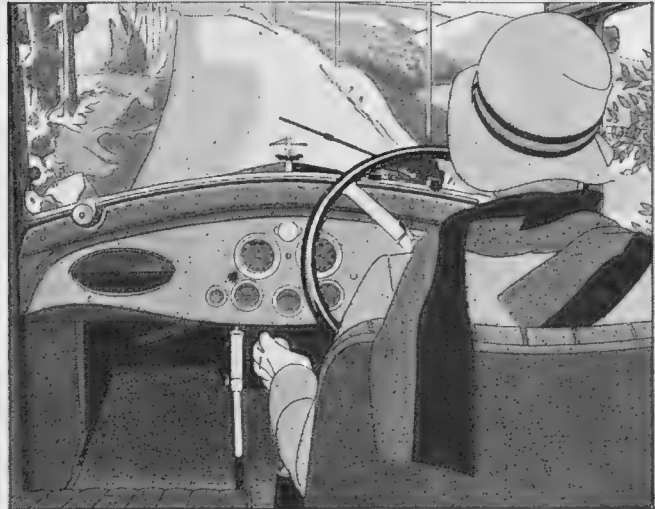


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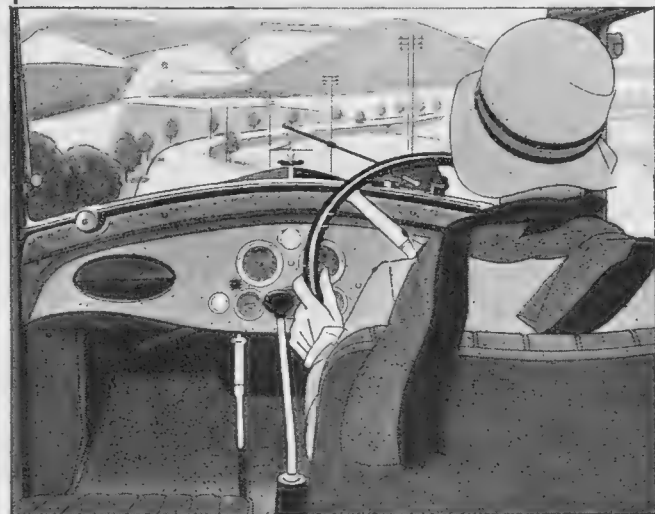
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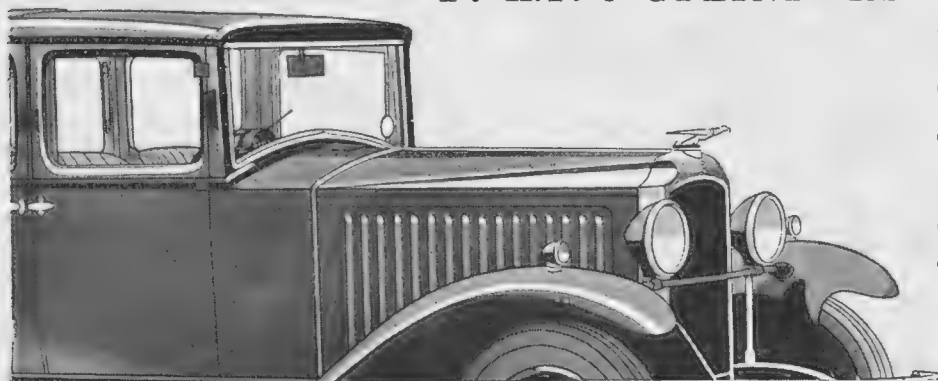
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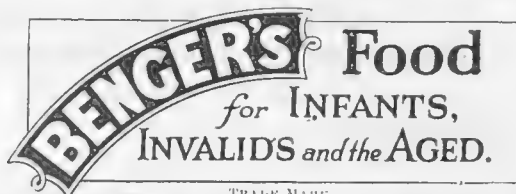


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laughter, and a little love for the asking. Suddenly Jock came out of his shell and was seen everywhere with Ida. News of it reached May at home, and she came out at once. For there comes a time when, however little a woman has wanted her husband in the past, the thought of his going off with anyone else becomes nauseating.

May arrived.

She was frankly forty, and for some reason she hadn't worn well, and she had got, of late, a creased and untidy look. Fattish, she was, and rather plaintive, and she still wore that little girl clinging air that had been such a success in 1920, but sat on her now like an out-of-date hat.

She found Rangoon changed out of all recognition, and her husband changed, too. He did not greet her with the rapture she had half expected at her change of heart. He did not kill the fatted calf. He left her, now, as much alone as, of old, she had left him. She hadn't any friends. Most of the people she knew well had left, and though Barbara Hill was still there, and had always admired her, truth to tell, even Barbara found May a little difficult, with her moans about Jock, for, after all, one could not help remembering that in other days she had led him rather a dance. And what was so awful, of course, was Huey. Huey sometimes waved a hand to her, or smiled, or nodded, but he actually avoided her. She had fought against the knowledge for a long time, but now she had to face the fact that he did. He went away when he saw her coming. He refused invitations if he knew she was going to be there also. . . . She often sat alone, holding her head in both hands, wondering about Huey. . . . For the whole thing had been a mystery to her, from Alice's death onwards. She had felt so sure he would take her, then. But Huey just didn't. He wrote occasionally saying he would come home and they must meet again, and then he stopped writing altogether, and the next thing she heard was that he had been home, and they hadn't met. . . .

And now she wandered about alone, and there was Jock gazing in a moonstruck fashion into the eyes of that flashy, common little nobody with the tinkling laugh. . . .

The world was all gone topsy-turvy.

DOWN on the tennis courts, where the trees threw a kindly shadow that was like a mantle, Jock held Ida in his arms. She put up her face to be kissed in the appealing childish way she had. . . . He said, huskily:

"Darling, I can't think why you care twopence for an old fellow like me."

"Are you old?" She stroked his hair. . . . "You don't seem any age to me. You seem just you. I love your voice and I love your hands, and I love everything about you. Is your wife jealous, do you think, Jock? Does she know about you and me?"

He laughed. "I expect she knows, but, good Lord, she isn't jealous! She never cared twopence for me. She was out after larger game, and in those days I had to work so hard, she was always impatient with me for being tired and not wanting to go about. . . ."

She asked, with a woman's morbid curiosity:

"Were you happy when you were first married?"

"Yes. . . I loved her better than anything in the world. But she hated me and was always wanting to go away, so in the end I let her. I can't imagine what she has come back for now. . . ."

"Funny how all the wrong people marry one another, isn't it?" said Ida, stroking his face with her soft little fingers. . . . "You and I could have been so happy together."

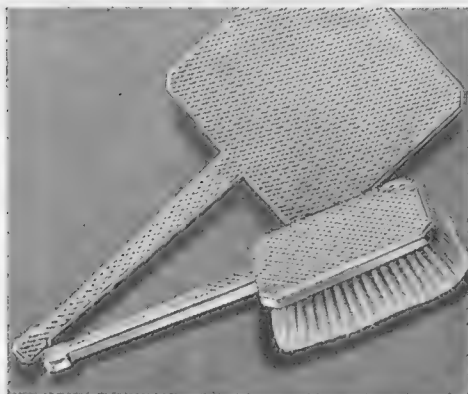
The kindly trees hid them from the big white moon that peered down, pale-faced, over the roofs of the dhole huts. Inside the Gym, Cherry King wandered round, disconsolate and alone, looking for Ida. She wouldn't dance with (Continued on page 146)

Christmas Gift Suggestions

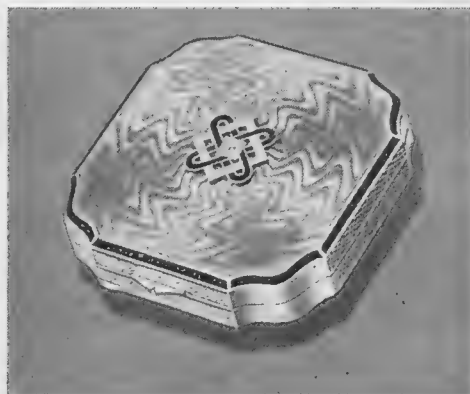


By Appointment.

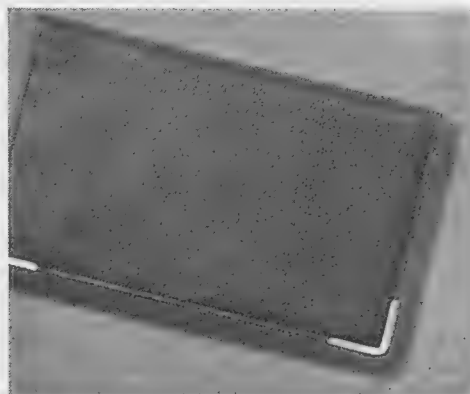
FROM THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.



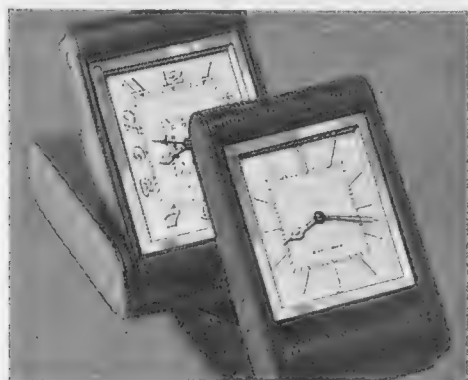
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Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel Vanity Case, set marcasite and enamel ornament, containing Houbigant powder, lip salve, and mirror £3 3 0

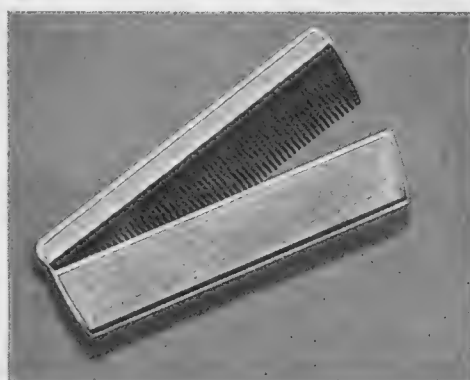


Green Morocco Pochette with silver-gilt corners, fitted mirror and purse £1 1 0

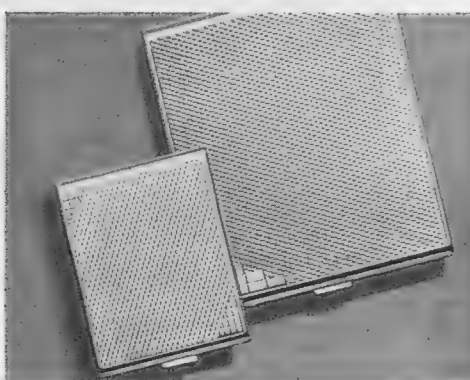


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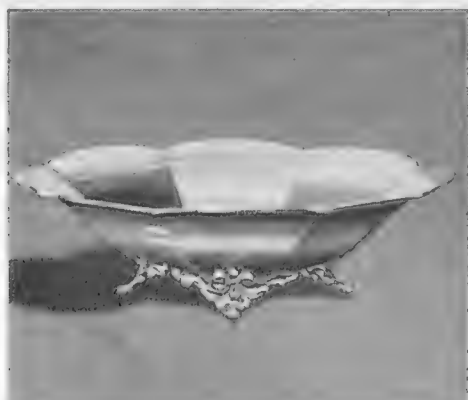
Height: 3 in. by 4½ in.	2½ in. by 3½ in.
Morocco and Pigskin	£3 19 6
With Alarm	£5 12 6
Crocodile and Lizard	£5 17 6
With Alarm	£7 0 0
.. .. .	£6 0 0



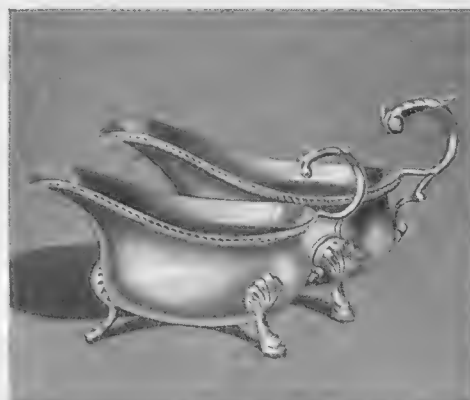
Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel-mounted Pocket Comb £1 0 0



Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, engine-turned, modern design, Size, 3½ in. by 3½ in. £2 12 6
In 9-carat Gold £14 10 0
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him, for she said he leapt like a lobster trying to escape from the pot. He was miserable as the devil and all messed up at the turn things had taken.

"Wish to God I'd never brought her to this damn place," he said, and made for the bar. He had longed to be domesticated and settle down and have babies and drink less, but how can a man do any of these things when his wife is out all over the place, and half the night, with another man? He had reasoned with Ida till he felt like being sick. All she did was cry, and beg him to let her leave him for ever.

He leaned against the bar, a heartbroken morose little man with the round wistful face of a hurt baby, and now he was aware that someone had joined him. He looked round and saw Huey Grey, fat, prosperous, genial. Huey, whose life was one long alcoholidday, who was an ardent supporter of theatrical companies and might always be seen driving the Leading Lady, an inevitable blonde, round the lakes in his Daimler.

"'Ello . . . 'Ello . . ." said Huey. . . . "Now then, cheer up, old chap. . . ." He had obviously cheered up himself quite a lot earlier in the evening. "Wash wrong with you, ol' chap. Look like a week of wet days, thas what you look like."

"Nothing wrong with me," said Cherry, who could never discuss anything that mattered with anybody. . . . They stood side by side, Cherry sunk in gloom, Huey steeped in bonhomie, looking out over the

courtyard, and presently across the courtyard a figure came, uncertainly. . . . A large, fattish, rather wispy figure, with that creased look that comes, to women who grow careless, in middle age.

"Ah . . ." said Huey. . . . "Now you wouldn't believe it, would you, but thash Mrs. Chance, and once upon a time she used to be a damn fine looking woman. . . . You can take that from me. . . ."

Cherry regarded the distant figure bleakly and wondered why the Hades, if that was Mrs. Chance, she did not keep her husband at home. He would have said so but for his inability to discuss anything that mattered with anyone at all.

Huey poked him in the ribs facetiously with one finger. . . .

"I shay, you DO look like a week of wet days. Ten to one it's a woman. If a man looksh like a week of wet days it's nearly always a woman. . . . Great mishtake, worry-ing about a woman. . . . You can take it from me, old chap. If you lose one, there are always plenty more. . . . Plen-plenty more. . . . Have a drink?"

Cherry declined, and Huey departed with an air of hilarious collapse. . . . Plenty more. . . . He was quite right about that, the old buffer. . . . He stood in the doorway, watching the dancing. Blonde girls, dark girls, pretty girls, plain wholesome looking girls. All tastes catered for. . . . He looked wistfully at the Hills going out together, Will leaning on Barbara's arm, for of late

Married Women

his lame leg had grown more troublesome.

"Some folk seem to weather it all right," thought Cherry jealously. Pam Hill was with them, a pretty kid in a flowered muslin frock, a blue sash. She gave him a little smile and he thought, resentfully:

"She's sorry for me. A nice mug I must look, hanging around."

He swallowed hard and looked away, a little, hurt, wistful man, all by himself.

As Barbara got into the car she saw Jock Chance and Ida coming together across the tennis courts, hand in hand. There was in his face something so sweet and lover-like that her heart missed a beat. . . . Romance everywhere, and for her nothing but children's holidays and weekly letters, and trying to eke another muslin frock for Pammie out of the Bazaar money. Lovers for everyone, and for her, nothing but old Will.

He got in beside her. . . .

"Make room for my gammy leg, old girl

. . . ." He grew more and more like Mr. Punch as the years went on, and suddenly she smiled to herself in the darkness, as his hand slipped through her arm, and he said to the driver. . . .

"Home. . . ."

She leaned against him suddenly.

"After all," she thought. . . . "I've probably been saved an immense amount of trouble."

END

Catch 'em Alive-O'! . . . (Continued from page 77)

in the rear by its abnormally thick skin, prefers to have its offspring in front, where it can guard them better against danger. But, in spite of her affection for her children, the mother hippo has no particular desire to meet danger when it comes.

So the hunters dig large pits in the forest, cover them over until they are fully concealed, and then lie in wait near by. Presently a female hippopotamus comes along with her child trotting before her. Suddenly, without warning, the young one disappears before the mother's eyes. This is too much for the old animal. She dashes away, leaving the little one at the mercy of its enemies. A fence is built at once round the pit and the captive is ensnared and securely tied. Then it is placed on a sort of litter and carried by native carriers through the dense bush to the hunter's camp.

Having secured the object of his mission, the next thing the hunter has to do is to feed his prize. Now a baby hippo will drink fifteen pints of milk a day and bellow persistently for more, so that the question of an adequate supply is very important. The nutriment is supplied by goats, which have to be brought along with the expedition. This means, of course, that the hunter's caravan is an unwieldy affair, and can only move across country very slowly. Every step it advances it increases in size, being continually added to, for in addition to collecting live animals the collector also gathers skins and other things of value to the dealer.

THE big hippo is still fairly plentiful on many of the rivers of Central Africa, but the pigmy hippo is certainly very rare. Full grown, this creature weighs but 400 lb. Just before the war five were brought out of Liberia. On the first trip the hunter only managed to learn of the creature's existence, but on the second excursion he secured five in specially laid traps, some two hundred traps in all being set. These five were quickly snapped up, and as much as £1,500 was given for a single specimen.

All the great animal collectors are agreed that the finest hunters in the world are the natives themselves. They know how to frighten and confuse the parent animals, and are quick at seizing an opportunity for snatching up the young, a thing which has to be done quickly and without the slightest hesitation, or the consequences may prove

serious. All hunters purchase animals from the natives as they travel along, paying for them in silver, in glass beads, in gaudy calicoes and in copper wire.

In catching giraffes the hunter engages only natives who are expert horsemen; he may recruit as few as a dozen or a corps of a couple of hundred. Scouts are sent out until a herd is sighted, and then off go the natives on their speedy Abyssinian ponies. Having come up with the herd, with yells and shouts they dash towards the animals. Frightened out of their wits by the din, the long-necked creatures turn and bolt for dear life.

For some time the chase is kept up at furious speed, until one by one the young ones fall behind exhausted. Instantly these are cut off from the others by a couple of men on horseback, and headed towards the camp, soon becoming entirely exhausted and falling an easy prey to their captors. Halters are then fastened round their heads and they are led to the camp. They are fed principally on goats' milk, corn, and various kinds of greenstuff.

On account of its long neck the giraffe is not an easy animal to transport. Then, though it cannot be described as exactly delicate, care has to be exercised, and the animal closely watched, or the prize will be lost. I have known as many as six out of eight perish on the voyage to Europe.

THE various species of African deer and antelope are captured in much the same way, by separating the young animals from the older members of the herd. These being unable to run with the extraordinary speed and endurance of their elders, soon come to a stop in a terrible state of exhaustion. The hunters, overtaking them, seize them by the tail and throw them to the ground. At once they are securely tied. What now follows may sound strange. The young antelopes are immediately enveloped in thick, warm coverings, for so dire are the effects of the chase on these highly strung creatures that when caught they are streaming with perspiration and sometimes at the very point of death. The beating of their hearts may be distinctly seen through their hides. Therefore, they must be quickly safeguarded against changes of temperature. But something else is necessary, too, in order to preserve the life of the valuable animal. A certain liquid is at once injected subcutaneously into each young antelope. In a

few minutes the animal falls into a stupor. Before the hunters adopted this precautionary measure, it is said that practically every antelope captured promptly died from shock.

While it is true to say that many animals, when first captured, experience a period of fear and uncertainty as to their fate, they soon realise that their captor is their friend, and, if well fed and cared for, quickly settle down to life in captivity.

ZEBRAS are caught in drives. This animal is fairly plentiful in Africa—that is to say, the common mountain kind. Certain species of this beautifully striped African horse, however, are getting very scarce, including the Grevy and Burchell.

First of all, the hunter builds a large stockaded enclosure with a kind of funnel-shaped opening. As many as three to five thousand natives are then called into requisition. Some of them come mounted on their swift ponies, the majority, however, being on foot. Each man carries a harmless looking little flag on the end of a stick. Scouts are sent out in various directions, and when they report the presence of a herd the army of natives quietly files out of camp and for hours tramps over the ground, spreading out in the form of a vast semi-circle, measuring perhaps five miles across at its widest part. In this way they manage to surround the unsuspecting zebras. Then, at a given signal—generally a pistol shot—they commence shouting and beating tom-toms, moving meanwhile towards the animals.

The frightened zebras retreat at once, dashing towards the stockade. As they approach it other animals are surprised, including, perhaps, antelope, eland, deer, buffalo, and perhaps a giraffe. The one aim of the four-footed fugitives is to get away from the cordon of yelling natives, which now surrounds them on every side. There is only one outlet, which leads into the stockade, and into this they plunge panic-stricken. Once inside, the entrance is immediately closed.

When first captured the zebra is very wild, dashing about the stockade at lightning speed, but in a few days he recognises that it is hopeless to try to escape, and philosophically accepts the situation. He is then rounded up and transported to the coast for shipment.

Curiously enough, the big cats—such as lions, tigers and (Continued on page 149)



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leopards—do not give the hunter so much trouble as some of the hoofed animals. In the case of lions, they are mostly taken when cubs. This work is done by the natives; the collector merely tells them that he is wanting lions, and in a short time they return with the desired number. These men track the lioness to her den, rushing in suddenly and raining spears upon her till she is dead. The little ones are then wrapped up in pieces of cloth and handed over to the hunter at the camp. They are fed on goats' milk—which they drink out of a bottle—and pieces of fowl, until they are old enough to travel, when they are sent down to the coast in little wooden boxes on the backs of camels and shipped to Europe.

Occasionally, when the cub-hunters visit a den they find both parents away, and their task is easy. Should the mother then return, however, there is at once a fierce fight, and unless she is quickly overpowered it goes hard indeed with the natives. There is no creature more fierce than one of these big cats when it comes to protecting her young, and the cries of the infuriated mother will sometimes bring her mate to the scene, and an enraged male lion strikes terror into all but the stoutest hearts.

LIONS vary very much in price, ranging from as low as £50 to £100 and more apiece. The finest lions were those obtained from the Atlas Mountains, in North Africa, but this species is now practically extinct. Then we have the black-maned lion, seldom seen in captivity. Its mane is a jet black, which is said to turn grey as the animal gets old.

Tigers are captured as cubs and also when fully grown; often the animal hunter, to the delight of the natives, will entrap some much dreaded man-eater. Tigers are caught in large pitfalls, and various methods of securing the animals when once they are in the pit are adopted. In some cases a strong wooden trap is fixed in the pit, and when the animal falls through the lightly covered mesh at the top it traps and cages itself automatically. In others, it merely falls into a big hole, and has to be secured and dragged out by ropes.

In certain parts of India the natives are so daring that they will place a collar, from which hang a number of twenty-foot ropes, round the neck of a newly caught tiger. To the end of each a man will hang for dear life, and by pulling against each other guide the infuriated brute along the path they wish it to follow. In this way they literally walk the tiger to market!

There are, of course, several varieties of tigers. First, there is the big Bengal tiger, which goes over the mountains of India right into Tibet and Siberia. In the latter country the animal gets in the winter a long wool as a winter coat. Then there is the Persian variety, where the animal has got a mane almost like a lion, but not so long. They have very short faces and round heads.

Tigers are also occasionally taken from the neighbourhood of Lake Balkash, in Central Siberia, and also from Russian Turkestan. The characteristic of this latter animal is that his hindquarters have brown stripes instead of black on a yellow ground. Tigers vary very much in price, a full-grown Indian specimen costing about £100, while the Siberian variety—the largest and finest of these striped cats—easily command £200 to £250 apiece.

MONKEYS and the smaller apes are caught in specially constructed traps. These are, as a rule, set up near the water-hole which the creatures are in the habit of frequenting. The traps are of various kinds, and designed according to the particular species of monkey it is desired to capture.

The first thing the hunter has to do is to get the animals used to the trap. This he does by strewing corn all round it, and in the trap itself as well. Gradually the monkeys grow less suspicious, and after a few days boldly enter the enclosure to secure the coveted corn. It is then that the hunter makes ready to seize his quarry. A rope is attached to

Catch 'em Alive-O'!

the trapdoor, and carried to a nearby tree or other object, where the collector lies concealed. The presence of the rope is hid by covering it with earth and leaves. No sooner have the monkeys entered the cage than the cord is pulled and they are caught. Out rushes the hunter, followed by the natives, who force the animals to the ground by means of forked sticks, secure them, transfer them to portable cages and carry them back to camp. It often proves exciting work. Hunters have told me that the yells of these creatures when they realise that they have lost their liberty are deafening, and echo and re-echo through the forests.

In the case of the bigger apes only the young are taken. This generally means that the mother, and sometimes both the parents have to be shot before the baby is captured. Good prices can be obtained for these creatures. There is a ready market for young chimpanzees, from £50 to as much as £100 being given for them. They are snapped up by trainers, who teach them tricks, and then go on the stage with them. It is wonderful, too, the intelligence displayed by these trained apes, some of them appearing to do everything but talk.

The only drawback with these creatures is that they are liable to succumb to lung troubles. It is the same with the gorilla. The more important zoological gardens have spent fortunes on young gorillas, but they seldom live longer than a few months. It is a pity that the efforts to rear this animal are not more successful, though it must be remembered that a full-grown gorilla would require a cage as strong as an elephant to hold him.

Although it is the baby animal that the hunter strives to secure, it must be remembered that these wild creatures grow very rapidly, and within eighteen months or two years they are nearly as big as an adult, though naturally not fully developed. Take an ostrich for instance. When hatched it is no larger than a chicken. Yet for the first five or six months of its career it springs up at the rate of ten to twelve inches a month!

Most of the bears are secured when mere cubs. In the case of the giant Polar bear, the cubs are taken from their mothers, dumped into barrels, and brought across the ocean in ships to the dealer, often arriving in a very sorry plight.

The various species of snakes and reptiles are caught in different ways. In India, the natives, when desirous of catching snakes, will surround a piece of grass with nets where it is known these creatures are in hiding. The grass is set on fire, and as the flames spread, the snakes are driven out of their hiding places. It is a thrilling and a terrific sight, especially if the bush contains some cobras and other deadly species. The men are furnished with huge butterfly nets, and stand, illuminated by the fierce conflagration, swooping up the terrified and hissing serpents as they appear. The snakes are then packed in boxes and sent to Calcutta or Bombay for shipment to Europe.

IN Borneo the natives take the bigger serpents—like the python—after they have gorged themselves with a meal, when they are more or less lifeless and can be handled without danger. Others are caught in traps and by means of the noose. The bigger saurians, such as alligators and crocodiles, are forced out of their burrows by driving a sharp stake into the ground until it reaches the animal in its hiding place. A soon as it emerges it is roped and securely bound. Sometimes the natives can be induced to take a crocodile as it lies upon the bank.

The first difficulty of the hunter after he has secured his quarry is to get it to eat. The younger the animal the easier will be the task. In the case of the big snakes it is often necessary to remove them from their cages and force the food down their throats at the end of a long pole. Then as these creatures can only (Continued on page 150)

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do excretions in water their quarters have to be supplied with tanks. It may also be necessary to assist the reptile in shedding its skin by giving it a tepid bath and rubbing it in vaseline.

A slight neglect or want of knowledge and the hunter will lose his stock. There is probably no calling where attention to little details is so essential or disaster will result. When a dealer dispatches an expedition that has perhaps taken months to prepare and has entailed considerable expense, he is never sure of what the result will be. He may reap a fortune or he may lose heavily.

Then the hunter, too, takes his life in his hands. He never knows what danger awaits him. On one occasion a caravan was quietly making its way along the dry bed of a stream in Central Africa, the chief hunter happy in the knowledge that his mission had been successful, and that he was bringing home a really valuable collection of wild beasts. Suddenly the heavens grew dark and loud peals of thunder were heard, followed by vivid lightning flashes.

The hunter knew what it meant—unless he got out of that river bed soon he and his men and their valuable freight would be washed away. He hastened them forward with all speed, but before they could find a track up the steep sides the waters were upon them, and in a few minutes what had previously been a smooth roadway was a roaring torrent, with men and horse mixed up with all kinds of wild creatures fighting for their lives. Most of the men managed to escape, but three-fourths of the valuable animals were lost.

END

Who shall Sign the Picture?

(Continued from page 57)

works up to a climax where the "operative word" finds reiterative vocal expression, as the word "Knife—knife—knife," superimposed on the chatter of the people in the parlour at the back of the tobacconist's shop in "Blackmail," or the word "Guilty" repeated in crescendo during the jury scene in "Murder," you must realise that our own Mr. Hitchcock is trying to impose symbolism on the sound film and to record as well as photograph a mental process. His best effort in this direction was in "Murder" when the little actor from the touring company calls on the great actor-manager and is overawed by the sumptuous appointments. Hitchcock showed the audience the state of his mind by photographing his legs and feet as they waded through the billowing depths of a padded carpet.

But let us examine the work of some of the younger men who have recently given us outstanding pictures. In the vanguard of the American group is Lewis Milestone and it will be interesting to watch the career of James Whale, the young Englishman who went to Hollywood to direct "Journey's End" for Universal after having produced the stage play in London. He has stayed in Hollywood to work for Laemmle and was the director of "Waterloo Bridge," a film about the short-lived idyll of a prostitute and a young soldier on leave in London, terminated by a Zeppelin raid. In spite of certain mistakes and anachronisms in the London-during-the-war and air-raid scenes, the film, which has had a great success in America, may be well received in England because it is both straightforwardly and sympathetically handled and Whale shows again that he has the gift of getting the best out of his actors and actresses—a very valuable asset to a director. The acting in "Journey's End" was memorable. We have yet to see what Colin Clive makes of "Dr. Frankenstein" on the screen. His acting in the stage play "The Crime at Blossoms," although pleasantly (Continued on page 152)



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natural, did not compare with his "Journey's End" performance, which may, or may not, have been due to the fact that the part did not offer the same opportunities. Mae Clark, as the tragic little prostitute in "Waterloo Bridge," made the character both convincing and sympathetic and rose to histrionic heights in her one "big scene."

Casting—the unerring choice of the right man or woman for a given rôle—is another essential of good directorship. Every "extra" in the Russian and German films is carefully chosen and sometimes one will emerge from the crowd as of memorable significance. Milestone showed a brilliant flair for this in giving Menjou his chance to "come back" as the ruthless editor in the "Front Page." It surprised the critics that the high priest of dilettante-ism and persiflage should develop such dramatic power. Could he have done so under any other director?

Both Whale and Milestone who, by the way, is a Russian by birth and was once an engineer, which may account for the mechanical perfection of his high-speed productions, have had the inestimable advantage of having people with money and imagination behind them. Milestone made "All Quiet" for young Laemmle, and "Hell's Angels" and "The Front Page" were backed by the millions and the enthusiasm of Howard Hughes.

The American film world watches the career of the younger Laemmle with interest. It began, when he was let loose in his father's studios at the age of eighteen, by being sceptical and ribald, it is becoming slightly awed. Mr. Rotha pointed out in "Celluloid" that it was in accordance with Universal traditions to buy Remarque's best seller because it was a best seller; the surprise came when Laemmle Junior and Lewis Milestone turned it into the film they did. The American film critic, Mr. James R. Quirke, in a racy article in "Photoplay," of which he is editor, discusses the rise of young Laemmle and tells how he persuaded his father to spend a million and a half (dollars) on "All Quiet" when that sum meant sink or swim to Universal and the answer was—swim; then he proceeded to produce "Seed," which had the unlikely subject of birth control for its theme, had another success with "Dracula" ("How could that goofy thing sell as a picture?" asks Mr. Quirke), yet another with "Waterloo Bridge" and, contrary to "all the commandments of motion picture production," he did not even re-title them, "Love in the Trenches," "Must Mothers Weep?" "The Demon Lover" and "The Bridge of Passion!" Now Laemmle Junior has bought Wells's "The Invisible Man" and James Whale is to direct it.

SO much has been written about René Clair that I will only point out that, following in Chaplin's footsteps, he is one of the few directors who make their own scenarios as well as directing. He is as inventive as Chaplin and has an imaginative and fantastic humour all his own. He is young and looks it—one of the thin, smooth-haired, smooth-faced, rather ascetic looking young men of to-day. He may, as has been hinted, be as exercised in his mind about his ability to live up to his success as his admirers confess to being, but he is working with his usual absorption in the Klang-Tobis studios at a story of his own, with liberty as its main theme, which will doubtless embody all the resources of his imagination, technical knowledge, ingenious photography, and will express his humorous and subtle understanding of humanity and the humanities. He is the authentic *cinéaste*. The film is his natural medium of expression and I see no reason why his invention should run dry and his technical brilliance desert him because the universality of his films has been acknowledged. I believe he is the rightful inheritor of Chaplin's unique position as the genius of the screen.

Of our own young men there is not very much to say. Asquith began so well. He seems to have a real sense of the æsthetic, as well as the dramatic, value of forms, lighting and camera angles but he remains too literary,

Who shall Sign the Picture?

too flaccid, lacking the dynamic force needed to "put over" his interesting conceptions and, either he casts badly or cannot handle his players. The "human interest" part of "Tell England" was terribly weak in comparison with some of the magnificent war scenes, to which Geoffrey Barkas contributed his invaluable experience, gained in making the admirable silent war films: "The Somme," "Q Boats" and the rest. I still think that Asquith's best and most original bit of work was the delightful burlesque of the crudities of the "talkies" in the ridiculously titled "Cottage on Dartmoor," in which he showed the inside of a cinema and the reactions of the audience to a talking film, audible but not visible.

Grierson, who is working for the British Empire Marketing Board, is probably the most interesting of the English potentialities (I have mentioned his "Drifters" too often already). His promised picture of the Port of London should be exciting. He is a propagandist by choice and works in the Soviet tradition, imbuing the ordinary and the impersonal with significance and personality. He does not look like an artist for nothing—sombbrero hat, dark shirts and bow ties, emaciated face with large, almost fanatical eyes—but one wonders why his pictures are so few and far between. (At one time he was working on the promising but disappointing marionette film at Wembley.) Does he lack the concentration and capacity for sustained effort necessary to make him the prophet crying in the wilderness of British film production?

RECENTLY two British films have been hailed as masterpieces: "The Ghost Train" and "Hindle Wakes." I saw the latter and had no courage left for the other. The sound film of "Hindle Wakes," directed by Victor Saville, is infinitely inferior to the silent version made some years ago by Maurice Elvey. I thought it heavy, slow, dull and badly photographed. Elvey imbued the machinery in the mills—the great engines at work and then slowing to immobility at the blast of the whistle, with pictorial value and romance and created an atmosphere of excitement when the mill hands trooped out, free for the few days of the annual wakes. This was all missing in the sound version. In the silent picture there was a short sequence worthy of Clair or of Ruttmann (who made "Berlin") when in the dawn, the "caller" with his pole progresses down a typical, poor street tapping the windows to waken the workers who appear in all their characteristic disarray at the windows. Saville thought of this late in the film and brought the man on quite irrelevantly to tap at one window. Ninety per cent of the audience could not have known what he was, who or why. The cutting was bad, the sequences disjointed.

"Hindle Wakes" interested me chiefly as a further proof of the enormous importance of direction. There was the same story, greater scope with the addition of sound, improved conditions as regards the mechanics of film making, wider knowledge of film values (since pictures made by Clair, Milestone, Lubitsch, Von Sternberg and Pudovkin have intervened), all wasted because the man who made the picture, one of our experienced directors, handled his material like an apprentice.

END

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Particulars on page 155

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Autumn

1931:

By

Eleanor E. Helme

WHILST tremendous events have been shaking the country to its foundations, the golfing world can also look back on the autumn of 1931 as a milestone in golfing history. Time alone can tell whether the title "landmark" can be applied to the delightful English Championship at Ganton. It was, of course, Miss Wanda Morgan's first championship win, and Miss Morgan may play a large part in the golf of the next few years. There was also some very good golf played there in perfect weather, notably by Miss Morgan and by Miss Gourlay, who was her runner-up, and by the semi-finalists, Miss Elsie Corlett and Miss Diana Esmond. But the really epoch-making event of the autumn was the first official international match played at Oxhey between Great Britain and France. It was very pleasing to national pride that Great Britain should win all three foursomes and five out of the six singles, with the remaining one halved, but that was not the real significance of the day. What was so thoroughly satisfactory was that a definite start should be made to international golf and that that start should be so extraordinarily popular and successful. It was not

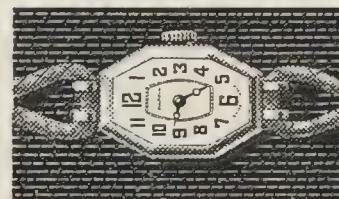
merely that spectators turned up in their thousands, or that they saw first-class golf, but that the whole thing was played in such a delightfully friendly spirit and provided the very best possible answer in the affirmative to the oft asked question, "Do international games promote international friendships?"

MME. LACOSTE was one of the most popular British Open Champions we have ever had, when she won the event in 1927 as Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, and the match was worth seeing if only for the pleasure of watching her and Miss Wethered doing battle. Miss Wethered, of course, lends a glamour to any event, and she and the Hon. Michael Scott only did what was expected of them in winning the Worpleston Mixed Foursomes Tournament the following week. It seemed only fitting, too, that the runners-up should be a Scottish pair, Miss Doris Park and Mr. Stuart Forsyth, since Scotland has really been the dominating force in golf all through this year. Miss Park played beautiful golf at Worpleston, and stood up to Miss Wethered's reputation and her golf in a way which was quite admirable.

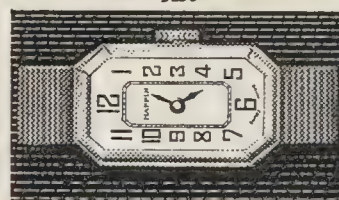
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YOU
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Women's Golf

(Continued from page 133)

Mrs. Bott. But that was the only untoward incident at one of the most cheerful and sunny weeks that even Ranelagh has ever produced, and first-class golf was played in abundance. Of course, the national crisis was the dark background to many a player's thoughts: well-known golfers carrying their own clubs, and showing other unmistakable signs of economy, suggested that things were not quite as they used to be, but it only made competitors take the game more as a game. In that way it was all to the good of the event.

Roehampton players always make out that they are more light-hearted than those superior beings who get round Ranelagh in the early seventies. Light-hearted or not, the week at Roehampton saw some very good golf. Mrs. Waldron Rose, from the Irish Free State, was hitting the ball a long way, Mrs. and Miss Rowand-Harker were picked out before the start as the best mother and daughter pair on their handicap who had ever entered there.

Mrs. Body and Miss Tate, Mrs. Nicholls and Miss Lazarus, Mrs. Rex Cumberlege and Mrs. E. M. Rose were the heroines of the first day's play. On the second the chances of Mrs. Hampton Lewis and Mrs. Liebert began to be thought well of, and there was some grand fighting from Mrs. Payne-Stone and Mrs. Weaver, from Mrs. W. H. Anderson and Mrs. Vigers, and from Miss Beharrell and Mrs. Sneyd, all of whom had to go beyond the eighteenth hole for their wins. Mrs. and Miss Parnall, at the other end of the scale, gave three strokes and won by 8 and 7.

The next morning saw the fall of the Rowand-Harker family, and the Parnalls nearly shared their fate, whilst in the afternoon this pair only won at the 19th. There was good golf from Miss Jacob and Mrs. Rothwell Jackson.

The top semi-final the next day turned on a self-laid stymie by Mrs. Parnall, whose side was beaten four and three by Mrs. C. H. Parry, New Hanger Hill, and Miss D. Hardie, of Great Yarmouth and Caister, whilst in the other one Mrs. Elliot Batt and Miss I. Dove, of Coombe Wood, were given a severe fright by Mrs. Oldershaw and Mrs. Waldron Rose, whom they beat only on the last green. In the final Mrs. Parry's side was quickly four down and eventually dormy four down to Miss Dove and Mrs. Elliot Batt, but won on the 20th, which was the only time of the match when they were up.

Turning to Ranelagh, it would be quite impossible to mention how many matches went beyond the 18th, but at least nobody went to the 27th as they did in one famous year not so very long ago. The greens were beautiful, and on the first day there was some enormous hitting by Mrs. Clarke (the Hampshire champion) and Miss Rudgard, and equally long putting by Mrs. Dudley Charles and Miss Sylvia Bailey.

On the second day the chief sensation was Miss Garnham and Miss Pim and Mrs. Clarke and Miss Rudgard getting out in 34, Mrs. Clarke's side winning, but Miss Garnham's going down at the 19th to that excellent sister pair, Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. Toye. Mme. Monier and the most promising young Miss Raworth won both their matches at the 19th. They provided the sensation the next morning by getting round in 69 and so winning one up from Miss Hartopp and Miss Evershed, who won the Roehampton Four-somes last year. Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Toye's win from Mrs. Garon and Frau Zahn was an afternoon excitement; so was the perfect golf played by Miss Nan Baird (the ex Girl Champion) and Miss Margery White. That pair the next morning beat Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. Toye three and two, and then had a smashing eight and seven final win from Mrs. Bott and Mrs. Peter Gold, who had received a morning walk-over from Mme. Monier's side. Miss White and Miss Baird were five under fours for their two matches of the day, and that is perhaps as fine golf as ever thrilled Ranelagh.

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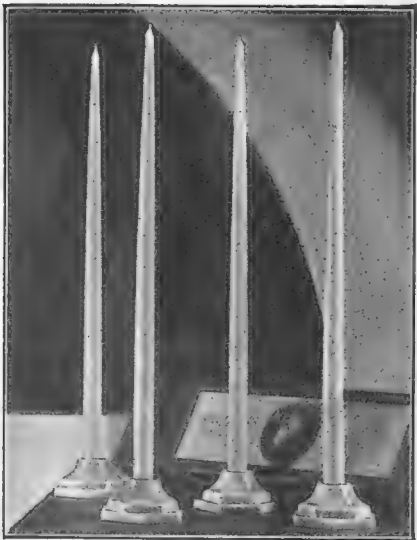
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Aldwych

Our Literary Competition Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon. All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

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Literary Competition Circle COUPON—December 16

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Literary Competition Circle COUPON—December 30

Results of 114th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Mabel Asher.

Hon. mention: "J. A. B.," May Belben, "Pete," Ruth Dobson, G. M. Hudson, M. Scott Morris, M. A. Jacob, K. Callister, M. Elton Young, "Hannah May," Rosa Vine, Kathleen Field, S. C. Straker, F. A. Edinborough, "Bwlch," "G. G."

FOOTSTEPS.

In that first hour withdrawn from sleep,
When thoughts like silver fishes gleam
In the mind's pool, dark, dim and deep,
I hear, along the reaching road
Beneath my window, footsteps pass
To daily toil, some heavy, slow;
Some light and swift as wind on grass.

With dragging steps, feet clogged with age,
One yet goes singing to his task;
Whistling an ode to day's new page,
A farm lad clumps upon his way;
A girl's high heels, like castanets
In quick staccato, click along;
But I lie still, and listening, wait
To hear your feet pause at my gate.

(Continued on page 160)

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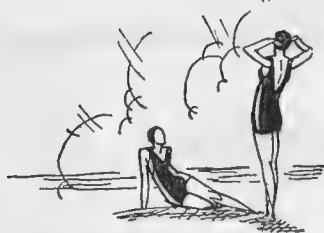
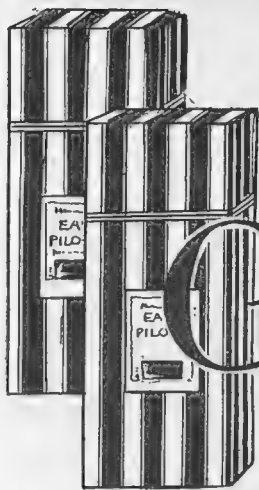
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Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

We are the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind, who for nearly a century have been providing accommodation, education, technical training and employment for sightless men, women and children from all parts of the British Isles.

Our youngest pupil is five; our oldest active worker is eighty-two.

Would you like to know more about this large Blind family—how they are educated, taught a trade and usefully employed so that they become self-reliant, happy and industrious citizens instead of remaining life-long burdens on the community?

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work: consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman,

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND,
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When ordering state colour of complexion and hair. Also send your greeting card to be enclosed with the set.

Our Literary Competition Circle

And in my mind's pool, deep and dark,
A thought is gleaming, silver bright,
That when some day, stiff and stark,
Lie folded close in earth's brown breast,
And you walk lonely on life's road,
My heart will surely wake and hear,
When you on faltering feet draw near.

MABEL ASHER.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best completion of a limerick beginning with "There was a young film star at Hollywood."

Awarded to "G. G."

Hon. mention: Trixie Ford, "Pete," J. H. G. Gibbs, D. G. Holland, Ena D. Reynolds, John Sage, S. C. Straker, Isobel Simpson, Kathleen Field, Julia Binfield, "Helen," Rosa Vine.

There was a young film star at Hollywood,
Who said, "When I'm in my most jolly mood,
Two divorces a day,
Wouldn't make me distract."
But we think—entre nous—it—by Golly—would!
"G. G."

Results of 115th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best ditty in praise of the pillion girl.

Awarded to B. Richardson.

Hon. mention: "Una," Catherine Lawrence, Rosa Vine, M. Scott Morris, "Helen," H. M. Rhodes, Julia Binfield, "G. G.," A. Waters.

(With Apologies to Kipling.)

If you can keep your wits when all about you
The traffic blots the road quite out of view;
If you can keep your smile when, on the highway,
The mud is splashed by road hogs on to you.
If you can sit and not be tired of sitting
Mile after mile upon that little seat,
Or being scorched, or chilled, or soaked, and shaken,
Still look as if you thought it was a treat.

If you can bear to wear the same old beret,
With Wellingtons and mac when it is June,
And all unkempt dine in a high-class café,
Where "silken gowned" are dancing to a tune;
If you can do a ninety-five miles journey,
On top of all your arduous day's work done,
Yours is the right to fly along the highway,
And, what is more, you well deserve the run.

B. RICHARDSON.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Nancy Pollok.

Hon. mention: "J. A. B.," J. H. G. Gibbs, "Hannah May," May Belben, M. Scott Morris, M. Elton Young, Lettie Cole, Harold Cohen, May W. Harrison, Annie M. Waters.

O, quiet day,
When the long shadows and sun and silence lie
On the broad hills,
And the wide sky
Is lupin-blue between each rifted cloud,
Give to me of thy quietness, I pray,
Take from my soul the war of life, the loud
Disputes, the intolerance, the clash of wills.

O, tuneful night,
When in bright choirs, the stars sing over the sea,
And the waves chant;
When melody
Breaks from blown boughs, and the young, lovely moon
Above the hills goes riding high and white—
Teach me to keep my harassed soul in tune,
Teach me thy music, deep and dominant.

The long years pass,
And we who are fashioned in the image of God,
We, who might all
Discard the clod,
We are still so obsessed by worthless things!
Ah! let me learn, here in the April grass,
Never to bruise the spirit's fragile wings
Beating the bars of things ephemeral.

NANCY POLLOK.

Great Free Beauty Offer

EVERY woman who is mindful of her looks and a believer in luck will be charmed by a delightful free gift made available to all our readers. It is a "lucky elephant" made in jade green "crayonne," and its regular use is a real delight and has a beneficial effect upon the skin. To obtain one all you have to do is to purchase a 1s. 3d. pot of "Eastern Foam," the popular vanishing cream, and forward the outer carton, with 3d. in stamps for packing and part postage, to "Eastern Foam," 16/32, Graham Street, London, N.1.

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SLIMNESS AND COMFORT
UNBELIEVABLE TILL YOU
ACTUALLY HAVE ONE ON.

... A NEW CONCEPTION OF CORSETRY. NEW ... AND
UTTERLY DIFFERENT. TO WEAR A CHARNAUX IS LIKE SLIPPING
INTO ANOTHER SKIN ... SO SMOOTHLY IT FITS, SO EXQUISITELY
IT MOULDS THE FIGURE.

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COMFORT OF LACE ... **GRADUATED** PERFORATIONS, PATTERNED
AND DISTRIBUTED TO GIVE PERFECT SUPPORT WITH ABSOLUTE
FREEDOM OF ACTION. **PRICE FROM 2½ GUINEAS.**

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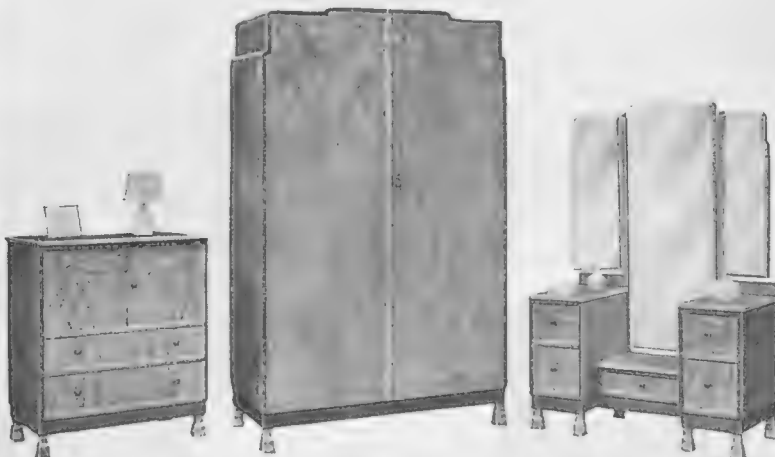
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ALL APPROVE TANGEE

Let these great fashion magazines tell you about TANGEE . . . how this famous lipstick and rouge give you that vital glow of freshness, that natural colour which is so much in vogue to-day!

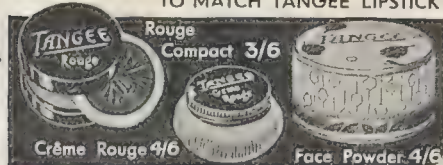
"Natural colour is the mode of the moment," says HARPER'S BAZAAR. "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do."

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TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, 4/6. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

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Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and 'The Art of Make-up.'

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Name

Address



Comfortable beige gauntlets, lined throughout with wool and edged with fur, are made of a soft leather which can be sponged. From Debenhams, price 34s. 9d.



Gauntlets of wild hog skin, which may be obtained in various colours, cost 19s. 6d. when unlined, and 26s. 9d. with a woollen lining. Debenhams.



What Christmas is complete without a bottle of champagne? Good and reliable brands may be obtained from Hedges and Butler for 10s. 6d. a bottle.



An exceptionally comfortable fireside chair of good workmanship and covered in an attractive tapestry material, complete with a loose cushion, costs 24s. 6d. From G. Austin and Sons.

Give These A Choice of Christmas Presents

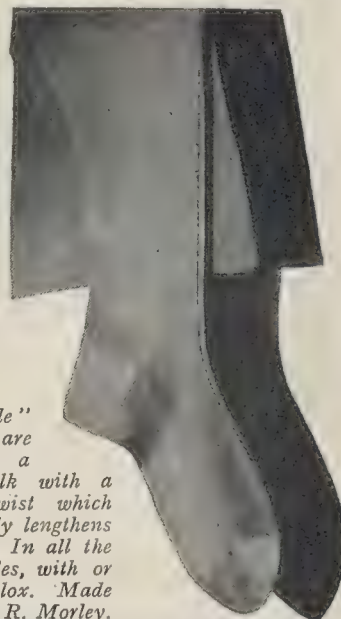


A pair of comfortable mocassins of pink leather, lined with wool and edged with fur dyed to match, have embroidered toe-caps, and cost only 9s. They may be had in several colours. From Dolcis.



The excellence of Chilprufe underwear needs no endorsement. The little girl above not only wears a Chilprufe vest, but a charming dress and knickers to match of the same wool. Dress and knickers, 15s. 9d.

The Charnaux belt is made of a new elastic material not to be confused with rubber. It is cleverly perforated, is light, attractive, and extremely durable. Price from 2½ guineas.



"Grenabelle" stockings are made of a special silk with a unique twist which considerably lengthens their life. In all the latest shades, with or without a clox. Made by I. and R. Morley.



"I Recommend Lisango Velvet," says
Edward Newman, Decoration Adviser of "Ideal Home,"
"because its range includes delightful colours—and it wears so well."



"Damask Rose" and "Thatch" are used in this cosy north room designed by Edward Newman for Bowmar Bros.

THE GREAT BEAUTY OF VELVET as a plain fabric for Interior Decoration lies in its play of light and shade. Observe the different reflecting colours of the "Damask Rose" on the Settee.

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LISANGO
MODERN VELVETS



There is a quality for every class of home.

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KOLSTER-BRANDES

Smiling faces
 ..tender skins..
 How much they depend on you for the things they need; for cleanliness, comfort and health.

The **Allenburys' Nursery needs**



meet the most exacting requirements. They can be relied upon to keep the most tender skin clean, smooth and in a healthy condition.
 Allenburys Nursery Powder 1/6 per tin.
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Mrs.....

will be pleased to receive, free of charge, a copy of the 'Allenburys' book 'Infant Feeding and Management' and a sample of 'Allenburys' Nursery Powder and Baby Soap.

Her Baby's age is.....

For your Bath

The pictures here show you how easily and quickly Bath Salts can be made

IF you make your own bath salts you can afford to be really extravagant in their use, for they cost very little when made at home. In addition to being inexpensive they can be made quickly—ten minutes being sufficient to make a large quantity.

Bath salts are excellent to give at Christmas time, for they are always appreciated, especially when packed in attractively coloured or painted jars.

Below:

THE second process is the addition of the sandalwood oil. Buy a good quality and do not put in more than 20 drops. To be sure of using the right amount it is safer to drop the oil into a glass measure like the one shown below before pouring it over the crystals. This oil helps the crystals to hold the perfume, and they should be stirred all the time you are adding the drops



Right:

THE salts are now ready to be perfumed. Add the oil of verbenia or oil of lavender a drop at a time, and mix well. Stir right to the bottom of the basin or the salts will not be scented evenly. After you have finished pouring in the perfume continue stirring for a minute or two

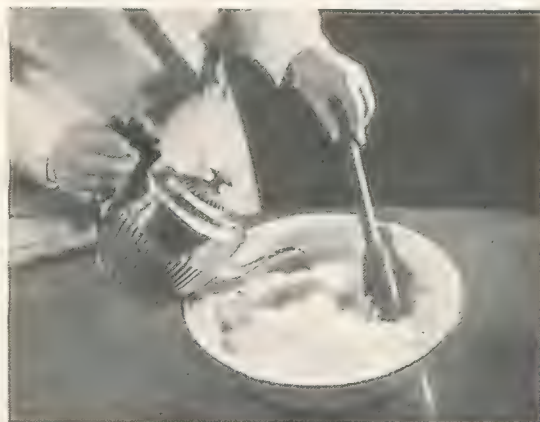


To make six pounds of bath salts you will need—

6 pounds of carbonate of soda crystals.
 20 drops of sandalwood oil.

2 tablespoonfuls oil of verbenia or oil of lavender.

A little strong cold tea.



Above:

HAVING put the soda crystals into an enamel bowl, colour them with the tea by pouring it in very slowly. Stir the crystals well all the time the tea is being poured in. Continue adding the tea until the crystals turn a deep pearly cream. This makes an attractive colour, but if you prefer a different colour, ask the chemist to give you a suitable dye



Left:

WHEN filling up your jars it is a good idea to use a small cup for the purpose. If you want to give the bath salts away as a present, you could not do better than put them into fancy jars like the ones shown in the photograph. They are inexpensive and can be bought from Marshall & Snelgrove. After putting the stopper in firmly, finish off by tying a ribbon round the neck of the jar. Should you desire to keep the salts some time it is wiser to cover the top of the stopper and jar with cellophane paper



Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060, flew to Bavaria this summer. Here she is, snapped with a dear friend discovered there, whom she was very loth to leave behind

NEWS of the MONTH

A VERY happy Christmas to you all. In spite of hard times we shall all do our best to take a day off from dull care on December 25th and make merry with stout hearts, in the fine old-fashioned way. Plum pudding. Snap-dragon. Christmas tree and candles. Carols. Not the most economical of us would feel any better or safer for cutting these out.

NEITHER, by the way, do we intend to let economy rule out the Cinderellas' great day in January, when, we hope, as in other years, to take them to the Pantomime, and I feel sure that the appeal I now make for the Pantomime Fund will meet with the usual generous response. One pull all together—and the children will be there, waiting with feverish excitement for the curtain to ring up! Four shillings pay every expense entailed for one child. We are grateful for more, of course, and no less grateful for less. Every mite helps!

I AM extremely sorry I cannot announce the result of the Community Quilt Competition, but, as I write, I am still waiting for one or two last squares to come in. Possibly there will be a stop press paragraph beyond this one, however, with the great news.

ISN'T this interesting? Elsie Wilson, who won our first prize in the Sampler Competition, held earlier in the year, had it accepted for the Exhibition of Contemporary Needlework held in Bruton Street last month.

COMMUNITY Quilt Result: Graduates' Prize, Amy G. Haydon; Members' Prize, Diana Wilton; Associates' Prize, Barbara Stallbrass. Specially commended, Mary Champion.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, September 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Helen Fawcett, G.C.S. 4576. Hon. Mention: N. Hopwood, G.C.S. 5733; Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355. **Literature Competition.**—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Divided between M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769 and Gladys Cumpsty, G.C.S. 4573. Hon. Mention: Jem Russell, G.C.S. 5824; W. H. G. Reed, G.C.S. 5725; Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625. **Needlework Competition.**—A Piece of Plain Sewing. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—An Out-of-Doors Sketch. Prize 10s. Awarded to Nora Reed, M.C.S. 3211. Hon. Mention: Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816; Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719; Elizabeth Vere-Hodge, M.C.S. 3234. **Literature Competition.**—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline R. Allen, M.C.S. 3151; Hon. Mention: Lorna Lloyd, M.C.S. 3288; Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187; Stella Jaye, M.C.S. 3244; Ursula Ball, M.C.S. 3252. **Needlework Competition.**—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228. Hon. Mention: Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166.

The CHILDREN'S

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

Patrons:

H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood; H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

Conducted by
"LEVANA"

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in
Art, Needlework, Photography, Handicraft, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE

Molly Roberts.—An interesting plot, not at all badly handled considering the difficulties attendant upon such a theme. The opening, however, is far too slow. Cut the first page or two severely.

Jessie Wilkes.—A subject of this type needs a delicate, subtle treatment. The first verse secures this, after that the method is too bald, particularly in the closing stanzas. Live up to the opening, and there will be little to cavil at.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—The vigorous foreground is admirably drawn, but the harsh horizon line is curious with this hazy sky, which looks out of tone, and the colour of the sea seems a little exaggerated.

Penelope Burra.—Nice cool colour, but lacking full depth. Very artistic, perhaps a little too much so for you at your present stage. More tone on the background would have assisted the effect.

Irene McCoy.—The method more interesting than the matter. The latter seems a little ordinary for the stylish, unusual and acceptable treatment.

Yvonne Earle.—Charming in colour and strength of tone; a well-chosen subject with too much vertical striation of handling to be quite comfortable. With so many perpendiculars this is rather unfortunate.

N. Hopwood.—Your pastel is so good in drawing and modelling that the colour, except the nose, looks like make-up concealing the skin texture. In spite of extremely clever work on an unreciprocated ground, the colour is unnatural. Avoid coined words and abbreviations; they are a confessed weakness. You have plenty of ability.

Marjorie Naylor.—Charming sky, distance and colour; lacking progression in nearer sea where the boats look too small for apparent position. Very artistic and dainty upper half.

Joyce Bidder.—You have put a good deal of serious work into a light-hearted subject which might have more point with less elaboration. Distinctly clever in expression, and well composed.

M. Higgins.—Compare apparent distance of trunk and foliage of principal tree as a key to where your very accomplished sketch falters—in accentuation. The whole effect against the sky needs a bit more care, otherwise charming.

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.
2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.
3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.
4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cois Endowment Fund.
5. Prizes must be applied for.
6. Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Helen Fawcett.—Admirable sense of style and clever pose and expression, the hands not so good. The granular surface does not help dainty line, and makes tone rather sooty. Artistically put together.

Kitty Earp.—Most charming in colour and effect, but the tree technique is rather dabby though good in weight. A little more drawing would work wonders, and an inch off the top would help the picture.

Nora Reed.—Feeling for colour and atmosphere very good, but the perspective is not consistent and dwarfs the size of the river. So good in colour and feeling that these easily corrected faults should quickly disappear.

Elizabeth Vere-Hodge.—The receding willows are the best part of your sketch. The composition is too formal to please, but shows excellent feeling for light and air. A less symmetrical point of view would be much better.

Florence Cook.—A charming idea; it is a little underdeveloped, but with more experience you could soon rectify that. Very promising work.

May W. Harrison.—Excellent as an illustration of your point. Better drawing of the hands is essential. The looking-glass could assist you over this stile.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Daisy Higgins, A.C.S. 1197. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—Say what you know of Lady Macbeth, or Christopher Robin, etc. Prize 5s. Awarded to Dorothy Wood, A.C.S. 1459. Hon. Mention: Douglas Burton, A.C.S. 1458; G. Anthony Hem, A.C.S. 1407.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Barbara Stallbrass, A.C.S. 1408.

Award of Prizes, October 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster Advertising Amateur Theatricals. Prize 10s. Awarded to N. Hopwood, G.C.S. 5733. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to S. Curtis, G.C.S. 5729. Hon. Mention: Alice White, G.C.S. 5876; M. Higgins, G.C.S. 5649; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Amy H. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5843; K. Holland, G.C.S. 5868.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Title Page for a Book of Nature Poems. Prize 10s. Awarded to W. Wilson, M.C.S. 3147. Hon. Mention: Barbara Booth, M.C.S. 3215.

Literature Competition.—Review of a Recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060. Hon. Mention: Edith Bannister, M.C.S. 3268; M. A. Macmillan, M.C.S. 3284.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to B. Barker, A.C.S. 1470. Hon. Mention: Dorothy Higgins, A.C.S. 1196.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Barbara Heaver, A.C.S. 1354. Hon. Mention: G. Anthony Hem, A.C.S. 1407; Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462; Joan Cohen, A.C.S. 1406.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(December—January)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 16th. An Illustration to Any Well-known Poem. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. A Portrait Study. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 16th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. A Sonnet on the New Year. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. Describe a Dinner Party on Some Festive Occasion.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 16th. A Novelty. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 16th. Do-As-You-Like in Pencil. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. An Illustration to a Fairy Tale. No. III. January 15th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, December 16th. A Paper entitled "Goodbye to 1931." No. II. Closing date, January 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, January 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, December 16th. A View from a Window in Pencil. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. A Design for a Dance Programme.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, December 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, January 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, January 15th. An Essay on My Happiest Day of the Holidays.

Open to All: Age Taken Specially into Account

Handicraft Competition.—First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d. Closing date, January 15th. Subject Left to Competitor.

SALON and Competition Circles

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES



Helen Fawcett's clever prize winning entry for the Art Competition of September 15



Distinguished by good colour, this 'Out-of-Doors sketch' by Nora Reed, M.C.S. 321, captured the Members' Art Prize, September 15



An honourable mention was awarded to this interesting design by Barbara Booth, M.C.S. 3215

The Art of the Salon: three interesting competition entries by promising artists

AND CRITICISMS (September 15th)

Daisy Higgins.—Quite remarkable for your age. The distant landscape has beaten you a bit, but this is not surprising. The tree is admirable. Get all the practice you possibly can in training hand and eye.

Margaret Smith.—I doubt if these colours are correct, but the sketch is full of interesting vigour. You would do well, I am sure, with some sound assistance. Work direct from Nature as much as possible.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—As literature this is far too exaggerated, but toned down, and skilfully treated, it might become quite an interesting story. The germ of a good plot is here. What it lacks is correct handling. Read the best short stories of the masters. You will find all the help you need there.

S. Christine Straker.—Quite charming, but rather unequal, and the effect a little strained to secure the rhymes. This particularly applies to verse two, line four, and line one, verse three.

H. J. S. Cameron.—Chief characteristics well seized, and the whole well laid in, but lacking accuracy of observation where details are concerned. No tree in full leaf reveals an unbroken mass of trunk from top to bottom. Study trees as separate items to gain better mastery.

Gabriel Joy.—Not at all badly drawn, but rather too spotty in effect, due to lack of intermediate tones. Half-close your eyes to get better appreciation of values.

Mabel Hynes.—Good grasp of the big line, but not quite sound anatomically, and the feet look over small, not in length, but mass. Very pleasant use of the medium.

Ursula Ball.—With a little more experience in its handling this story would work out very amusingly. The plot is good, and you should keep this by you to work out again later on, when you have had more practice.

Mary Fletcher.—While recording detail accurately, it is essential at the same time not to lose sight of the effect of the picture as a whole. The items here are well handled, but they have lost touch with one another, so to speak.

G. E. M. Moss.—A brick path is rarely laid in this fashion, and even for a fantasy, it is better to respect the usual in details of this type. The background rather swamps the figures, but as a whole this is excellently designed and composed.

Dorothy Higgins.—Cleverly put together for your age, the individual details being remarkably good. A better idea of how to arrange such items will come presently, with further experience.

Betty Weir.—This story opens so well one is scarcely prepared for the rather lame ending. I suspect you got, as we all do, rather tired of it halfway through. Tackle the last half again some time. In your art entry you have dared a good deal in the level light effect, but all vertical objects should glow. Certainly a step onward, with many good points of observation.

Stella Jaye.—With a better plot you would, I think, do something good. The treatment here is often interesting and original, but the idea is too thin.

Olive Dwyer.—The story suffers from compression. You need much more space to do justice to the plot, and the special "atmosphere" is not quite conveyed. Only the most accurate and significant detail can really suggest it. Still, a gallant attempt to tackle a very difficult thing.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Don't sacrifice everything for beautiful colour. Let your instinct for this take care of itself and aim now at more accurate drawing and construction.

Zenobia H. Forster-Brown.—The method is a little too slow for a short story, but would be admirable for longer stuff. In its way, very well done indeed. What you need, to develop your talent, is simply practice. Keep your pen constantly at work. The perspective in the sketch is a bit wayward, but otherwise it is a most successful and charming little study.

Joan Guillaume.—The head is rather too large, and the features on the small side, but it looks as if you would draw accurately enough from the living model. Sketch direct from life whenever possible. There is no practice like it.

Lorna Lloyd.—You have succeeded remarkably well with this effort. The simple, unaffected style could not be better, and the convincing detail is charmingly worked in. I shall be interested to see what you do next.

Muriel M. Malvern.—Interesting as an experiment, even if it fails to come off completely. The sequences are not quite happy in the first verse, and the "by" in the last line of verse three falls oddly.

Amy G. Haydon.—Very dainty and practical, and very nicely stitched. Thank you so much.

Kay Holland.—The effect would be much enhanced if the blacks were quite solid. For such work use Indian ink and Bristol board, or a smooth-surfaced paper. Well designed, but lettering rather cheap in style.

Lorna Banks.—Latent talent is suggested by this sketch, which shows a big grasp of essentials, in spite of erratic proportions. Complete regularly if you can.

Gwendoline R. Allen.—A delicious little study. Although thin as to plot, the sly humour is first-rate. With more experience you could make something worth while of this.

Catherine M. Baldwin.—This begins excellently, but is a little unequal later. Line four is weak, and the last two lines of verse two need further consideration.

Rosa Vine.—The second line spoils an interesting verse, and a similar tendency to mix the commonplace with something on a much more skilful and attractive plane occurs again several times. Avoid hackneyed phrases.

Jean Menzies.—The beginning is much better than the rest. A short story should, as a rule, be confined to a single episode. Here you have the material for a long story, to which you cannot possibly do justice in the space available. A short story can be anything between one and five or six thousand words.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—I think "milk-bare" is a trifle far-fetched. The two opening lines are so interesting, and verses two and three so good, an effort should be made to bring the rest level.



No two alike and all charming, accurately describes these napkin rings, in fine needlework, by Mabel Sanders



And very dainty also is this knitted set, the little boots of which won a prize for Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228

Rena Recaldin.—Use a softer pencil next time, so that accents may be slightly sharper; this is altogether too faint, but wonderfully good otherwise.

Jennifer Skinner.—Cleverly analysed. You have seized the outstanding characteristics of this interesting figure and set them down very neatly. Avoid over-positive statements. One or two points which you settle definitely are, really, debatable.

Dora Malfatti.—Never switch off the action suddenly to make remarks which are not really necessary. Your introduction of the children errs in this manner. Otherwise this is very well done. A genuinely pathetic little tale.

M. Joyce Lambert.—The opening two lines could, I think, be better. The last verse is exquisite, and the second has sterling merits; but a title would be useful as a clue to what is, at present, a little too mysterious.

W. H. G. Reed.—Charming in feeling and frequently felicitous, but less effective than it should be, owing to the clipped phrases. Don't indulge this tendency too often.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Well grouped and designed, and excellent balance of black and white. But the lady in white is treated too much in the fashion plate manner. . . . At the end the verse goes to pieces, unfortunately; curious, because the beginning is original and cleverly handled!

Jem Russell.—One of the most successful things you have submitted. Verse four is a bit clumsy compared with the rest.

Doris Seth-Smith.—The lilting line is well sustained, but the last verse needs some overhauling, particularly the final two lines.

Florence E. McCoy.—A very attractive trifle. I should, however, endeavour to improve the first line. A good opening is, naturally, very important.

Claribel Ireland.—The beginning is most promising, but the hopes raised are not fulfilled owing to the lack of an interesting climax. For a story of this type a "plot" is essential.

Diana Laski.—Clear writing leads to clear thinking, don't they say? Anyway, this is the case with your entry. A very good analysis and excellent penmanship.

Joan Wyatt.—The title and the last line could agree more usefully. This looks rather a hurried effort? In any case, you can, I feel sure, improve it considerably at another sitting.

Trixie Ford.—Such a colloquialism as ends the first verse cannot be permitted to stand, especially in conjunction with what goes immediately before. A little unequal all through, but several charming lines. The second is the best.

Dorothy Wood.—A sincere little study, improving as it goes along. Some earlier sentences are a bit involved, and a little over-long. A short, crisp sentence between longer ones often assists both sense and effect.

Patricia Appleyard.—Although a bit too impossible and bizarre in plot, this is neatly constructed and put together. It suffers from inexperience and covers too great a space of time, however. The latter you can rectify, at once, in any similar effort.

Annie M. Waters.—The easy run of the rhythm scarcely fits your theme. I feel a more solemn measure is necessary, especially in view of the sentiments expressed in the last verse.

Hilda Barrow.—The first verse is excellent, but after the first two lines in the second the little poem loses its form and interest surprisingly. You should be able to put this right.

Dorothy Guillaume.—A charming stitch, very neatly executed indeed. Many thanks for them. They should be soon snapped up at our sale.

G. Anthony Hern.—The analysis is first rate for your age, but your sentences are rather complicated even if well constructed. A crisper style might be cultivated with advantage.

Helen M. Lillie.—Written, as usual, with considerable ability. Certainly, you should do well one day. Be careful of your facts, however, when dealing with historical matters. More than one of the sonnets quoted do not refer to Mistress Fitton, but to the unknown "Mr. W. H." of the famous dedication.

Sybil Stallibrass.—Charming in feeling, but rather weak in construction. Unconsciously, probably, the "prettiness" of the head has attracted you, and you have stressed this feature at some cost to harder facts.

Gladys M. Cumpsey.—An excellent idea very well conveyed. Just a little more skill would make it first-rate. Read Austin Dobson—perhaps you have!—to get into useful touch with a master at this sort of thing.

Honor Fielding.—Embroidered with your usual skill. For an article, which needs to be often in the tub, silk is a material to avoid. Without great care it soon goes yellow.

(Continued on page 168)



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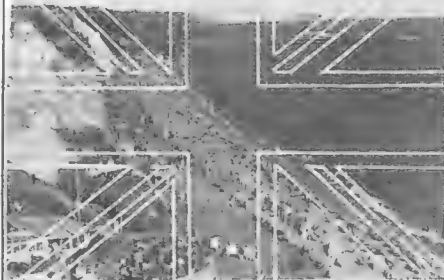
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The Children's Salon

(Continued from page 167)

Douglas Burton.—Although your biographical sketch of the father of "Christopher" contains some rather glaring inaccuracies, this paper is well done, particularly the last half. The earlier part is a little clumsy in composition.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Both needlework and art entries are beautifully done, and reach your own high standard. The essay is less satisfactory, particularly in technique, but the criticism in your last sentence is a very interesting piece of observation.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—This sketch suggests that the beast was not studied at the same time as his surroundings. Sketch constantly direct from Nature. It is the only method. The massive strength of the brute is interestingly suggested.

Marjorie Webb.—Delightful stitchery as ever! Cotton would, I think, have been preferable to silk for this material, but the needlework itself is very good.

William Wilson.—Excellent in detail, but a bit monotonous in effect. Emphasise the deep tones and give full value to high lights, to avoid this over-grey effect.

Dolly Davies.—A mistake to use this background for such a subject, which can only appeal if seen under less hard-and-fast conditions. Very capably handled otherwise.

(October 1st)

Betty Adès.—A very interesting experiment. Your last couplet needs further consideration. Form is important, but sound reasoning must back it.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—Beware of a tendency towards extravagant touches. A more restrained manner is more impressive. The detail is often quite first-rate. You should do something very good presently.

Olwen Lawton.—Well summed up and neatly stated. You are coming along well. This has almost a "professional" touch about it. Carry on!

G. Anthony Hern.—A gruesome little yarn, a trifle too improbable, but showing welcome promise in its ability to escape being banal.

Heather Strudwick.—Good, sound criticism all through and the finish particularly well written. The opening isn't quite at this high level.

Patricia Appleyard.—Apart from a few slips, which a careful re-reading will eliminate, this is good all through—and the last sentence makes an acceptably stimulating finish. A distinct advance.

Alice White.—Delighted to see your work again, and especially so good an example of it. About the right length, but give it a better title and edit it carefully to increase the effect. It is most interesting and charming both in plot and style.

The Children's Salon COUPON

Beatrice Little.—Too long for a story of this type, clearly meant for very young children. Cut it down and keep it rather simpler.

E. Hallis.—You miss a great opportunity here by so quickly getting to the conclusion. The start is admirable. Get a good "middle" going and you will have an excellent story in being. This grips so well it is a pity not to make something of it.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—This account reveals the book itself very clearly. So far, so good, but towards the end the writing is a bit jejune. The criticisms you make are, however, perfectly sound.

Edith Bannister.—Very discerning, but rather too artificial in style. Amusing verse may take a risk of being criticised for alliteration, but prose cannot afford to do so.

Marjorie Naylor.—Your label is good though a trifle tight, but a shapely whole is better than too much allusiveness. The lower part is rather scrap-book like. Three colour reproduction does not limit your pigments. Much that is clever and good. A border would greatly help.

N. Hopwood.—Your poster has the excellent qualities of visibility and strength of effect. The slanting panel might be a trifle higher and the lettering vertical with advantage, and a border would give finish. On the whole very good.

Patricia Hepburn.—A quaint and pleasing symmetrical design daintily suggestive and original in method. A much stronger border to label and design would be useful.

Barbara Booth.—A very stylish black and white with admirable sense of spacing. The title line might well take more width, and the rest of the lady is not quite accounted for, but on the whole most excellent.

Pamela Searight.—A good idea rather cheaply carried out; silhouette of all things needs perfection of form. The wide shape and absence of title detract. Clever placing of masses and grace of line could make this very good.

Betty Metcham.—A design of this force of contrast would be more pleasing on a smaller scale in the space, and its classic motive would live better with more severe lettering. A smaller head would give the figure more importance. A well-schemed design, but rather over-weighted.

W. Wilson.—Charming line work but needing more weight of colour. The underside of mouldings should be stronger, and a graduated weight of line in pews and paving would help. Still, quite a feat of artistic architectural drawing.

Kitty Earp.—Excellent in brilliancy and attack but poor in projection, a question of focus and edges chiefly. Your work is so strong and direct that fineness of swift handling is the next step. You are inclined to be over explicit.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Good colour and style—a tendency towards too much style. The quality of the pots outline wavering and left to accident. A bit more fact, without becoming photographic. Extremely well advanced artistically.

B. Barker.—Painstaking studies of this type are magnificent practice and in this one you have grasped essentials most promisingly. A softer pencil would assist progress.

Continued on page 170

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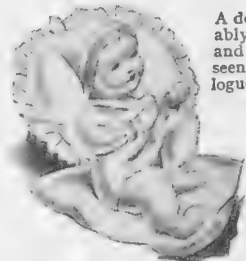
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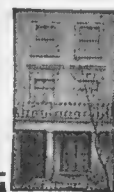
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The Children's Salon

(Continued from page 168)

Veronica M. Ward.—Either the inner circle should have had the help of a compass or have been more irregular. Charming in conception and execution.

Dorothy M. Yoxall.—The wide black margin at the top should have been repeated below; otherwise an excellent idea and the figure happily placed in the scheme.

H. L. Wigmore.—Extremely well designed. This use of the medium, however, leaves something to be desired and some explanatory lettering should have been included.

Penelope Burra.—Before setting about this interesting record of lovely colour it would have been useful to have made a careful pencil sketch of the jug. Accurate draughtsmanship must now be tried for.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—An amusing idea, original and neatly put off. But the shape of the book is somewhat unusual and a better effect would have been obtained, I think, with more normal proportions.

May W. Harrison.—The "copy" is first rate, but the lettering is, on the whole, poor. Much more stylish spacing is required, and a more suitable type essential. Very many thanks for letter and your much appreciated donation.

Barbara Heaver.—Curious, but decidedly interesting. The opening half is well done, but inexperience has prevented you getting the effective finish you might have had. Go on trying. You may do well presently.

Clare Ackroyd.—The dialogue is cleverly managed throughout, but the construction and a good deal of the incident falls owing to inexperience. If you are going to attempt this kind of thing more accurate knowledge of criminal detective procedure is necessary.

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Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresh House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Ian Rose.—This discursive method is appropriate to the theme of the book, certainly, but a review, as a rule, is required to be treated in a snappier manner. You have permitted a facile pen to run away with you too much for the purpose of this competition.

M. Higgins.—Admirable as it is, in so many ways, it just fails to be quite right. The strong handling is excellent, but just when it should turn subtle, blatancy destroys an excellent situation. Only a little care is required to make it wholly successful.

Rena Recaladin.—A clever effect, but more suitable for a cover than a title page, unless you supply a much bigger margin. Lettering is very nicely drawn, but scarcely legible enough in the second line. Soundly designed throughout.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—This has lost some interest through over-crowding. Smaller lettering, leaving larger spaces clear, would have given distinction and attracted attention better. . . . The story is well told and vivacious, but should have been less or more extravagant. It is, at present, falling between these two stools.

Olive Dockree.—It would have been more amusing to have suggested that December seldom lives up to the reputation you have supplied it with. Otherwise lively and interesting.

Betty Weir.—Rather too elaborate for a title page, which usually is a simpler matter than a cover design. Nicely composed, but the faces are a bit too wise-looking; old heads on young shoulders.

Hilda Barrow.—A better finish is essential. The rest arouses interest and it is too bad only to have this tame end in store for your reader! Tackle it again.

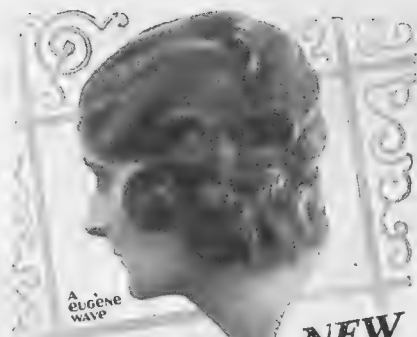
Betty Crowther.—To get away with this type of story there must be no weak spots, and it must move so rapidly that the reader has no time to spot improbabilities. Your method is amusing and correct, but not quite adroit enough. Success should come, however.

Kay Holland.—Crime is always useful to fall back upon when we are hard up for a plot, but it is advisable to study actual records before embarking on these complicated waters. There are plenty of fascinating books on the subject available. . . . If not quite impeccable in workmanship, the dress is charming in style, and very dainty and acceptable in pattern.

Rosa Vine.—If this could possibly happen, it would make a powerful little drama; but I am not sure if "technically" it is possible. However, it is distinctly interesting, but requires a rather more restrained method.

W. Wilsheer.—This theme needs much more space. The detail must be very carefully considered and elaborated to get the necessary effect. It is right enough so far as it goes, but the whole situation is, at present, under-developed.

John Cohen.—Avoid the label between the years. With a single appropriate sentence you should be able to bridge the gap. The first half reads rather better than the rest. (Continued on page 172)



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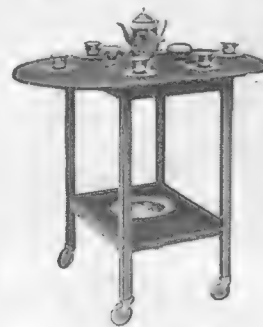
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The Children's Salon

(Continued from page 170)

Joan Wyatt.—The earlier part is not at all badly treated, but the rush of events which are dealt with so cursorily in the latter half produce an oddly unbalanced effect. You would need three times the space to do the latter half justice. A plot on simpler lines would be better.

Vernita Churchill.—Change the title; it gives it all away too much. A quite amusing finale, deserving a rather better prelude. The whole thing needs more careful treatment; then it should be quite worth while.

Gladys Cumpstey.—This tabloid method I refuse to encourage! Also such a "plot" saves you worrying over construction. No. Even if it is amusing in parts! **J. Willies.**—The opening situation is excellent, after that it goes to pieces in the series of improbabilities which follow so rapidly. Give it a natural human turn, and the whole thing should be charming.

Harold Cohen.—The first sentence is far too long; cut it right down. The next is much better, but is still a little too complicated and "precious."

Sybil Stallibrass.—A truly lovely little set. You have excelled yourself this time. My many thanks.

Dorothy Higgins.—Unless coloured, honesty is seldom so yellow as this. Still, remarkable grasp of essentials for your years. Let one wash dry before putting on another. Your background is too smudgy.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Well planned, and good balance of black and white, but very old-fashioned in treatment. Look at some good work of this type for guidance. It would have been useful to have included a characteristic quotation in your review, which is an interesting appreciation, but occasionally rather clumsily expressed.

Barbara Stallibrass.—No distinction between the different planes of background and foreground makes these objects look as if floating in air! Otherwise nicely drawn and handled. . . . There is neat characterisation in the dialogue; but it is too brief even for a fragment.

Jean Weir.—A neat little effort, sound in every direction as far as it goes, and I could not expect more from one of your tender years. The literature entries are also praiseworthy, but avoid beginning a sentence with the same word used in the preceding one.

G. M. Kaye.—Very successfully carried through. Charming in colour and style.

Daisy Higgins.—Excellent in its big effect, but rather weak in modelling. Watch tones very carefully, this is a bit flat. Accuracy in values will at once give you true projection.

Margaret Hill.—A coupon must be enclosed with each entry or batch of entries in the same envelope. This shows a keen imagination; but it would strengthen the argument to avoid the suggestion that any particular boat can be chosen.

Hetty Duckham.—Neatly put together. With such a subject it is a little difficult to escape the obvious; but at least you make it interesting. A good paper.

M. A. Macmillan.—A very lucid and well-expressed analysis. The style is rather hard and formal; but you should be able to break through this presently, in the right manner. Compete regularly.

Trixie Ford.—Not quite up to your own high standard in actual workmanship, although of most attractive design. In the story you dodge the real denouement, and a very good beginning thus comes to nothing.

S. Curtis.—If you could have curtailed your imagination at vital points, and brought this extraordinary "plot" a little more surely within the bounds of possibility, the whole thing would be most impressive. A great deal of it is first-rate.

Irene McCoy.—The beginning could be improved, but the rest is very good indeed. Don't give too much away in the earlier part. Let the reader suspect without being too certain.

Vera Hollingworth.—A clever idea, which you might have employed with even greater success. It grips, but the detail should be better done.

Jem Russell.—Prettily told, but rather too complicated; a single episode upon which all the writer's abilities are concentrated is invariably more successful. Here, you have scattered your gifts in too many directions.

Florence McCoy.—Rather too drawn out, and the end might be more subtly handled. The earlier part is the best. Characterisation excellent all through.

Amy G. Haydon.—Very skilfully done, and pretty in shape and colour. Much the best work I have had from you of this type.

Heather Woods.—Good descriptive writing, but somewhat lacking in point. This awakens the interest, but does not satisfy it. I shall be interested to see more of your work.

The Children's Salon

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SINCE the days when Richard Hennessy exported a few casks of brandy in the reign of George III, the name Hennessy has continued to make the name of Cognac famous all over the world.

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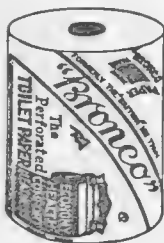
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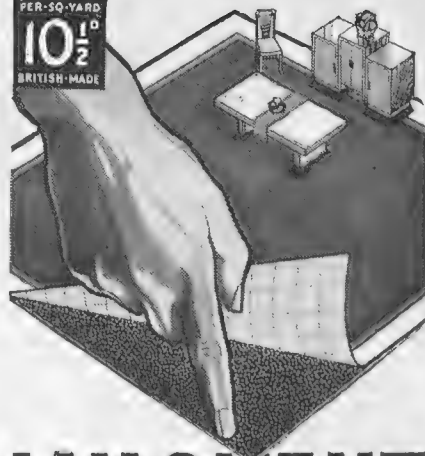
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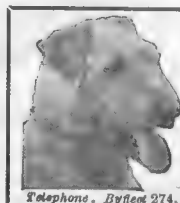
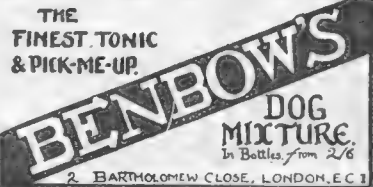
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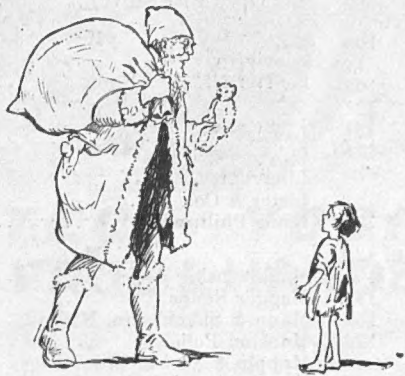
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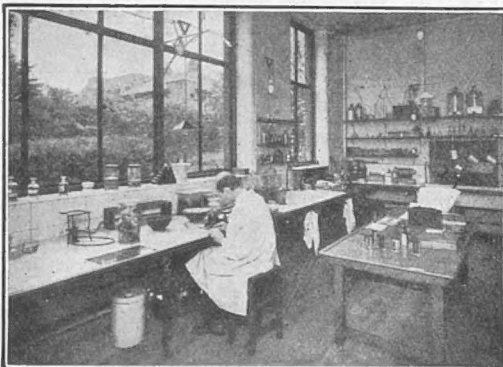
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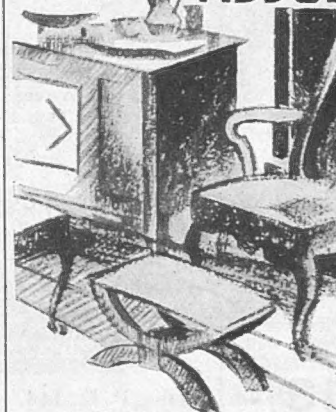
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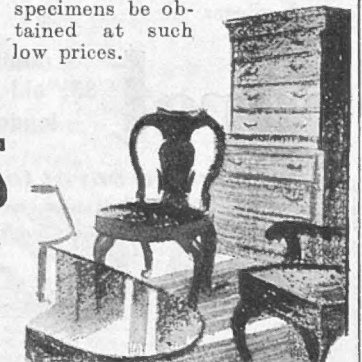
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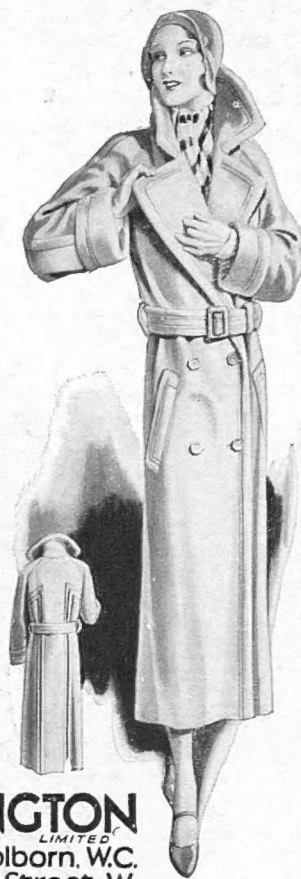
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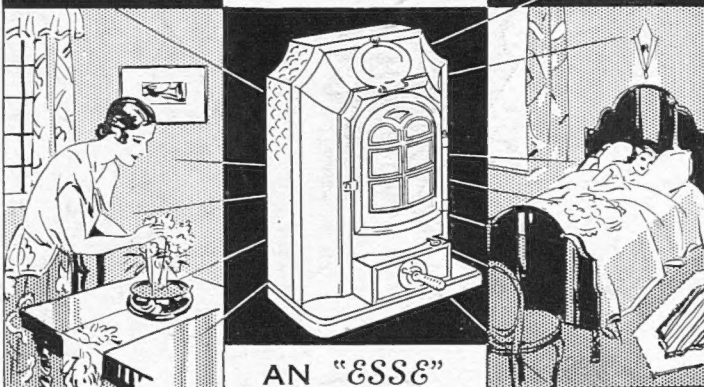
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Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

